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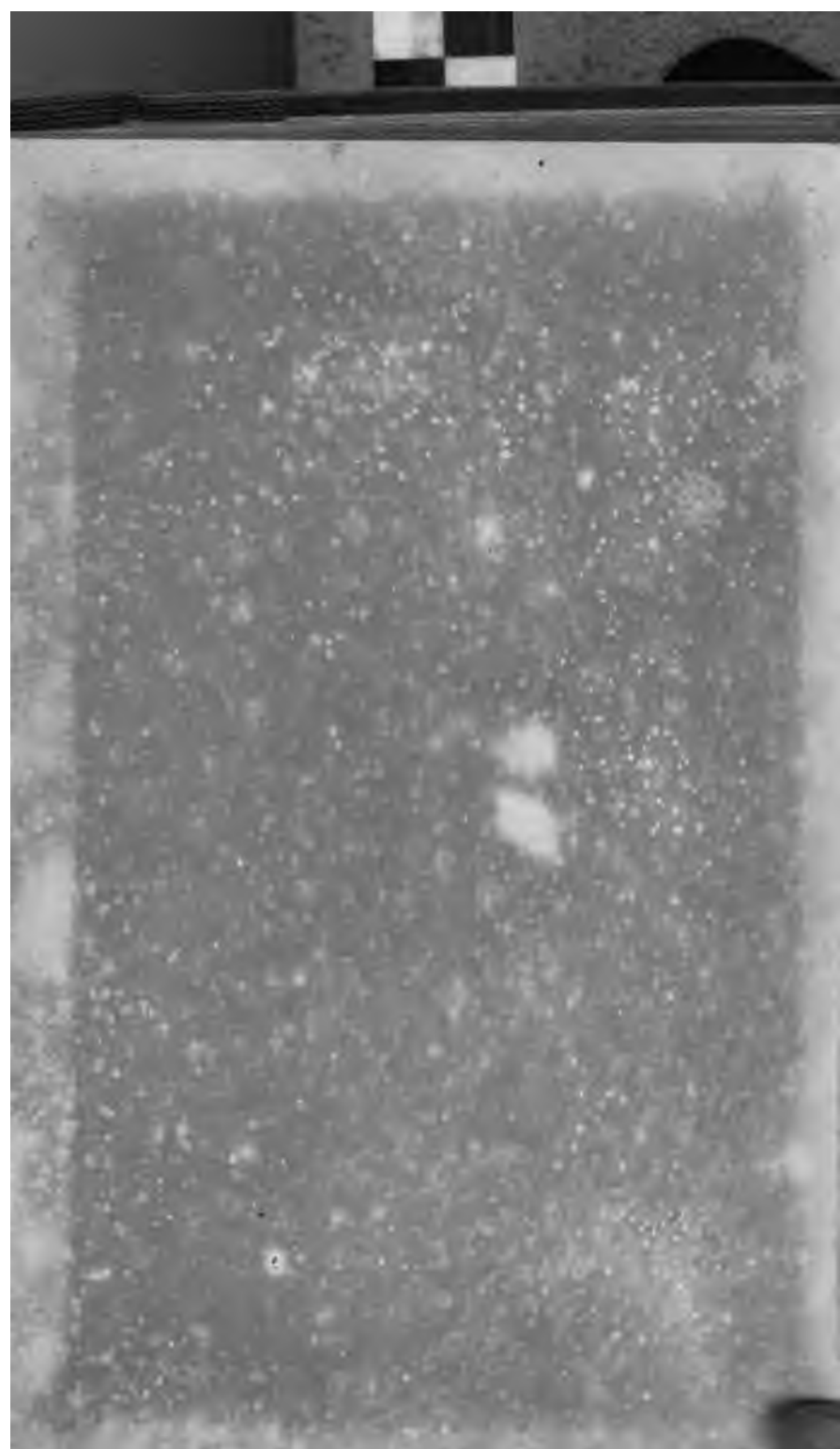
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# **JAMES LEGGE**

**Missionary and Scholar**







*From the portrait by J.C. Christie*

*Yours affectionately,  
James Legge*



*From the portrait by J. C. Hawes*

*Yours affectionately,  
James Legge*

# JAMES LEGG

MISSIONARY AND SCHOOLMASTER

By  
HIS DAUGHTER

HELEN EDITH LEGGE

Author of  
'A Short History of Ancient Greek Sculptors'



*With a Photogravure Portrait and Sixteen other Illustrations*

London

The Religious Tract Society

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## PREFACE

DR LEGGE'S thirty-three years of missionary service in Malacca and Hong Kong ended in 1870. Other work as Professor of Chinese in the University of Oxford, was taken up by him in 1877, and continued until his death in 1897. An account of some salient episodes in his life was prepared by one of his daughters, at first as a labour of love for private circulation alone. There seemed, however, so much in this of interest historically in relation to the beginnings of mission work in China, so much that brought out the fine qualities of the Chinese character, and so much that showed the many-sided activities of the zealous missionary and strenuous pioneer in a new colony, that it was determined to issue the account to a wider circle.

Seeing that his missionary work ended over thirty years ago, a more detailed account than is here given would have had interest only to a few who could remember him personally; and a fuller account of his work in Chinese scholarship, desirable though this might be in many respects, would have appealed to but a small number of students. And, moreover, to have dealt adequately with the literary side of Dr Legge's career would have taxed heavily the time and energy of a scholar versed in the language and thought of China.

The Rev. Richard Lovett, who had shown much

## Preface

interest and sympathy in the preparation of the biography, died immediately after the manuscript went to press. To him, and even more to Mr D. J. Legg of The Religious Tract Society, thanks are due for invaluable assistance in enlarging the scope of the original account, assistance rendered at the cost of considerable labour and thought.

To the Rev. George Owen of Peking a special word of acknowledgment is due for his great kindness in reading the proofs with particular reference to Chinese questions.

J. G. L.  
T. M. L.

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## CHAPTER I

### EARLY LIFE

IN a little northern town 'gathered in a hollow,' surrounded by heathery hills, James Legge passed a free childhood. The youngest of four brothers, he was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, on December 20, 1815. His father, a prosperous man of business, held a foremost standing in the community. He exhibited, as a small boy, no precocious bent towards study, much preferring birds to books. But his bird-nesting was not destructive: he used to tell his father of nests he had discovered, and the two—the father already over fifty years of age—would start for the woods at five o'clock in the morning.

The first indications of his signal capacity for mental application became apparent in 1829, when, leaving the Parish School of Huntly, he entered the Grammar School of Aberdeen. Here, one winter's evening, hurrying along the streets, in those days badly lighted and policed, he was knocked down by a cart and so injured that he was laid up for many weeks. Then it was that he gave evidence of his extraordinary powers of study. Morning, noon and night, through the spring and again in the autumn holidays, he toiled at Latin. He acquired such readiness in the language that it became as easy for him to write in Latin as in English. In fact, during 1831, when about fifteen years old, none of

## James Legge

his classmates, some of whom were men between twenty and thirty years of age, could approach him in the composition of Latin. Every Friday the master dictated a long passage of English to the class and allowed three hours for its translation into Latin. In this exercise James Legge stood alone. As the English words fell from the master's lips, he wrote down the Latin translation, and at the final 'That's all,' handed it up and left the school. No wonder that as November drew near, when the examination for bursaries or scholarships at King's College, Aberdeen, was to be held, there was a general anticipation that young Legge would carry off the first bursary.

Ten days before the examination, however, he met with an accident at an open-air meeting held on Broad Hill to protest against the action of the House of Lords in throwing out the Reform Bill. A storm burst upon the assembly and he crept for shelter under the crowded wooden platform. This suddenly broke in the middle and the whole structure collapsed. Squeezed and pressed between falling beams, he lost consciousness. On being lifted out, he came partly to himself and ran blindly down the hill, across the beach, straight into the sea. The cold waves splashing about him again brought him to consciousness, and he had wit enough to seize the meshes of a salmon-weir and make his way back to the beach. Here, again, power of thought left him, and he wandered helplessly up and down, until found by some boys of the Grammar School, who led him back to his lodgings.

The doctor told him he had had a narrow escape of his life; his chance of the first bursary seemed

## Early Life

gone, and his classmates speculated afresh as to who should gain it. Nevertheless he presented himself with ninety-seven other candidates in the College Hall. A few mornings later the hall was filled, not only with the competitors, but with their friends also, eager to hear the result. The Rev. Dr Jack, the Principal, called out: 'First bursary, Jacobus Legge.' From his seat James rose and stepped up to the dais where sat the Principal and all the other professors. To his surprise—for he was ever the most unself-conscious of mortals—they received him with alarmed exclamations. 'What has happened to your eyes?' cried the Principal, 'you look so strange'—for the whites of his eyes were darkened by an effusion of blood caused by the squeezing of his body between the planks of the platform.

The letter announcing his success to his father may be given in full.

'My dear father,

'I have been successful in getting the first bursary. William Macdonald got the third, no more of Mr Hay's (pupils) got anything.

'I am, your affectionate son,

'JAMES LEGGE.'

One remark made to him by a visitor, a student of Divinity, remained in his memory. 'You have gained the first bursary; look forward to gaining the Huttonian Prize at the end of your course. No first bursar has as yet won that.'

His four sessions at College were marked by plain living and energetic study. To his elder brother John, in Huntly, he wrote regularly. John, indeed, was to him the very kindest of brothers. Possessed



## James Legge

of a fine elevated nature, he was a constant stimulus to his younger brother, and watched over his progress with unwearying devotion.

In 1832 he writes:—‘I have begun to study Geometry and Trigonometry. I also read a great deal of Chemistry. Chemistry, I think, I shall like very much this session, more so than Mathematics. Somehow or other, I never felt it so difficult to fill up a letter before. Here have I been studying for full ten minutes how to eke out a few sentences and no happy thought—no thought at all, I may say—has found its way into my brain. What shall I say? That I’ve been very gloomy since I’ve been here, except two or three hours I was in Mr Grant’s on Wednesday afternoon. Well! it is strange—just as strange as this letter is—how I get into such good humour, no, not humour, into such good—I don’t know what—when I’m there. I feel then inclined—my bosom opens wider—to love all mankind better than ever. My comfort, I feel, must depend altogether on myself this winter, and really I must exert myself to provide that comfort.’

In a letter written the following year he gives vent to the characteristic sentence, ‘A life of struggling had always in my reveries to be my destiny.’ In 1834 his mind was much occupied by problems in Natural Philosophy, Moral Philosophy, and religion. He writes to John:—‘On the evidence of consciousness we know that we are free agents. From the character of God as omniscient we know that all our ways are beforehand known to Him, and are therefore predetermined. How do you reconcile these two?’

As the Scottish University year consisted of one continuous term of over five months (November to April),



## Early Life

the six following months being vacation, he took the opportunity to see something of England, and in 1834 visited his eldest brother George in London and Bristol, and with him made excursions to the Mendips, to Chepstow, to Tintern Abbey, exploring the scenery of the Wye.

Throughout his four College years one purpose never left him—to gain, if possible, the Huttonian Prize. At that time it was the highest reward of merit offered by the University of Aberdeen, and was sought for not so much on account of its pecuniary value, which was only £15, half in money and half in books, but because it conferred special distinction on its recipient. Accordingly, towards the end of his last session he gave in his name as a competitor—two of the other students did the same. The examination lasted four days, and consisted of papers bearing on Greek and Latin, Mathematics, Natural Philosophy, and Moral Philosophy. It is curious in these days to read his account of the way in which the examination was conducted. The three candidates were left until midnight in the care of the porter and sacristan, who procured for them six bottles of good old port ‘for strengthening and stimulus during the competition.’ On the last evening, when the clock struck twelve, and the porter removed the box containing their papers, he admitted three youths, friends of the three candidates, who had been invited by them to come and celebrate the close of the examination by helping them to finish off the bottles of port. Three days afterwards, it was announced that the Huttonian Prize had been awarded to James Legge, who had thus accomplished that on which he had set his heart. He had entered the University in 1831 as

## James Legge

First Bursar, he left it in 1836 as Huttonian Prizeman, being only nineteen years of age.

The question of his future career now pressed upon him. A solution had been proposed to him about six weeks before by the Professor of Latin. He sent for the promising young scholar whose Latin achievements were the admiration of the College, and told him that he had thought of him as his possible successor in the Chair of Latin. 'Therefore,' he continued, 'enter the Established Church, get a parish, continue the study of Latin, and in the event of my death no one would be more likely than you to be appointed to my Chair.' This proposition, kindly and well-meant as it was, was more significant than at first sight appears. To James Legge it involved a momentous moral decision. To his honour be it told that he saw with clear vision the vital point affecting himself, and gave the answer of conscience.

His position was this. About thirty years before, the town of Huntly had been the scene of a remarkable religious movement. A Mr Cowie, a man of fervid apostolic spirit, was expelled from the Presbyterian church whose minister he was, because of his zeal in regard to new developments of home mission work, including lay preaching and Sunday-schools. Especially did he stimulate interest in foreign missions. Filled with ardour, with burning love towards God and man, he now founded an Independent Church in Huntly, and James Legge's father was one of his most enthusiastic supporters. Thus it was that James had been brought up an Independent, regularly attending the 'Missioner Kirk,' as the Independent Church was called, owing



## Early Life

to the interest in missions which had led to its foundation. Should he now, for the sake of becoming eligible for the Latin Professorship, leave the Church in which he had been brought up and join the Established Church?

His answer, which we give in his own words, was this:—'I told the Professor that I thought it would be a bad way of beginning life if I were, without any conviction on the subject, to turn from the principles of my father merely because of the temporal advantages which such a step would bring me.' Thus at the age of nineteen he rejected for ever the temptation to renounce a conscientious principle at the bidding of a motive of self-interest, of worldly advancement.

This high quality of conscientiousness remained with James Legge all through his life.

After this decision, James Legge fell back on teaching as a profession, and gained a mastership at a school in Blackburn, where he worked until 1837, when, in compliance with the demand arising ever more and more strongly within him to devote himself either to the missionary cause, or the ministry at home, he entered Highbury Theological College as a student of Divinity. The impulse to do so came by inward constraining, and not at all by outward prompting.

An acquaintance of his, learning that he had never been to the theatre to see a certain famous dancer, urgently insisted that he should do so. Accordingly one evening he set out and arrived at the theatre before the doors were open. He went into a coffee-house to pass the time, and while drinking the coffee the thought struck him, 'Why am I here? I intend to be a servant of God. Shall I go and see Madame

## James Legge

M—— dance?' He paid for his cup of coffee and walked back to his lodgings. It may have been that a recollection of his childhood had recurred to him. A grey-haired stranger had asked the little boy his name. 'James,' he replied. 'James,' quoted the old man from the Epistle, putting his hand on his head, 'James, a servant of God.'

In regard to the mental qualities which seemed to point the direction of his future life, Dr Edkins, of Shanghai, mentions two which were strikingly displayed. In the sermon preached in Shanghai at the time of Dr Legge's death, referred to again in this memoir, he said :—

'He had great advantages in the constitution of his mind. Often as he and I paced the deck of our vessel on his second voyage to China we occupied ourselves with repeating whole books of the New Testament. I remember his easily acquiring the Epistle to the Hebrews. He was able to prompt me. I was unable to prompt him. His power of committing the Bible to memory was remarkable. We reached the end of the epistle of Paul quickly because of this unusual gift. Formerly prizes were given to Sunday scholars in England for repeating large portions of Scripture from memory. In this power Dr Legge shone. It was a great aid in the study of Chinese words, which consist of many thousands. He could store in his mind with ease the singular and complicated characters formed by the Chinese pencil in enormous variety. These same characters frighten many persons by their difficulty. To him they were attractive, because he could so readily remember them. The intimate knowledge he possessed of the Bible naturally made him inclined to the missionary career.'

## CHAPTER II

### THE CHOICE OF HIS LIFE WORK

IT was while James Legge was at College that the call to the East finally became clear. He was accepted by the Directors of the London Missionary Society, subject to the medical report as to his fitness for a hot climate. The doctor's verdict was unfavourable, and was to the effect that there was a tendency to consumption, and that, if sent to Macao, he would probably die within six months. Nevertheless, unmoved in his purpose, he sought out and consulted another doctor, by whom he was examined and pronounced perfectly sound. This doctor was afterwards widely known as the famous Sir William Jenner.

Forty years later, when Dr Legge was Professor of Chinese at Oxford, he was asked to write a paper for the Shanghai Conference of 1877 on *Confucianism and its relation to Christianity*—a very memorable occasion, and at which, among other things, it was determined to prepare, and issue *The Conference Commentary* on Holy Scripture, a work still proceeding, but of which important parts have been issued. In the outset of the paper, Dr Legge thus recalled the time of which we are writing: 'Looking back on nearly forty years of life, I am thankful that so long ago I was led to become a missionary to the Chinese. My experience may justify me in saying, that he who desires to be a missionary, desires a good



## James Legge

work ; and he who pursues it humbly and wisely, with the consecration of all his powers, will have increasing satisfaction in reflecting on his course, and as he approaches the end of this earthly life, will bless God who called him from his country and his kindred and his father's house to go into the mission field.'

James Legge had set his heart upon going out as a missionary to the Chinese. But at that time China was not open to Europeans. It was not till 1842 that the island of Hong Kong was ceded to the British, and after the peace of Nanking in 1843, the five treaty ports were opened to English vessels. China being, therefore, a sealed book to Europeans, the sphere of labour first of all allotted to him was that of Malacca ; and in July 1839 he sailed from England with his young wife, Mary Isabella, daughter of the Rev. Dr John Morison of Brompton, who was for many years editor of *The Evangelical Magazine*. He had wooed and won her only a few months before, and they set out on their long voyage full of heart and hope.

One forenoon, after rounding the Cape, a shark, conspicuous by its back fin rising above the water, came and played about the ship. The sailors captured it by means of a lump of pork on a hook. The doctor claimed the body to dissect and examine. Some time after he produced the heart, still throbbing so vigorously that when set on a table it jerked a hand or any small object placed on it.

In November they landed at Java in a strangely beautiful tropical world, and were courteously welcomed by the Resident at Anjer, who entertained them for some days in his bungalow, where pet monkeys and birds, among them a large grackle, lived in the dining-



Your affectionate Friend  
Mary Isabella Legge





## The Choice of His Life Work

room. One morning the Rajah of Serang, with a large following, arrived to hold a consultation with the Resident. The tenants of the district were afterwards admitted, none daring to stand upright nor to approach the Rajah except on their knees. From Anjer, Mr and Mrs Legge were carried by bearers on mountain-chairs to Serang, whence by a somewhat precarious coach ride they proceeded to Batavia. Their team consisted of four small but spirited ponies: every now and then ponies and vehicle floundered and sank into soft and spongy ground. The two policemen who escorted them hurried to neighbouring fields, beat up all labourers within call and compelled them to come and extricate the carriage. No sooner did the ponies feel firm ground again under their feet but they dashed forward, helter skelter, as before.

From Batavia, Mr and Mrs Legge sailed (the only passengers) in a small vessel to Singapore: the wind failed, the drinking water completely gave out, and the situation became serious. Fortunately a squall arose one day, and the sailors spread out a large sail and caught the precious rain. 'Ladies first,' they cried, and no one drank until a glass of water had been handed to Mrs Legge.

As the voyage continued they were able to land occasionally and explore the coast of Sumatra. Crossing the beach one morning, James Legge stepped upon what he thought was one of at least a dozen rotting tree-trunks. The thing moved beneath him and made for the water: he was horror-struck to find the tree-trunks were a group of crocodiles. Another day they rowed inland up a stream. The jungle came thickly to the water's edge, crocodiles

## James Legge

dropped off the banks with a splash, the heat grew so intense that the men stripped off coat and shirt, and clouds of mosquitoes settled on their backs and shoulders. Next day the captain said to Mr Legge, 'You were made to live in the East. I am swollen up and quite ill from mosquito bites, but you have not a sign of inflammation.' This immunity from mosquito poison continued all the time he was in the East.

Arrived at Singapore, they changed steamers again and then went on in a small Chinese vessel to Malacca, which they reached on January 10, 1840—their journey altogether having thus taken them five months.

### CHAPTER III

#### LIFE AT MALACCA

MALACCA, one of the Straits Settlements, is a British possession, ceded by the Dutch to Britain in 1824. Here an Anglo-Chinese College had been erected, the project in the first instance of Dr Robert Morrison (1782-1834), the first missionary to China in 1807, and finally established mainly through his exertions. Of this College James Legge became Principal in 1840. He had first of all to labour strenuously to perfect himself in the Chinese language; he superintended the printing press which was attached to the College; he had under his charge about forty-five Chinese lads and young men whom he taught daily, and he carried on, in the house and by the way, in preaching and in services, the work of a missionary. To the youths under his care he gave special devotion, for it was at Malacca that his convictions as to the best way of carrying on missionary work among the Chinese were formed, as is shown in a letter written from the College in 1843 :—

‘He will prove the most efficient labourer who shall raise up workers from among Chinese young men—men who are able to teach others also. The more the subject occupies my mind, the more do I feel convinced that the great work must be done by native teachers—men speaking to their countrymen



## James Legge

as brother to brother, full of zeal, discretion, and disinterestedness. And how are these to be trained up? That will be a work of great delicacy and difficulty. Such youths must on the one hand be persuaded with the idea that they have a great work to do, and yet must their preparation for it be made so that they shall not be puffed up. Lessons of self-denial, simplicity, entire consecration to one object, and spirituality of mind, must be inculcated upon them at once by precept and example.

'Without such men the work cannot be done. What were the old Nestorian missionaries to China compared with modern Protestant ones? Not a tithe so civilised, not half so learned, not more devoted in spirit. To what, then, was their greater success owing? To this, I believe: that they were natives of the East, operating on their own countrymen, or upon others, in everything but religion, on a par and of a hue with themselves.'

In a word, it was James Legge's cherished conviction that English missionaries should seek to train up Chinamen themselves to be teachers and evangelists to their countrymen.

The following letter to his brother John, written barely three months after his arrival at Malacca, speaks not only of the strain of study and of his personal anxieties, but exhibits also his natural buoyancy of spirit, and shows, too, that he still retained his childish interest in birds:—

'MALACCA, *March 31, 1840.*

'I have just had a severe illness, which confined me to my bedroom for nearly a fortnight. In this climate one requires to be more careful than in

## Life at Malacca

Scotland. Everything is painfully rapid in its growth. The jungle which is cut down to-day will be flourishing in a month with all the pomp of barbarous luxuriance; the man who rises in health, before evening may be stretched a blackening corpse. I had been studying hard, too hard for the climate—I was obliged to call in the doctor. It was nearly too late. A missionary—and, above all others, a missionary to the Chinese—stands in imminent danger during the first years of his labour of losing fervency and spirituality. The difficulty, intensity, and engrossment of the studies to which he is compelled, fag and exhaust the mind. To all persons illness is an evil, but to the missionary, situated as I am, it is attended with circumstances of peculiar distress. There was my dear Mary, so young; the prospect of death was not half so painful as of leaving her a stranger in a strange land, separated both from her own friends and mine by the intervention of 12,000 miles of ocean. But when the horizon clears, and the danger is past, then comes a joy in the heart, an almost choking swell of gratitude. The hollow rushing of the waves sounds like music, the note of every bird as if it were the voice of an angel, and at morning and night the wind comes repeatedly upon you as if it passed over and bore with it all the perfumes of Paradise.

‘The box will probably reach you in the course of five or six months. It contains, besides the birds I spoke of, two nests of the “tailor-bird.” One of them, indeed, can hardly be called a nest, but only a watch-tower and defence from the sun and rain in which the male bird sits, while the female is hatching in the other. I got them one day when I walked out



## James Legge

several miles into the country. There were trees from which they hung in great numbers.

‘My illness has thrown me somewhat back with the language, but I have to commence my active labours next Sabbath. The work is immense and arduous beyond conception, but it is God’s work.’

Another letter, to his brother John, gives a more complete picture of his day’s work and the many things that crowded upon him. It is strange to hear so calm a worker for God speak of ‘fuming and fretting.’

‘MALACCA, Oct. 3, 1842.

‘I commence with a large sheet, because I feel that a long letter is due to you. Day treads upon day, and week chases after week, while I am fuming and fretting and labouring amid a press of multifarious business—having, in truth, six muckle Feersdays every week, and can only send regrets instead of epistles across the sea.

‘I have lately, however, got rid of one branch of labour—English and Malay printing—having sent the printing-press and its appurtenances to Singapore, where there are three brethren, and two of them endowed with a much larger share of mechanical genius than I possess. Singapore has thirty times the European, and twenty times the Chinese, population of Malacca, so that it is the proper situation for the press, a mighty engine for good where it is properly served and can be brought to bear.

‘My principal labour is in my school, where I have about thirty boys from ten to sixteen years of age, and four young men. I am much pleased with the

## Life at Malacca

attention and progress of many of them. My maxim is to communicate ideas to them, to call their faculties into exercise, and to make them teach themselves just as they feed themselves, it being my task to furnish them with the appropriate nourishment. But teaching—a hard task anywhere—is much more difficult here than with you. The boys come to me totally unfurnished with ideas on which any knowledge can be built. But they are more tractable than English boys, wanting, indeed, their strength of character. I trust a work of God has begun in three or four, and that He will perfect it in due time.

‘I purposely devote myself a great deal to teaching, because it seems to me that that in a higher walk than at present will be a chief business of my life among the Chinese. This institution will probably remain my care, not here, but established in Hong Kong on a noble basis, and if the plans now before the directors—not emanating from me singly, but taken up from my suggestion in adaption to the present circumstances of China by long residents there, and most strongly recommended—are acted upon, I doubt not but that it will become to Jehovah for a name and a praise and a glory. It is proposed to incorporate it with a society now in operation there, and to remove it from Malacca as soon as possible.

‘It will be my task more to train them in theology and Biblical science—to make them under God scribes well instructed for the kingdom of heaven.’

An account of part of this work is found in notes relating to one of his pupils. Ho-tsun-sheen entered the Anglo-Chinese College in 1840. His father was



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a blockcutter and printer at the College Printing Press. He was over twenty years of age and was an advanced Chinese student, familiar with the Classical Books. Owing to his poverty he had accepted employment in a druggist's shop at Calcutta, and while there had learned English and attended classes at Bishop's College. For three years James Legge educated him in western knowledge, especially in history, general and ecclesiastical, read with him the Scriptures and various works on theology, and also taught him both Greek and Hebrew, being astonished at his progress in those languages. Before the end of 1842 he could read fluently both the Old and New Testaments in the original, and he attempted with success composition in Hebrew. His enthusiasm was boundless—he would travel—he would see the world—he would intermeddle with all science. But the ancient Chinese precept of filial obedience obliged him, after much hesitation, to return to China in 1843 and marry the girl to whom he had been betrothed as a child. With her he lived happily in Hong Kong until his death, taking great pains in teaching her. He did not, however, part from James Legge who, as will be hereafter told, also removed to Hong Kong in 1843, but begged to be retained in the service of the mission and employed as a preacher of the Gospel to his countrymen. On account of his remarkable capacity and his knowledge of English, several tempting offers were made to him to take service under Government, or in mercantile houses, but his decision stood firm, although the salary the mission could give him was not a fifth of what invited his acceptance from other quarters.

It was about this time (1841) that Dr Legge began



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his work in Chinese Christian Literature. Almost from the very first he became a correspondent and valuable adviser of the Religious Tract Society, and for years acted as honorary secretary of the Hong Kong Auxiliary. For the British and Foreign Bible Society he cherished like affection and rendered good aid. His first letter, which appears in the R.T.S. Report, is as follows; and it will be seen that his friend Ho-tsun-sheen was his helper in the very earliest attempts at Christian literature for South China.

‘At present the Malacca station is better able to produce tracts that will be both acceptable and useful than at any former period. There is now here a missionary expressly devoted to labour among the Malays, and possessed of an intimate acquaintance with their language and habits. There is likewise residing with me a Chinaman, who for more than three years has maintained a very honourable profession of the gospel, and who is extremely well calculated to be useful among his brethren, whether in the way of direct preaching and personal intercourse, or of writing tracts. There is a danger, on the one hand, that tracts written by European missionaries be not sufficiently correct and idiomatic in their style to command attention, or even fully to convey the meaning. There is danger, on the other hand, that natives, if people of learning, from a foolish veneration for a classical style, will produce tracts unintelligible to the generality; or if they do not err on this point, they are likely to fail in conveying ‘the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.’ But into neither of these errors do I conceive that we are likely to fall in Malacca. The

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Chinaman to whom I refer, Ho-tsun-sheen, has a very exact and extensive knowledge of English; his knowledge of Hebrew also is very remarkable, and of Greek sufficient to enable him to consult the original with advantage. He may be safely depended upon, therefore, fully and faithfully to convey the truth as it is in Jesus. And it is the native mind, purified and expanded by Divine grace, that must act, in order to secure the results we hope and pray for upon the mass of immortal spirits held in the fetters of ignorance, prejudice and sin.'

Again in 1843 the R.T.S. Report says:—

'From Malacca information has been received from the Rev. Dr Legge that he had drawn £100, placed at his disposal for the publication of Chinese tracts. He states that "several small works have been prepared by learned and Christian natives, in a style and with an adaptation very superior to anything which has yet been produced in the Chinese Mission."'

Ho-tsun-sheen, after he became associated in the charge of the Chinese Church, manifested powers of preaching and exposition which Dr Legge asserted he had never heard surpassed. One evening, preaching to a crowded church, every seat being occupied and many people standing, he took for his subject the story of Job. Very few of his hearers had ever heard of Job, and he dramatised to them the trials of the patriarch with an overmastering spell. When he described Job taking a potsherd to scrape himself, he stooped down as if to pick one up, and Dr Legge, standing in the crowd, was recalled to self-consciousness by finding his own hands in contact with the tiles of the floor. Looking round,



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he saw that scores of the congregation were also bent double, feeling on the ground, completely carried away by the preacher's words. On another occasion, Ho-tsun-sheen, in preaching from Psalm cxxxix. 14, was setting forth the marvellous construction of the human hand, contrasting it with the corresponding organ in one animal and another, when many of the people could not restrain the expression of their delight. 'Look at him, look at him,' cried one man. 'Hear him,' responded another 'there never was anything like this.'

A practice introduced by Dr Legge proved most effectual. Services were held three times a week, the labour being divided between himself and Tsun-sheen. To meet the case of the great majority of the Chinese, ignorant of the facts of Scripture, several hundred copies of the text were printed beforehand with an outline of the sermon. The whole was contained on a single page, and being distributed among the hearers, enabled them to follow the discourse more easily. Thus tens of thousands of these leaves became circulated, not only in Hong Kong, but in the adjacent districts of China itself.

After twenty-one years of intercourse with Ho-tsun-sheen, Dr Legge, in a letter written in 1861, alludes to him thus—'He is indeed a help: through him my ideas and desires are continually passing into multitudes of his countrymen.'

One summer, cholera raged in Malacca. A friend, staying with Dr Legge, hurried away one evening in terror of infection, but had only reached a farmhouse six miles off, when the disease attacked him, and he scribbled a note to Dr Legge 'Send me a doctor.' The native who should have brought it, being afraid

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of the dark, waited until dawn. When it did arrive, James Legge and a doctor drove over at once, but the man must have died as they entered the house, for when the doctor opened a vein in his arm a few drops flowed. 'Get on to the bed and turn him over,' cried the doctor, 'he may not be quite dead.' He obeyed at once but fainted away as he did so. His poor friend had been lying unattended all night. When he came to, he found himself on the floor beneath an open window, the doctor standing over him puffing at a large cigar which he thrust between James Legge's lips with the words 'Smoke that, and don't say a word to Mrs Legge about this morning for a fortnight.'

Ho-tsun-sheen again appears in the 1842 Report of the Religious Tract Society, and here it is again in connection with the outbreak of cholera referred to. The Missionary writes: 'My mind was deeply affected by the various devices employed by the Chinese, to secure themselves from the cholera, and drive it from their dwellings. The people must have expended many thousands of dollars, in their various processions, and sacrifices, and schemes, to 'expel the demon.' I addressed them on the subject of this devil, of whom they were ignorantly afraid, and called them to turn to that great and good Being of whose merciful dispensation even judgment forms a part. I sent the letter to all the Chinamen of note in Malacca, besides distributing a large number in the bazaars. I ascertained that it was read by many with good attention.'

'This attempt I endeavoured to follow up a few weeks after, on occasion of one of their most celebrated feasts—that of the tombs. At this festival



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all the householders proceed, with their families, early in the morning, to a hill in the vicinity of Malacca, occupied by the Chinese as a burying ground, and which constitutes, in reality, a magnificent necropolis. They sweep a tomb clean, pluck up all the grass about it, then standing in a semi-circle round the grave, with the head of the family fronting the tomb, pay their adoration.

'I told my faithful friend and assistant, Ho-tsun-sheen, two days before the festival, to prepare an address to his countrymen on the subject. This he did in a very practical and effective style; and having printed it in the form of a sheet tract, I proceeded with him to the hill, between four and five o'clock. The tract was very readily received by the people, and it produced a greater sensation than anything has done in Malacca for a long time.'

On another occasion Dr Legge heard that a Chinaman had been seized with confluent small-pox, and that no one, either Chinese or Malay, would venture near him. At once he went, shut himself up for days alone with the man, carried in the food which was placed outside at a distance, and nursed him back to convalescence.

A curious fact of natural history came under his observation in Malacca. At the request of several families he and Mrs Legge gave a home for some months to a young Dutch girl, a granddaughter of the first Dutch governor of the Straits Settlements. She had several pearls of which the Dutch residents were great collectors, got from oysters found in a river of the Malay Peninsula. When she left them she gave Mrs Legge a small box containing a large pearl the size of a pea, with a blue spot on it, and two

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others not so large. This box was then put away and locked up. Several weeks later he took it out and on opening it discovered more than a dozen pearls, most of them very small. Astonished at the phenomenon he called his chief servant, a Portuguese, who happened to enter the room and who expressed no surprise but declared it to be a common occurrence. On enquiry he found that many of the Dutch people had jars of pearls, large and small, which had accumulated in this way. Some years later he related the incident at dinner on board ship. The captain was a cautious Highlander and said nothing, but two years after, meeting James Legge in Hong Kong he came up to him with the words, 'It's true, Doctor,' 'What is true?' 'What you told us about the pearls.' He added that he had disbelieved the story at the time, but had investigated the matter on his voyages between China and Calcutta. Nearly forty years after, a letter was published in the *Times* asserting the same thing, and provoked a good deal of correspondence.

In 1842, when the war between England and China was drawing to a close, James Legge wrote from Malacca: 'Last week the news came that the preliminaries of peace had been agreed upon between the Plenipotentiary and the Commissioners from the Emperor. I had them translated into Chinese and posted upon the walls, to the no small excitement of the people. Most of them seem quite pleased with the idea of free commerce. How important an event is the throwing open of China to European intercourse and enterprise. This treaty is the lifting up the scene for a mighty drama.'

The Directors of the London Missionary Society,



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on receiving intelligence of the treaty with China, resolved to remove the Anglo-Chinese College with the large Printing Office and Chinese Type Foundry from Malacca to the newly-ceded island of Hong Kong.

He thus writes in reference to the removal, in a letter to the Secretary of the Religious Tract Society, a letter which again breathes the noble spirit which he ever maintained throughout his long life.

'It is with peculiar feelings that I have been engaged in taking the necessary steps to effect the removal of the property belonging to the Tract and other societies. It is true that to move from Malacca to Hong-Kong is a great step in advance—a long march nearer to the seat where Satan has enthroned his power; and so far there is reason for joy in the movement. On the other hand, however, it is a sad reflection, that while a mission has been established here for a quarter of a century, by which hundreds of Testaments and thousands of Tracts, have freely been distributed, the mass of the people should remain as much addicted to their superstitions and idols as if the servants of God had never been among them.

'With sorrow, therefore, as well as gladness, am I preparing to move this mission to another scene. Hong Kong and China itself are certainly more promising fields for missionary labour than the settlements in the Straits; and I trust that ere another quarter of a century elapses, many a little spot will have been walled round by grace in China, and that the seed which has been here and elsewhere so widely scattered, will be found to bear an abundant harvest to the Lord.'

With characteristic energy, James Legge had longed

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to transport himself to the heart of the Celestial Empire, as we see by a letter from J. R. Morrison, who was in the Civil Service, and who was aiding two Chinese converts, Kew-a-Gong and another, after Dr Robert Morrison's death, in Christian work. Mr J. R. Morrison also helped in the revision of Dr Robert Morrison's Chinese New Testament.

'NANKING, *Sept.* 11, 1842.

'Your scheme for removal to Nanking or rather Peking is, my dear friend, too imaginative. No, we must establish ourselves on British ground, and Hong Kong as I have said before is the place. Make up your mind, then, to Hong Kong; hasten, my dear Legge, to make your arrangements for settling there.

'Your letter reached me at Nanking, a place far greater for its name and its antiquities (the Porcelain Pagoda and the Tomb of the Ming dynasty's founder being the greatest we have seen) than from its present condition and appearance. In size, extent of walls, I mean, it is a wonderful place, from 15 to 20 miles round. A good hope we have now of being able to do good to this people. Come and give us a little of your life, my dear Legge. Come and share our love and affection.'



#### CHAPTER IV

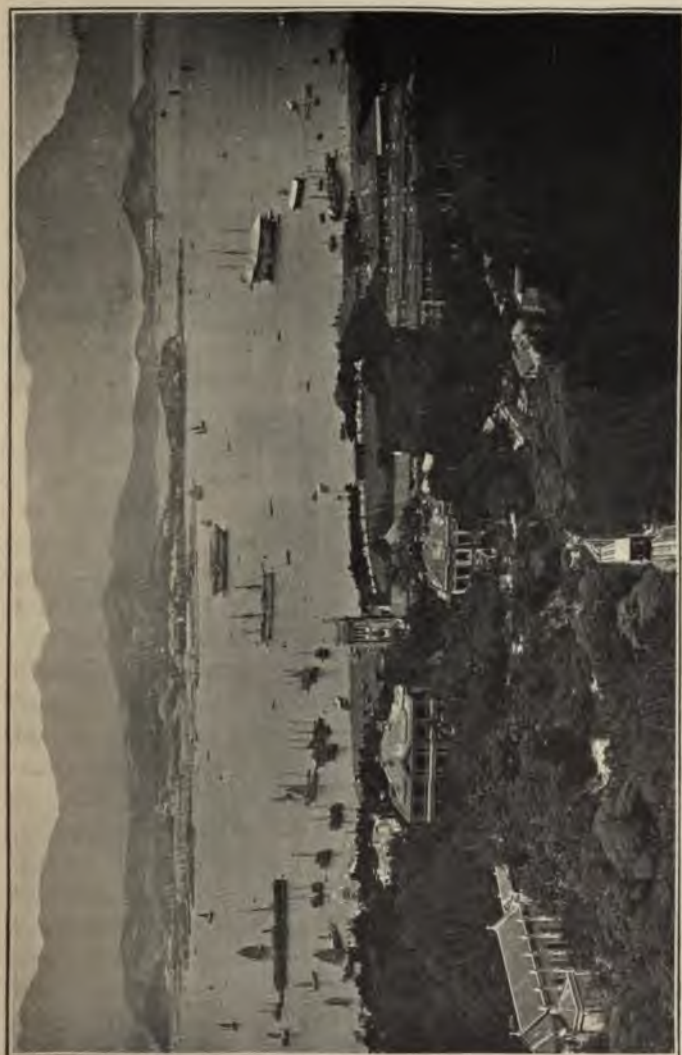
### HONG KONG AND THE CHINESE CLASSICS

THUS it was that in 1843 Dr Legge removed to Hong Kong where he was destined, in the words of one who knew him 'to perform work which entitles him to everlasting remembrance.' A great scheme had already entered his mind, a stupendous scholarly undertaking which, for long years, he carried on at intervals snatched from his already crowded life. For his life was crowded. He continued to direct the studies of Chinese youths, he conducted the mission, went on missionary tours, preached and visited. He became in 1849 pastor to the English congregation of Union Chapel in Hong Kong, and he joined heart and soul in promoting public schemes for the good of the island. He proved himself, in fact, 'no obscure missionary, no mere oriental scholar, but a genuine statesman, who left the impress of his mind on the infant colony and the men who made it. He loved education, laboured for years to adapt it to the people and their needs; was practically the founder of the educational system of the colony; persuaded the Government to adopt his policy. As one who, though associated with him for years, was yet in some fundamental respects his very opposite, has said, 'He was the presiding spirit

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of the Board and ruled it with the ease and grace of a born Bishop.'

And yet he felt that more was demanded of him. For he found himself in a vast empire, a 'spacious seat of ancient civilisation' whose history reached back three thousand years to the time of the Emperor Yaou (2356 B.C.), and even claimed to extend into mists of antiquity before that. He had set himself to master the strange language of this strange people, and he saw further that they possessed a treasured literature, and were eminently a learned, or rather, a reading nation. In 1858 he went over the Examination Hall of Canton, at which the young men of Canton province assemble to compete for literary degrees. In that one building he counted no fewer than 7242 distinct cells or apartments for the accommodation of the students. To him that appealed as an indication of the educational spirit of the Chinese nation. 'It is true,' he said, 'that their civilisation is very different from ours, but they are far removed from barbarism. When we bear in mind that for four thousand years the people have been living and flourishing there, growing and increasing, that nations with some attributes perhaps of a higher character—the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman, and more modern empires, have all risen and culminated and decayed, and yet that the Chinese empire is still there with its four hundred millions of inhabitants, why, it is clear that there must be among the people certain moral and social principles of the greatest virtue and power.' He saw that 'in no country is the admiration of scholastic excellence so developed as in China, no kingdom in the world where learning is so highly revered.'



HONG KONG HARBOUR, TRAMWAY TO PEAK IN THE FOREGROUND,





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He saw too that the manners and customs of the people were regulated to an unheard of extent by the precepts of their ancient books. He who would understand the Chinese nation, then, must know its classical literature. In Dr Legge's mind, consequently, there arose the conviction that 'he should not be able to consider himself qualified for the duties of his position until he had mastered the Classical Books of the Chinese, and had investigated for himself the whole field of thought through which the Sages of China had ranged.' Thus he began his life-long task, and studied the doctrines of Confucius and Mencius and the other classical books of China, until the results of his toil were gradually given to the world in his edition of the Chinese Classics, consisting of eight large volumes, each containing the Chinese text, an English translation, critical and exegetical notes, and copious prolegomena; also in six volumes in the series of *Sacred Books of the East*, edited by Professor Max Müller, and in other smaller books. Certainly, ranged on a shelf, the noble row of Chinese Classics looks imposing enough; the examination of their contents reveals them as monuments of close scholarship.

The words of his nephew give a true picture of his work:—'In his zeal to do service to humanity he tried to enter into the heart and mind of Asia as far as the Chinese Classics contained it. He opened the door to the mind of China. It was the work of a pioneer; for he was among the first to recognise the place of Chinese Literature, and the need of bringing it to the knowledge of Christendom. And God was in a real and vivid way the sanctity, strength and abidingness of this bond of duty. For Dr Legge believed

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and was sure that the literature, to know which he lived laborious days and nights, revealed on its pages that the grey fathers of this race "knew God."

'The Empire of China has been famous for its Great Wall, scaling the precipices and topping the craggy hills of the country, and built to be a defence against the incursions of the northern tribes. It has failed of its intended purpose. So, that terribly solid wall of exclusiveness and environment of conservatism began to yield to foreign pressure. For long toilsome years, of which large spaces of time had to be given to studying the living book of the life of the Chinese, Dr Legge laboured at breaking down the circumvallations of language, ignorance and prejudice, which made so hard the approach to the mind of China. He measured himself against the Chinese standard of culture and education, as their self-contained wisdom has made it to be. He knew that the men whom China delighted to honour were the *literati*—the Confucian scholars, and so he went down into their own arena and wrestled with the ancient traditional and national literature of the Chinese.'

The magnitude of the task the author had set himself may be gathered from an extract from an article in the *Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society* in January 1895 on the *Lí Sáo* Poem. 'An idea of the size of many of these collections may be gained from the *Explanations of the Classics during the Ch'ing (or Pure) Dynasty*, which was published in 1892 under the superintendence, and mainly at the expense, of Yüan Yüan, the Governor-General of the two Kwang provinces. It contains, if my examination of the contents be correct, about 180 treatises from 64



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different authors, comprehending in all 1412 books or chapters, and forming, when bound in English fashion, 66 thick volumes of large octavo size.'

The author of the *Lí Sáo* Poem was Ch'ü P'ing, or Yuan, who ended his life by his own hand. Of this Dr Legge writes:—'Ch'ü's death, though it did not originate, has confirmed the feeling of the Chinese people generally that when a minister or high officer has sustained a defeat, or been disgraced by his sovereign, the proper course for him is to end his life by an act of his own. I was in Hong Kong when the city of Canton was taken, on December 29, 1857, by our troops and their French allies. A Chinese gentleman, with whom I was intimate, called on me next morning to ask whether the city had really been taken, and when told that it had been, and was now in our hands, he said, "And Yeh, the Governor? Has he also been taken?" I replied that there was as yet no news to that effect, and he exclaimed, "And he will not be taken alive, you may depend on it. He must have made away with himself. There can be no doubt about it." When the next day I had to inform him of the capture of Yeh, and that he had been placed on board one of our ships of war, he had not a word to say, and went away evidently disheartened and ashamed. I could see from that time Yeh's character sank in the estimation of the people. He ceased to be the hero whom they had feared and looked up to. Had he not been afraid to put an end by his own hand to his now dishonoured life? That is in their estimation what Burns, with a different meaning, calls "the second glorious part" which a patriot, warrior or statesman can perform.'

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Dr Legge had brought out part of his work when the following paragraph appeared in a review:—'In the immense literature of China, nine works hold a lofty pre-eminence. One claims Confucius as its sole author, others bear traces of his hand. Their influence even at the present day is unbounded. A complete comprehension of them forms the sum total of the highest education in China. By a knowledge of them men rise to the highest rank of the State, and no official post, however mean, is open to him who has not studied their pages. They supply the keynote to the conduct of the government of the country, and form the criterion by which every action, whether public or private, is finally judged. To all thoughtful minds, works which have exercised so supreme a control over the intellects of the millions of China for three and twenty centuries cannot but be of very great interest. Of some of them translations of more or less value have from time to time appeared, but at the present day no uniform translations of the nine exist. On the completion of such a series, Dr Legge is now engaged.'

These nine Classics were finally all translated by Dr Legge.

- (1) *The Yi King, or Book of Changes.*
  - (2) *The Shoo King, or Book of History.*
  - (3) *The She King, or Book of Poetry.*
  - (4) *The Li Ki, or Book of Rites.*
  - (5) *The Chun Tsiu, Spring and Autumn Record.*
  - (6) *The Lun Yu, or Analects of Confucius.*
  - (7) *The Ta Hsio, or The Great Learning.*
  - (8) *The Chung Yung, or The Doctrine of the Mean.*
  - (9) *The Works of Mencius.*
- The *Li Ki, or Book of Rites*, is the book which



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may almost be said to 'possess' the Chinese nation: certain it is that it has with extraordinary force impressed itself upon the people. Consisting of treatises on the rules of propriety and ceremonial usages, it has regulated the actions, customs and regulations, social, ceremonial and domestic, of the Chinese, for over two thousand years, and its rules are minutely carried out at the present day. Indeed, the work of one of the governing boards at Peking, called the *Board of Rites*, relates solely to the enforcement of its precepts.

The *Shoo King* is the most ancient of all Chinese Classics, and is a collection of historical documents extending disconnectedly over a space of about 1700 years (2357-627 B.C.). Confucius and his disciples quote from it. As Mr Wells Williams says, it 'contains the seeds of all things that are valuable in the estimation of the Chinese; it is at once the foundation of their political system, their history and their religious rites, the basis of their tactics, music and astronomy.'

The *Chun Tsiu* is the only classic Confucius is said to have actually composed. Dr Legge discusses at length the question of the Confucian authorship. As claiming to be the work of the sage it is singularly disappointing.

The *Confucian Analects*, *The Great Learning*, and *The Doctrine of the Mean*, written by disciples and followers of Confucius, are occupied much with his sayings; while the classic called the *Works of Mencius* is said to be by Mencius himself and some of his disciples.

The *She King* is a collection of ancient poems, some dating from 606 B.C.,<sup>1</sup> others being assigned

<sup>1</sup> See Appendix.

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to a period as far back as the eighteenth century B.C. 'The merit attaching to them is,' Dr Legge writes, 'that they give us faithful pictures of what was good and what was bad in the political state of the country, and in the social, moral and religious habits of the people.'

The remaining classic must also be briefly alluded to, the *Yi-King* or *Book of Changes*, the most incomprehensible of them all. Even Confucius is reported to have said after reading his copy of it so diligently that the leathern thongs which bound its tablets together were thrice worn out, 'Give me several years (more), and I should be master of the *Yi*.' From the time of Confucius onwards Chinese scholars have 'tried to interpret the remarkable book, and solve the many problems to which it gives rise.' Even a glance at the mysterious hexagrams, and their still more bewildering arrangement, shows how useless it is for anyone but a scholar to attempt to give an account of the book.

One reviewer wrote :—

'Scarcely anything more could be desired to place within the reach of an English reader, who does not know a word of Chinese, as full and correct a knowledge of the *Book of Changes* as he could get by many years' study of the original, and intercourse with native scholars. The mystic figures which adorn the volume stand at the head of each chapter of the text, and the sixty-four hexagrams appear in various tables and plates. These hexagrams are undoubtedly very old. The evidences of their antiquity are patent and convincing to anyone who chooses to look at them, but how old

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they are is beyond the power of men to determine.' Another reviewer speaks of the 'conjectural value of the calculations of astrology and magic in the *Yi-King*,' and adds, 'so great is the veneration of the utility of the *Yi-King*, that the trigrams and hexagrams in arithmetical or geometrical progression of this work were considered to be connected with interpretations that my Chinese informant considered to be absolutely beyond the comprehension of any European sinologist.'

In the paper already alluded to, *Confucianism in Relation to Christianity*, Dr Legge thus summed up the subject in regard to the relative value of the truths contained in the Classics, and those set forth in the Sacred Scriptures.

'In writing about Mencius in 1861, I said :—"Man, heathen man, a Gentile without the law, is still a law to himself. So the apostle Paul affirms ; and to no moral teacher of Greece or Rome can we appeal for so grand an illustration of the averment as we find in Mencius." For Mencius let me here substitute Confucianism. All the members of the Conference know how Confucius failed to appreciate the sentiment, that we ought to return good for evil. What he did say about it indeed indicated no mean sentiment. That the highest point of Christian morality was, as it were, pushing its feelers backwards into Chinese society in the fifth and sixth century before our era was indeed wonderful, and we are sorry that the sage did not give it a welcome into his breast, and a place in his teachings. Most of the members also will probably sympathise with the judgment which I have expressed in the fifth volume of my Chinese Classics, about the passionless character of Confucius' notices of the



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events that he is chronicling, and the way in which he fails to discharge the duty of a truthful historian.

'How best to awaken in the Chinese a sense of sin, which is all-important to their acceptance of the doctrine of the Cross, it is not easy to determine. There is the saying in the *Analects*:—"He who offends against Heaven has none to whom he can pray," but is it not our common experience, that to the people in the mass, and perhaps still more to the scholars of the nation, there belongs a cold and unspiritual type of character? The prevailing secularism of Confucianism has made them very much of the earth, earthy. What can we do but unfold to them, with prayers and pains, what truth there is in Confucianism about God and His moral government, and about themselves, leading them on to the deeper, richer truth, about the same subjects in Christianity? Above all, we must set before them the testimony of Scripture about Christ and His redeeming work, knowing that it is by taking of the things of Christ and showing them to men, that the Holy Spirit convinces them of sin and righteousness and judgment.'

And then Professor Legge referred to a conversation he had recently with one of the ablest and most learned broad Churchmen in England, who complained that, though he approved of what the missionaries were doing, said that they might find a more excellent way than to 'dash too much into collision with the existing heathen religions, and speak too bitterly of their great teachers.'

He replied that his experience of missionaries compelled him to the conclusion that this was *not* the method generally pursued. But thinking much and



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long over the words of protest, he subsequently wrote :—

‘ Christianity cannot be tacked on to any heathen religion as its complement, nor can it absorb any into itself without great changes in it and additions to it. Missionaries have not merely to reform, though it will be well for them to reform where and what they can ; they have to revolutionise ; and as no revolution of a political kind can be effected without disturbance of existing conditions, so neither can a revolution of a people’s religion be brought about without heat and excitement. Confucianism is not antagonistic to Christianity, as Buddhism and Brahmanism are. It is not atheistic like the former, nor pantheistic like the latter. It is, however, a system whose issues are bounded by the East and by time ; and though missionaries try to acknowledge what is good in it, and to use it as not abusing it, they cannot avoid sometimes seeming to pull down Confucius from his elevation. They cannot set forth the Gospel as the wisdom of God and the power of God unto salvation, and proclaim the supreme love of God and of Christ, without deploring the want of any deep sense of sin, and of any glow of piety in the followers of the Chinese sage. Let them seek to go about their work everywhere—and I believe they can do so more easily in China than in other mission fields—in the Spirit of Christ, without striving or crying, with meekness and lowliness of heart. Let no one think any labour too great to make himself familiar with the Confucian books. So shall missionaries in China come fully to understand the work they have to do ; and the more they avoid driving their carriages rudely over the Master’s grave, the more likely are they soon to

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see Jesus enthroned in His room in the hearts of the people.'

It is interesting to turn to the opinion of the learned Dr Edkins of Shanghai, who, in his sermon at the Union Church after Dr Legge's death, thus described the value of his monumental work.

'His object was to unfold the Chinese field of thought and reveal the foundation of the moral, social, and political life of the people. Such a great work is undertaken but rarely, perhaps not more than once in a century. In doing this he felt he was performing a real service to missionaries and other students of the Chinese language and literature. He thought, too, of the Western reader and thinker. China is a most important nation on account of the compactness of the national territory, the uniform rate of advance in population, and the industry which is a race-characteristic. To know what the book contains is to be in an advantageous position to judge of the people. Here the European statesman can see the nature of the people's standard of morals. The histories they read, their models of style, the ground of their conservatism can here be estimated.

'Even now, when James Legge is no longer among us, these volumes, the outcome of his long-continued toil, contain a rich store of facts by which the foreign observer in Europe and America can judge of China so correctly, because here are the maxims which are popular, here are the ideas that rule in the minds of the scholars and all the people. Here are the principles that sway every native coterie, through all the provinces. What the Bible is to the Christian; what Shakespeare is to the student of English



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poetry; what the Koran is to the Mohammedan, these books are to the universal Chinese mind. To place these books in the hands of all who look with despair on a page of *Mencius* or the *Book of History* is a service of the most solid kind, and an achievement of a most useful character. While he was engaged in this work he made it a point, from which he would not deviate, to regard direct missionary labours as demanding and receiving his chief attention.'

Though it is forestalling the chronology of the subject, it will be better here to give some consecutive account of the preparation of this great work.

As time allowed, Dr Legge had pushed on with his literary labours, until, as part of it neared completion, he asked himself, 'How can the expense of publication be met?' A British merchant in Hong Kong, Mr Joseph Jardine, came forward with an open-hearted offer of help. 'If you are prepared for the toil of the publication,' he said, 'I will bear the expense of it. We make our money in China, and we should be glad to assist in whatever promises to be of benefit to it.' With gratitude Dr Legge accepted his help, and thus the first edition of Vol. I. of the Classics was brought out in Hong Kong in 1861. Mr Jardine had never forgotten the Chinese boatman's testimony to Dr Legge's knowledge of the language—'He speakee Chinese more better I.' Unfortunately Mr Joseph Jardine died before the publication of the first volume, but his brother, Sir Robert Jardine, liberally continued the assistance given by him until the second and third volumes had been published, and also during the preparation of the fourth and fifth volumes.

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The first volume was published in 1861, and Vol. II. came out in less than a year after. These were followed by Vol. III. (Parts I. and II.) in 1865. After an interval were published, in 1871, Vol. IV. (Parts I. and II.), and in 1872 Vol. V. (Parts I. and II.). Each 'Part' is a bound book, the whole set consisting of eight volumes.

There are several allusions to the work in Dr Legge's letters of later years in China:—

'I have brought to the work on the Classics a competent Chinese scholarship, the result of more than five-and-twenty years' toilsome study. Such a work was necessary in order that the rest of the world should really know this great Empire, and also that especially our missionary labours among the people should be conducted with sufficient intelligence, and so as to secure permanent results. I consider that it will greatly facilitate the labours of future missionaries that the entire books of Confucius should be published with a translation and notes.

'I have arranged, through the generosity of Mr Dent, that missionaries, whether Protestant or Roman Catholic, can obtain my volumes at half price. (This was done till the amount of Mr Dent's gift was more than exhausted.)

'Julien has written me a fine letter about my volumes on the *Shoo*—very complimentary.' John Legge writes thus:—"I am not surprised that Julien pronounces your work on the *Shoo* 'magnifique.' It is so in deed and in truth, and I am truly proud of it. I am quite charmed with your conclusions on Yao, Shun, and Yü. They harmonise exactly with certain indistinct notions which have been floating in my mind for the past nine years."



## Hong Kong and the Chinese Classics

'I will not have one idle day: not one day of health here in Hong Kong save Saturdays, perhaps, and Sundays, in which I shall not have made some appreciable progress in the preparation or publication of the *She*.'

(To his wife) 'I have just finished re-writing my translation of the first part of the *She King*. There are four parts in all, but the first is much the longest—fully two-fifths of the whole. By the end of June I hope to have all the translation completed, and will write to England for the paper and ink wherewith to go to press. By the end of the year the Annotations will be ready, and I shall only have the Prolegomena to write. Having got on with the *She King* since nine o'clock this evening, I am in better spirits than I was all day. Notes, business, Chinese callers, took up all the time and I was thoroughly jaded and out of sorts. I went to the Tai-ping shan Chapel—Ho-Yuk-ts'un preached. I came home—down, down, down. Now it is different. A good tale of work on the *She* always exhilarates me, and why? Simply because it seems to bring the period of our re-union nearer. . . . I have a letter from Julien with a grand glorification.

'I have just finished a long ode in the *She*. My heart often shrinks within me when I think of all the labour to be done on this one work in hand. But page gets trotted off after page—it is just like ascending the Peak. If you stand at the bottom and dwell on the distance and the steepness of the ascent, the feet almost refuse to move. But gird up your loins and go at it: you pant and groan, but ere long the summit is attained. So if life and health be spared, I shall stand on top of the *She*, and by

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and by bring forth the headstone of the *Yi* with shoutings.

'I have just translated a Chinese ode in the *She King*—"Don't think of all your sorrows: Your mind will thereby be kept in an imperfect light."

'I have just succeeded in drawing blood from the body of the *She King*, and have written since breakfast the first two notes—on the *Title of the Whole Work*, and the *Title of the Part*. There is in existence a preface to the *She*, written about 2000 years ago. The writer gives his own view of the subject matter of every ode in the collection—307 in all. This I thought I had better translate and I find my equipment for my own labour on the book much increased by having done so. Certainly I am not doing my work in a superficial or perfunctory way.

'I want to do full justice to my work on the Chinese Classics. Probably out of 100 readers 99 will not care a bit for the long critical notes; but then the hundredth man will come, who will not find them to be a bit too long. For that hundredth man I ought to write.

'The Japanese Government have ordered ten copies of my Classics. Sir Harry Parkes writes this, and goes on to sound me about going to Japan and becoming Principal of a college which the Government would start if I would undertake it. The time is past, however, for that!

'Mr Chalmers writes to me:—"I am getting more and more convinced of the immense importance to us missionaries of the work you are engaged in. We must use the Chinese Classics as a fulcrum to the Christian level, and to most of us they are not



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sufficiently available in their native state. I would have a clause introduced into the Regulations of all Missionary Societies that a missionary is not to stand up to preach on any subject without first endeavouring to find out what certain Chinese poets or philosophers may have said about it or bearing on it."

'By the end of next year the *She King* ought to be out. We have printed 380 pages, but the expense is heavy, about 105 dollars a month—including 20 dollars to Dr Wong, my native assistant. Sometimes I grudge keeping him on, as a whole week may pass without my needing to refer to him. But then again, an occasion occurs when he is worth a great deal to me, and when I have got the Prolegomena fairly in hand, he will be of much use. None but a first-rate native scholar would be of any value to me, and here I could not get anyone comparable to him. But for this expenditure I should have had money in hand at the year's end, instead of having to sell shares.'

'Six hundred and forty-eight pages of the *She* are now printed, and this work must lie by till I get the index and prolegomena ready. In the meantime the printers have got the *Spring and Autumn*, or Confucius' *Annals of Loo*, in hand, which cost me fifteen months' hard work. Very few people, however, have an idea of the immense amount of labour which it takes to bring out one of these Classics. A Chinese lad once sent me a letter beginning—"I know the assiduity of your nature." And assiduity certainly has an important place in my mental constitution.'

Scholars at home, working in Oxford, Cambridge or London, might have congratulated themselves some-

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times on their own freedom from certain exasperating checks and annoyances attendant on Dr Legge's literary labours. The printing office being under his control, he had to superintend the publication and binding of his works, and to send to England for paper, printing ink, etc. Among his minor worries was the fact that the volumes of the Classics had to come out in different bindings. Uniformity of binding could not be secured because materials were scanty in Hong Kong. Also, owing to the lack of English booksellers, he had to get the storekeepers to sell the Classics on commission among their other wares.

On one occasion the ship containing all his printing paper and ink struck upon a rock and went down within sight of her anchorage in Hong Kong harbour. Her masts, sticking up above the sea, were visible from his verandah.

'It gave me quite a turn. My first thought was that the fates were fighting against my getting on with the publication of my volumes. I have since been able to look the event in the face. There must be some delay in the commencement of printing, but I shall be so much more advanced with my manuscripts that we can start with five men instead of three. I had engaged Sow-lung and two other men to begin printing on the first of June. If he begins now in November or December with four other men we shall be in six months nearly as far as we should have been. In the meantime I telegraph by the mail "Replace invoice immediately, sending one half by Suez Canal and one half round Cape." This will divide the risk.'

After printing the books in Hong Kong he had to te to England for cases to be sent out in which



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to pack them and send them to England to his bookseller. 'Four hundred cases for one volume ought to be here any day, and four hundred for the other volume next month. Those cases will cost me about fifty pounds.'

Another time certain cases of books, necessary to him in his work, arrived after having been for a long time under water in the hold. 'I insured them for £250—I shall claim for at least £80. Meantime the ruin of many books and the spoiling of others is a great vexation.' He sent several of his books to a friend to sell in Amoy, and received the following letter.—'Alas for your Classics. Macgregor delivered them in the condition he got them out of the wreck. I had them put in the sun and thoroughly dried, but I could not offer them to subscribers. The mould has got into the inside, and even if rebound they will never be sightly. It is a sad loss.'

Among Dr Legge's papers were found several bundles of letters from Professor Stanislas Julien, all beautifully written, full of Chinese quotations and often with delicate slips of Chinese printing gummed in. They bore out Dr Legge's remark to his wife 'Julien is a most voluminous correspondent. His letters to me bristle with compliments.' On his last journey home and out again, Dr Legge stopped in Paris and saw him. He writes of the first visit:—'I have seen Julien and Mohl. The former is a stoutish, nervous old man—a Frenchman of the French, with a large head, long hair, and a short neck, lion-like. He received me with much *empressement*, and we exchanged ideas on various Chinese subjects. Yet I fancied we acted like a couple of

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prize-fighters, who come together in the ring for the first time and take the measure of each other's strength and prowess. Mohl is another of the literary celebrities of Paris. He came to London to see me nine years ago. I found him much older-looking.'

Of the second visit he says :—'I called on Julien. The old man was very gracious.' Is not he a fine specimen of a French gentleman and a scholar?' remarked Mr Hart. 'He is indeed, physically and mentally, a noble specimen of the *genus homo*. I was ready to smile when in French fashion he kissed me first on one cheek and then on the other.'

## CHAPTER V

### LIFE IN HONG KONG

TWO letters, written by Dr Legge soon after his arrival in Hong Kong, give a glimpse of struggle and straitening.

'HONG KONG, *Nov.* 13, 1843.

I have not been able to save a farthing, nor do I see that I shall ever be able to do so. And yet there were months together, in Malacca, when we had only a little rice and some boiled or fried fish for dinner. I can only do what I can—make every effort to make ends meet—give my children a good education and leave them an unstained name. The missionary, who will simply walk within the line of his proper duty, can save money only in very peculiar circumstances.'

'*June* 17, 1844.

'Our expenses in removing from Malacca to Hong Kong have been very considerable, and here they have been very heavy, principally on account of so much sickness; and our losses have not been small. I bought a goat in Malacca for 12 dollars, just before I left, to give us milk on the voyage. She and her kid died soon after our arrival here, because we had no proper place to shelter them in. When Mary fell ill and we were about to remove into a house of



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our own, I bought a Chinese cow and her calf for 30 dollars; the calf died soon after in a small, damp, new-built place, the only place we had for them. The cow as a consequence—they are not like cows trained at home—ran dry immediately, and I changed her for another cow and calf, giving 12 dollars in addition. That calf died in the same way, and now a mutchkin of milk a day would cost nearly six dollars a month, but we do the best we can to drink our tea without any.'

Their early days in Hong Kong were also disturbed owing to the unsettled state of the island.

One night they were awakened by an attack of Chinese burglars. A number of them collected outside and threatened to force their way in and plunder the house unless money were handed out to them. Dr Legge replied, 'If you break in, it will cost at least two of you your lives,' and thrust the barrel of his rifle through the Venetian blinds. For about half an hour the burglars walked round and round the house, trying every door and window. Unable to effect an entrance, they went up the hill a little distance, made a bonfire of every combustible they could collect, danced round it, and went away. A week or two before, a large band of robbers had broken into a house across the street. One of the occupants succeeded in getting to the Police Station and giving the alarm. Half a dozen policemen went up with guns and found the burglars in possession of the plate-chest, several having already run off with booty to the shore where the boat was lying in which they had come from the other side of the harbour. The chief policeman ordered his men to fire. Dr

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Legge, being awakened by the shots, came across from his own house to find a scene of confusion, with the leader of the burglars bleeding to death on the floor.

‘HONG KONG, *Feb.* 25, 1844.

‘I am very happy in my work. I opened a new chapel in the heart of the Chinese population in January which is attended in a very encouraging way. A-fat, the first Chinese Protestant convert, is labouring with me. I have plenty of work too in visiting the Chinese. This is a most interesting department of missionary labour and a most difficult one. It requires an easy address which I sadly want, and much tact—much acquaintance with human nature, and consistency of Christian character. By and by, I hope to see a flourishing school and a Theological Seminary, with an Institute for native girls, all flourishing here. My hands will be full.’

‘HONG KONG, *Oct.* 25, 1844.

‘I have been ill with fever and brought very low. For two days it seemed that my work in time was done. I was bid to look more directly in the face of eternity than I had done before. But, oh, how little satisfaction did the contemplation of my past life give. I trust I have received an impulse from this last dealing of God with me that will not cease with my life. A sincere, simple, watchful, humble, devoted missionary’s career must and will be my aim. God has brought every member of our mission through the furnace during the first year of our labours in China, and I trust it will be seen that we have all been refined.’

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Recovering from this illness he resumed work. The following letter shows the uncertainty of communication with the East at this time.

‘HONG KONG, *April 8, 1845.*

‘My Dear John,

‘Since I last wrote I have received William’s letter of October and yours of the 27th of September. The former came to hand nearly a month before the other—the vessel which was bringing the September mail having been wrecked on the coast of Java. As my command of the language increases, so do my engagements. Nearly every day I spend two hours at least visiting, distributing tracts, and talking till my tongue is really tired. I expect ere long there will be a large gathering of the natives round us. Two of my old pupils followed me up last month from Malacca.’

Here is an idyllic picture which falls into the year 1845, just a little before his compulsory visit home on account of health. Those who knew Dr Legge, can so well picture him sitting in the alcove.

‘Last month I paid a visit to Canton, and was exceedingly struck with the opportunities for missionary labour which that populous city affords. I am convinced that any amount of work can be carried on in it, with ordinary prudence. I took with me 3000 copies of two-sheet tracts upon the ten commandments, 2500 of which were distributed in six days. A Chinese merchant took a friend and myself one day an excursion, to visit some celebrated  
er-gardens, about three miles up the river from  
actories. It happened to be the day for visitors,



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and the walks were crowded. On my suggesting to my native friend, that I should like to distribute some tracts among the people, and speak to them about the doctrines of Jesus, he at once bestirred himself, and circulated the intelligence throughout the gardens. I sat down in a small portico, at a corner of one of the walks, while the people passed along in files in front of it, each individual receiving a tract, and collecting, every now and then, into companies of from thirty to fifty, to hear it explained. In this way 500 tracts were distributed. It was an interesting fact to reflect, that five hundred immortal beings had that morning, for the first time, learned their duty to their Maker, and heard of One who came from heaven to earth to seek and to save them. May the seed that was thus sown be found after many days!'

In 1845, however, Dr Legge was obliged, after long and severe attacks of fever, to return to England with his wife and two daughters. He was also accompanied by three of his Chinese pupils.

'HONG KONG, Nov. 18, 1845.

'Our luggage is all on board the *Duke of Portland*, and we are likely to sail to-morrow. It is with much reluctance that I quit this post. Just as the machinery requisite to effective operations in our work has been completed through my labours, and a course of action has been commenced which bids fair to be crowned with no ordinary success, I am called to put off my armour and retire. But if the experience of the last six years has taught me anything, it is these two lessons—that God will be all in all, and that there is

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in the human mind such a tendency to self-exaltation, self-confidence, that we ought to welcome any dispensation of Providence, however afflictive and mysterious, by which it is repressed.

‘It is with much pleasure I hail the quiet months of the voyage. Oh, the luxury of unbending the mind after six years of unusual tension. I have had no repose—no rest since I left home. You know I am bringing home three Chinese boys with me. They must just go to school as other boys. The principal object is that they get hold of the English, so as to be able to read it with intelligence and to speak it.’

These three lads in due time returned to the East and maintained there a Christian character and reputation. One of them, Song Hoot Kiam, filled for many years the responsible post of chief cashier of the P. and O. Company at their station of Singapore. In 1890, when Dr Legge’s second son visited Singapore, he received much hospitality from him. Song Hoot Kiam still spoke English perfectly, and was only too delighted to see and entertain his old friend, Dr Legge’s son.

The two years at home restored the missionary to vigour, though then, as ever, idleness was to him unknown. Indeed, the holiday of a missionary meant to him little but hard labour. He travelled here, there and everywhere, preaching and addressing meetings.

‘DUNFERMLINE, *Nov.* 6, 1846.

‘I preached three times in Stirling on Sabbath and had a public meeting next day. On Tuesday morning—a long walk round Stirling Castle, anything more



DR. LEGGE AND HIS THREE CHINESE STUDENTS.

*From a painting by H. Koon.*





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magnificent I have never enjoyed. In the afternoon a beautiful sail down the Forth to Alloa and a meeting there in the evening as good as could be expected on a tempestuous night in Scotland. Yesterday we came on here: a meeting of spirit and productiveness last night. In half an hour we drive to Inverkeithing for a meeting there. All the day I have enjoyed myself exceedingly. My lodging is with Professor MacMichael of the Relief Church. A delightful stroll over all the ruins and antiquities of this place. I have stood on St Margaret's shrine, upon the Bruce's grave, and under the shade of an upshoot from the root of the tree that Wallace planted on his mother's grave. A mavis and half a dozen chaffinches were pluming themselves among the branches; a rich inheritance in nature and in the associations of history.'

Here is another letter in homely vein, to his brother John, which will illustrate the difficulties of travelling.

'LONDON, Dec. 26, 1846.

'I must give you some history of my journeying. I started from Huntly determined (D.V.), if my health stood out, to have my Christmas dinner here with Dr John Morison of Brompton. I succeeded, though things seemed more than once, as determined as I was, to baulk the realisation of my purpose.

'After writing to William for Mr Leslie, I walked down to the office of the Newcastle steamer, and there outside was a notice: "Will sail on Thursday at 4 P.M." In fact, I found she had not got back

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from her trip of the week previous, and the Thursday's sailing was a mere contingency. Off I went to the coach office, and found the mail started at three, but demurring to the expense, I proceeded to the packet office and took my place in a Leith schooner. She was to sail at three o'clock, and there I was quietly and comfortably waiting for the lifting of the anchor, when I heard a whisper that the bar was very rough. The master, when questioned, said he was prepared to sail, but did not know whether the tug could tow them out. To the tug I went and got the master of it to take his vessel out and have a look at the bar. Back he came, and the word was: "No towing across the bar to-day." I ran with all my speed to the hotel, and was just in time to catch the mail on the start. I thought I could ride outside to Edinburgh, but by the time we reached Montrose I had no more life in me than a huge icicle. So then I got ensconced inside, and we reached Edinburgh in time to be an hour too late for the 5 A.M. train. There was no help for it but to make a comfortable breakfast, and be in readiness to start a quarter past 8. The snow was lying prodigiously deep between Stonehaven and Montrose. We reached Berwick at half-past 10, and I got upon the coach expecting to be in Newcastle by 6, and was luxuriating in the anticipation of a good dinner and a warm bath. But down came the snow and nearly blocked our way. Eleven hours we sat upon the coach, and reached Newcastle 40 minutes too late for the train. A special one was started about eleven. A cold and dreary night it was, but all was forgotten in the light of the radiant countenances that beamed upon me here between one and two o'clock.'



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'LONDON, *March 5, 1847.*

'I have more than enough upon my hands. My engagements for this month are just twenty-five. On Tuesday evening we had a magnificent meeting. Every hole and corner was crammed, stairs, passages and all. There could not be fewer than 2500 people present, and another thousand went away. I was the chief speaker of the evening.'

'FALMOUTH, *July 27, 1847.*

'Several friends down here set up a roaring, as if they had been so many bulls of Bashan, at my not coming to fulfil my engagements, that I was obliged to start for Exeter by the express. Thence I came by coach to this town—a ride of 105 miles. We were twelve mortal hours upon the road. I got to Falmouth about four o'clock in the morning; not like "patience on a monument smiling at grief," but impatience impersonate on the top of a coach, wan and weary, with head half sunk between the shoulders, hands pushed to the very extremity of greatcoat pockets, knees crunched together, and teeth firmly compressed to prevent their chattering. All's well, however, that ends well. I have slept and breakfasted, and am ready for action.

'God knows my supreme desire is to return and serve Him among the Chinese. I desire to feel that His will concerning us is not a series of arbitrary resolutions, but determinations for the wisest and the best, to which our ignorance and wilfulness must bow with praise and adoration.'

'LEICESTER, *Jan. 24, 1848.*

'I preached here (where his brother, the Rev. Dr George Legge, was minister), twice on Sabbath, and

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lectured on Monday evening upon China. Tuesday morning took me and the Chinese lads to Manchester, where I preached in the evening at an ordination, and next night was the best public meeting, many people said, that they had ever had in Manchester. The same evening we went on to Rochdale, and thence on Thursday to Hull. There we had an overflowing meeting. On Saturday we came on here, and I addressed about a thousand children in the afternoon and preached in the evening. A meeting to-night, for which I have retained the lads, but to-morrow I shall send them on to London, following myself on Thursday. The fatigue and excitement have been too much for them, and for myself also.'

He had already written to his father—'I have had a sufficiency, I am sure, of travelling and journeying through England. It will be something to call to mind on the other side of the earth the various public meetings which I have attended and all the men of eminence and goodness whom I have heard, and with whom I have associated. My services, too, I trust, have not been useless to the great cause in which they have been put forth. But I am tired of this life, and long to be back again among the Chinese. My health is thoroughly re-established, and every Chinese book on which I happen to cast my eye seems to put forth characters of reproach and to tell me that I am not where I ought to be.'

'LONDON, *Feb. 9, 1848.*

'The principal engagement of to-day was a private audience, first of Prince Albert, and secondly of the Queen, along with the Chinese lads. I knew nothing

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of it till a letter came from Lord Morpeth, saying that if I would be at the Palace at three o'clock to-day he would be there to conduct me to the presence. Our audience was very pleasant and courteous on the part of the Queen, and His Royal Highness. He is a fine, handsome, gentlemanly-looking man, and she is a sweet, quiet little body. She was dressed simply and unpretendingly. Her eye is fine and rolling, and a frequent smile, showing her two front teeth, makes you half forget you are before Majesty, though there is a very powerful dignity about all her bearing. Our conversation was all about China and the lads. The boys were much taken by surprise, having been expecting to see a person gorgeously dressed, with a crown and all the other paraphernalia of royalty. The interview will give the injunction of Peter a heartiness to my mind; and for the words "Honour the King" I shall be inclined to substitute "Love the Queen."

Later in the spring Dr Legge and his family sailed again for Hong Kong. One day, shortly after leaving Singapore, the cry of 'fire' rang through the ship. Smoke poured from the hold; instantly the pumps were manned, the men passengers put under Dr Legge's direction. He marshalled them in a line to convey buckets to and fro. The steward had gone down into the spirit hold with a candle, which had upset and set fire to a quantity of straw. In trying to stamp it out he forgot to turn off the tap of the spirit cask, and thus the flames spread rapidly.

After hard work, the combined efforts of crew and passengers succeeded in getting the fire under, and they reached Hong Kong without further mishap.



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The prospect of war at this time drew forth the following sentence in a letter.

‘We ask our friends,’ writes Dr Legge, ‘to join with us in prayer to the Governor among the nations, that he will avert the catastrophe of war. Wonderfully did he overrule the events of the last war, to present a great and effectual door for the preaching of his glorious gospel. Let its “still small voice” but continue to be heard by the Chinese for a few years, and it will open all their country more effectually to the rest of the world, than could be done by the thunder of all the cannon in the British armies.’

A little daughter Annie, born in England the year before, died a few months later, to the great grief of her parents. Towards the end of September Dr Legge writes :—‘This mail will carry tidings of sorrow and death into fifty families, I suppose, in Britain. There has been raging one of the most furious typhoons by which this coast has been visited for many years. Houses were blown down and unroofed, and many vessels dismasted or sunk. Not fewer than a thousand Chinese must have perished in the Canton river alone, and one boat which was cruising about this island with a company of invalid policemen, went down, only six out of twenty-eight escaping. Among these drowned was a very respectable man, a police inspector, converted, I hope, through my instrumentality. He had his only son with him, a fine lad of eighteen. How desolate is his widow. You will imagine what were my wife’s feelings during all this storm when I tell you that she was alone, with reason to believe that I was exposed in a frail barque to its fury. On Wednesday evening I embarked on a passage boat for Canton, and had got

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only about twenty-five miles when we saw the typhoon coming. Providentially there was a small harbour near, into which we put, and there we remained for thirty hours. It was Monday evening before my wife heard of our safety. Had not the wind failed us soon after our setting out, we must have been carried far beyond our shelter. The fury of the tempest was inconceivable.

'Our hearts have been cheered by tokens of God's blessing on our mission. Last Saturday fifteen individuals made application to me for baptism. Five of them were boys in the school, three of them evidently most deeply impressed by the truth. They have been long revolving the step they have taken, for more indeed than three years. Their decision opens a wide prospect of usefulness to me in the Seminary. I shall now have a succession of faithful disciples under my care to train for the ministry.

'Thus amid our desolation in the loss of Annie we have been cheered.'

Some months later he writes:—'I anticipate baptising two more of our boys next Sabbath, and with them a man of thirty-six, a scholar from a considerable distance, who has been residing here for between two and three months to be instructed in Christianity. His case is one of much interest. The two boys are from the first class and of very good abilities. In a year or two they will be quite fit for enrolment as theological students. Thus I am more and more encouraged to prosecute my plans to rear up a native ministry. Two other boys have made a formal application for baptism. We are in no hurry to baptise our candidates. They are well instructed and they give us all the evidence we can expect of



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their sincerity. Kim-Lin and A-Sow are going on very well. They are both labouring away at Euclid.'

In this place comes in a letter addressed to his friends of the Committee of the Religious Tract Society. Dr Legge writes:—

'In the early part of this month I paid a visit, with some friends, to Tae-Pang, a walled town upon the coast, about thirty miles to the north from Hong Kong. Walking through one of the streets, I met an old man, between seventy and eighty, with whom I entered into conversation, presenting him with a copy of the "Ten Commandments," in the form of a sheet tract. "These," said he, "I know; they are the Commandments of Jesus. Two years ago I met with a book about the doctrines of Jesus, and now I worship Him." You will conceive how my heart was lifted up on finding that your silent messengers had thus prepared the way of the missionary. "Who was Jesus?" and "Why do you worship Him?" were questions put to the old man. "Jesus," he replied, "was the Son of God, and He came into the world to be the Saviour. His work was to save men from their sins; and I know that I am a great sinner. In the night-time, at the first and third watch, I get up and pray to Jesus to have mercy upon me." I endeavoured to improve my brief interview with him to the best advantage, and when I am able to revisit the town will seek the old man out. His appointed time upon earth must be drawing near its close, but may we not hope that he will have cause to be thankful for the Tract Society throughout eternity?'

The Doctor writes again to the Society:—

'There came a man of education to Hong Kong,



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about the middle of March, from a distance of a hundred and fifty miles, and introducing himself to our colporteur, A-Sum, requested to be instructed in the Christian doctrine. The way in which he states he was brought here was this. An acquaintance came from his town last year to Hong Kong, with a cargo of mats to sell, and while he was here received a tract from A-Sum, which he handed to our friend on his return home. This produced a considerable impression on his mind, which was much increased by conversations in the beginning of this year with another acquaintance, the manager of a rope-walk in this settlement, whom A-Sum and myself have often visited. This man having gone home in January to see his family, talked often among his friends of the gospel of Jesus, which had been pressed on his acceptance. Our friend was prepared to be interested by such a topic, and when the ropemaker returned to Hong Kong last month, he came with him. Since he has been here he has read and heard much of the Scriptures, and has recently formally applied for baptism. Being a scholar, his progress in knowledge has been rapid. When told that by embracing Christianity he would be brought to poverty, and that we could not do anything for him in a worldly point of view, he replied that the Bible told him that God is supreme, the Creator and the Sustainer of all men; and he is ready, without fear, to cast himself on God.'

Another example of the gracious influences that are at work in places where no missionary has ever lifted up the voice of mercy came under the notice of Dr Legge whilst on a journey of some distance into the interior. In the crowded street of a small town

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he was accosted by a venerable-looking old man, whose snowy head bespoke respect for him, in these terms :—‘ Pray, sir, are you a worshipper of Jesus ? ’ Being answered in the affirmative, he rejoined, with evident pleasure, ‘ So am I ; I pray to Him every morning and evening. ’ Dr Legge was surprised to hear such a declaration in a place where, as far as he knew, no missionary had ever been before, and questioned the man further as to who Jesus was, and how he had come to know Him. He found that the old man understood the outline of Gospel truth, which he had learned from a copy of the Gospel of Luke, that by some means had come into his hands. We suppose that he had overheard the doctor speaking to passers-by of the Gospel, and had recognised this stranger’s doctrine as that which he had found, in some measure at least, precious to his soul.

In a letter of this period to the London Missionary Society occurs another reference to A-Sow which is of interest :—

‘ I am quite as frequently cheered by evidences that the truth is among us, working both powerfully and beautifully. As an instance of this I may refer to a simple but affecting occurrence at a Bible class of the men members about three months ago. I had been speaking on Matt. xviii. 19, “ If two of you shall agree on earth,” etc., when A-Sum, one of our oldest members rose up and said that he had something which he wished to say to myself and his brethren.

“ You all know my son-in-law, A-Sow. Formerly he was one of us, but we had to expel him from the church. Of the life which he has been living for several years I need not now speak. He has been very bad, and he was as hardened as he was dissipated,



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and repulsed me when I tried to advise him. Lately he was taken ill, and thinking his heart might be softened, I ventured to speak to him about his soul. He heard me quietly, and to-day he rose and came to this place of worship. It is the first time he has been in God's house for years. Far as he has gone astray, and deeply as he has sinned, perhaps God will have mercy upon him yet. I feel it is in my heart to ask you all to pray with me that he may be brought back to the fold. What you said, sir, about the verse 'If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven' has so moved me that I could not but give expression to my feelings."

'The tearful eyes and quivering voice with which this was spoken by my old friend, and the way in which it was responded to by the others, made me feel that indeed I was among Christian brethren, and that the Gospel operates upon the Chinese to soften the soul and to intensify and sanctify the relative afflictions just as it does upon Englishmen. May it be done for the backslider as we asked.'

'I have entered this month (May 1849) into a new and important relation. I was asked to undertake the duties of a pastor to the English congregation of Union Church. I replied that I would do so, but could only preach once on Sunday, as I had to preach in the evening in Chinese, and besides, could not accomplish two sermons a week with all my other duties. The step is an important one. It places me in a new position which will have its difficulties and advantages.'



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A correspondent writes :—

‘One of the most romantic incidents which associates itself with Dr Legge’s life is connected with the career of a young Scotsman who came up to London as a journeyman printer. He was from the same county of Aberdeen.

‘Mr Alexander Wylie had connected himself with Albany Congregational Church, near Regent’s Park, where a Scotsman was pastor.

‘Something had put into the heart of the young printer that he was called to be a missionary. He was already a Sunday-school teacher. One day he was, according to custom, poring over the treasures of an old book-stall, and came upon one of the Jesuit Latin-Chinese grammars. Here was his opportunity. With dogged Scots perseverance he mastered Latin that he might learn Chinese. He had made some progress, and China seems always to have been in his mind as his final destination.

‘About this time Dr Legge visited England, and Wylie, hearing this, entered into communication with him. Dr Legge saw there was true grit in the man, and encouraged him, giving him such aid as was in his power to give.

‘In due time he offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and for many years superintended the Society’s printing press at Shanghai. When this was given up he offered himself to the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was accepted as that Society’s agent for China. All the time, however, he was applying himself with more and more zeal to the acquirement of the language in its higher departments. His influence as agent of the Bible Society, and as a helper in



I. MARKET PLACE, EUROPEAN QUARTER, SHANGHAI.

2. STREET IN HONG KONG.





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the work of the Religious Tract Society became more and more apparent. He was a very distinguished Chinese scholar, and had a world-wide fame among Orientalists.

'Dr Legge's estimate of the man and scholar may be judged from the fact that he remarked to the writer, that in some branches of Chinese scholarship he regarded Mr Wylie as his superior. As an old man, he returned to England nearly blind from the excessive study of a language whose characters are so trying to all but the best of eyes.

'After the Philadelphia Exhibition, Mr Wylie called on me and stated that he desired to place, where it would be valued, the remarkable collection of Chinese Christian literature which he had collected and sent to Philadelphia. He asked my opinion as to whether it should go to the British Museum, or to Oxford for the Bodleian. The fact that Dr Legge was at Oxford decided the matter, and two large cases of literature are now safely placed in the famous library. Dr Legge engaged to make a classified catalogue of the whole, and he rejoiced to have this collection where he hoped it might prove to be very valuable as the years went on.'

A friend who had known Dr Legge at Hong Kong, writes:—

'As to the dear Professor. What can I say? As often as I think of him, and it is not seldom, so often does my heart go out towards him in ever increasing love and gratitude. I sometimes think that I should never have been in my present condition of useful work, but for his fatherly love to me 42 years ago. I was then a young man in Hong Kong, sur-

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rounded by gay companions, and beset by unlimited temptations, specially peculiar to youth. This the Doctor knew, and no father could have been more kind to his own son than he was to me.

“Think of my house as your home in any time of trouble or temptation,” said he. Yes, his was a loyal spirit, which must have been “greatly beloved” by the All-Father. It is men like him who make England strong, able to govern and guide the weaker nations, rather than army or navy. The one trains the physical to overcome the physical foe, but the sweet Professor ever sought to train the spiritual, the real man, that he might overcome spiritual foes, and so reign and govern for ever, and I have yet to learn that a man so helped, makes, if need be, a less better soldier against his nation’s enemies.

‘Dr Legge preached from personal experience, the ever present power of Christ to help in time of temptation. My faith was much strengthened by such teaching, and often before leaving the private house to go down to the day’s work and besetments, I would stand on the top of the stone steps and go no further until I had realised the Divine presence. Then I sang on my way, ready for whatever might be awaiting me.

‘The evening tea-meetings, specially for the army and navy, were of such delight to the doctor, and under the blessed influence of his words, and the singing of some simple hymn, I have seen great bearded men weeping as women weep, none the less better soldiers and sailors for that.

‘I need scarcely say, that such a man was loved and trusted by all who knew him. More than once in the evening time, when feeling lonely and sad, or under

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the stress of temptation, I have turned towards the missionary's house as a storm-tossed ship is turned towards a safe harbour. But I am deeply conscious that I do not possess power of language to speak sufficiently of all the good I received from that sweet, pure life.'



## CHAPTER VI

### THE TERM QUESTION

THE discussion on the 'Term Question' had already arisen, and into this Dr Legge threw himself with the fervour of a man fighting for what his conscience holds to be the truth. It was, as one had said, 'the longest and the most embittered controversy in which he was ever engaged, a controversy with certain missionaries who did not think of the root ideas of the old Chinese religion as he did. Nominally it related to the question whether they had any word that could be used to translate the idea of God: really and substantially it concerned whether they had any idea of God at all. And he maintained they had.'

Briefly, it arose in this way. In 1843 fifteen Protestant missionaries met together in Hong Kong to consider the then state of the Chinese versions of the Bible. It was resolved to 'submit all that had hitherto been done to a committee for the purpose of being thoroughly revised.'

The work of revising was divided into parts, and allotted to missionaries at the various stations in China. When the whole of the New Testament had been revised, each station selected one or more of its most experienced men to act as Delegates and be the judges as to the propriety of each version. Difficulty arose as to the choice of the right term to be used for 'God.' Some proposed the term

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'Shin,' while others held that the proper rendering should be 'Shang-Ti' or 'Ti.' Dr Legge produced in 1852, a volume bearing on the subject entitled *The Notions of the Chinese concerning God and Spirits*. He held strongly that 'Shang-Ti' or 'Ti' is the proper equivalent in Chinese for the word God. His arguments cannot here be more than slightly touched upon. In a letter written in 1852 he writes:— 'My opponent allows me the credit of proving that the Chinese do possess the knowledge of God, that they ascribe the making of the heavens and the earth to a personal, independent and intelligent being. But then he says "this being is called Shin." The fact is, this being is called "a Shin." There are passages where the subordination of the Shin as a class to Shang-Ti is clearly taught, and where even their creation is asserted. Jews, Mohammedans, the Chinese themselves, tell us that as a class the "Shin" are created beings; what follows, but that to call the Chinese to worship Shin is to "change the glory of God into a lie."'

Already in 1851 Dr Legge had written to a friend:— 'That argument is a weary work. Never did wight work harder for money or fame than I do at it, and yet it will bring me neither. If it serve the cause of the Gospel in China, I shall be abundantly over-paid. I met yesterday with a sentence—"All spirits (shin) and men are made by Ti as their Potter." This completes the evidence. The shin have been called the servants of Ti—here they are his creatures.'

How strongly feeling ran on the subject, the following letter from a friend, written in 1850, will show:—

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'My dear Legge,

'You can be of good service in revising the sheets of our translation which I will do my utmost to have forwarded regularly to you. Your labours in this controversy are not ended. My dear Legge, gird on your armour again. Go to it. The enemy has waxed more impudent, for I can't use any more fitting expression. If that were all, you had better treat them as children. But it is not the missionaries of this generation that you are to work for. It is the future upon which your work will tell—future missionaries—the future Church in China. May God help and bless you in it.'

Even thirty years later, in 1880, the embers of the controversy flared up again. A letter, addressed to Professor Max Müller, and signed 'Inquirer,' appeared in the *Chinese Recorder and Missionary Journal* for May-June 1880. Dr Legge replied to it in a published letter addressed also to Professor Max Müller. In it he says—'To show how baseless is "Inquirer's" contention that when the Chinese speak of Heaven or worship Heaven, whatever else may be in their minds, there is always the idea of the visible firmament.'

'I will give a few passages from a series of prayers which the Emperor of the Ming Dynasty addressed to Hwang Thien Shang Ti in the year 1538. It will be well to give the first prayer entire. 'Of old, in the beginning, there was the great chaos, without shape and dark. The five elements had not begun to revolve, nor the two lights to shine. In the midst thereof there existed neither form nor sound. Thou, O spiritual Sovereign, camest forth in Thy



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presidency and first didst divide the grosser parts from the purer. Thou madest Heaven, Thou madest earth, Thou madest man. All things, with their reproducing power, got their being. Thou hast vouchsafed, O Ti, to hear us, for Thou regardest us as our Father. As a Potter hast Thou made all living things. Thy sovereign goodness is infinite. Great and small are curtained round (by Thee from harm).'

'Still more express is the language of another prayer which I will also give entire. "When Ti, the Lord, had so decreed, He called into existence the Three Powers. Between (Heaven and Earth) He separately disposed men and things, all overspread by the heavens. I, His unworthy servant, beg His (favouring) decree to enlighten me His minister; so may I for ever appear before Him in the empyrean.'"

'The Chinese word for "Heaven" is "Thien." Inquirer says, "I maintain that they worship the visible heaven, regarding it as a god pervaded by a powerful intelligent spirit which exercises supreme control or rule in China. Heaven is supposed to be pervaded by an intelligent and powerful spirit. This is the Divinity of the Chinese. The visible object is as much a part of it as the body is a part of the compound being man, or the image is a part of an idol god. Thien, Heaven, is the proper name of the chief god of the Chinese.'"

Dr Legge's view, in opposition to Inquirer, is that 'Thien' is the name by which they speak of the one Supreme Being over all, and that when they use the name in this way, they do not think of the material heavens at all. He quotes the words of Yang Fu, one

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of the great scholars of the Sung period : ' Heaven and Ti indicate one Being. The stars and constellations are not Heaven (in this sense). Heaven must by no means be sought for in what is visible. In what does he who seeks for Heaven in material appearances differ from a person who knows that a man has a body, colour, and form, but does not recognise the honourable sovereign mind ? ' Dr Legge goes on to say : ' When I read how Confucius, deploring that he was not appreciated and understood by men, added, " But there is Heaven, it knows me " ; am I to receive with patience the assertion that he did not in the same way mean God ? '

Further, in reference to Inquirer's assertion, ' The visible heaven deified, is the chief god of the Chinese, ' Dr Legge asks, ' How is this deification of heaven declared ? Before it took place there must have been the idea of deity in the minds of the worshippers ? What was their name for that idea ? By what process of speech was the ceremony (so to speak) of deification carried through ? I do not find in his letter that Inquirer put such questions to himself. My answers to them are : The name for the idea of deity was " Ti, " the process of deification was by styling Heaven " Ti, " and intensifying the title by the addition of " Shang " into " Shang Ti. " He substantiates his answer by the authority of Khang I, the most renowned Chinese scholar of our eleventh century, whom even Chu Hsi in the century after, called his master. Commenting on the remarkable lines in a poem of the eighth century B.C.:

There is the great God (Hwang Shang Ti),  
Does He hate anyone ?

Chu Hsi says : " Shang Ti is the Spirit of Heaven. As



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Khang I says: 'With reference to its form, we speak of Heaven; with reference to its lordship and rule, we speak of Ti.'"

Dr Legge continues: 'How does the idea of God first arise in the human mind? How did it become the practise, universal perhaps, certainly not confined to China, to use the name of the visible sky in the sense of God? The Chinese fathers used it so, having the conviction that above and beyond the sky, there was a lord and ruler to whose government they and all beings and things were subject, and as a personal appellation for him they used the name Ti. Ti does not mean "lord and ruler." It is the honourable designation of one who is such. These names are but the expansion of the idea in it. Ti means God.' In a note to this passage, he says: 'While writing these pages I was interrupted by a visit from two of the gentlemen belonging to the Chinese Legation in London, the Chargé D'Affaires in the absence of the Marquis Tsang on the continent, and one of the interpreters. I asked them their opinion about the meaning of "Thien" and "Shang Ti." The Chargé quoted Chu Hsi's account of Shang Ti as the Spirit of Heaven. The interpreter said, "If I may express my humble opinion, you in England say 'God,' we in China say 'Shang Ti.' There is no difference. God is Shang Ti, Shang Ti is God.'"

But Dr Legge hated disputation: towards the end of this pamphlet he says that the recollection of that controversy in China comes to him as if it had been a long-enduring nightmare. It may be added that Professor Max Müller expressed his agreement with Dr Legge's view. A letter to Dr Legge from a friend, written in the latter part of



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1880, contains this passage:—‘I am delighted to see Max Müller’s verdict, though I fully expected it. As your paper answers the arguments of the only champion worth speaking of which the “Shinites” now possess, I trust it will put an end to all further serious controversy.’

## CHAPTER VII

### INCIDENTS OF CHINESE LIFE AND WORK

THE following extracts are from letters and notes written by Dr Legge in Hong Kong in 1849 and onwards:—

‘I am groping amid mists of Chinese physics and metaphysics, a shape like the ghost of Aristotle or Plato rising up ever and anon before me. I go to grasp it—and a Chinese folio interposes its knotty pages.’

‘I wrote to the Bible Society about printing the Scriptures in Chinese with metal types. Our Society undertook the making of two founts of Chinese types. The work has been long, tedious and expensive, but now when it is drawing to a close it gives us astonishing advantages. We can beat the Chinese in their own market. In no country are books so cheap as in China, but we can make them cheaper than they ever have been. The New Testament can be given to them for threepence or even less, printed more beautifully than the Imperial editions of their own Classics. So small a sum, of course, only covers the expenses of paper and printing and affords the Society no remuneration for its outlay in the preparation of the founts, but that it does not regret.’

In 1859, at a meeting in England Dr Legge said:—

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'In the beginning of last year, the Russian plenipotentiary in China called at our Mission House and made an arrangement that we should supply him with the matrices, struck from our punches, of the Chinese characters. It appeared that the Russian Government wanted to compile a Chinese and Russian dictionary at St Petersburg, and in order to make a commencement of the work they were obliged to come to our Mission House at Hong Kong.

'Then again, since my return to this country I have had more than one interview with a distinguished gentleman of Paris, M. Mohl, who is, I believe, the superintendent of the printing department of the Institute of France, and who wants our assistance in forming for the Institute a complete fount of type embracing every character in the Chinese language.'

*'December 27, 1850.*

'Tsun-sheen and I are co-pastors of the Chinese Church. He takes most of the Chinese preaching, but I preach once a week. My labours in the Seminary and School and English preaching occupy much of my time—Chinese study and reading still more, and the revision of the new version of the Old Testament a great deal. Then I have correspondence with other missions and many other things, so that my heart does sometimes fail me.'

During his revision of the version of the Old Testament, one of the family relates that Dr Legge wrote out three times the whole of the Old Testament in Chinese.

Trouble and illness among the missionaries and their families necessitated the departure of some of them for England. Extra work was thus thrown



## Incidents of Chinese Life and Work

upon Dr Legge. In reference to this he received a letter from the London Missionary Society :—

*'December 18, 1850.*

'We deplore deeply those events which are felt to press with accumulated weight, when we bear in mind the serious obstacles that must prevent us for a considerable time from supplying the vacancies thus unexpectedly and abruptly created. We have reason to fear that with so many occupations on your hands your energies must be considerably overtasked.'

His brother John also writes :—

*'HUNTLY, February 7, 1851.*

'In your last letter you said you felt as shut up in a corner and striking quick and short. The expression was too graphic. I confess it inspired me with no little alarm lest you should completely knock yourself up, before help arrived. I fear it will yet be some time before you get assistance. If not too late, my dear James, spare yourself—on principle—that long life may enable you to accomplish much work.'

There are notes in Dr Legge's papers of very many Committee meetings, he himself acting the part of both Chairman and Secretary. Much business was discussed relative to the mission, the printing office and other matters. At a meeting held in February 1851, the question was debated of publishing a Chinese newspaper or magazine in which information should be conveyed to the Chinese on General History, Church History, Natural Philosophy, Geography and kindred topics, interspersed with narratives calculated

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to instruct and lead the Chinese to a wider conception of religion. There are indications, that owing to lack of funds this undertaking had to be abandoned.

Still, in the press of work, he ever retained his love and interest in whatever reminded him of his old home in Scotland.

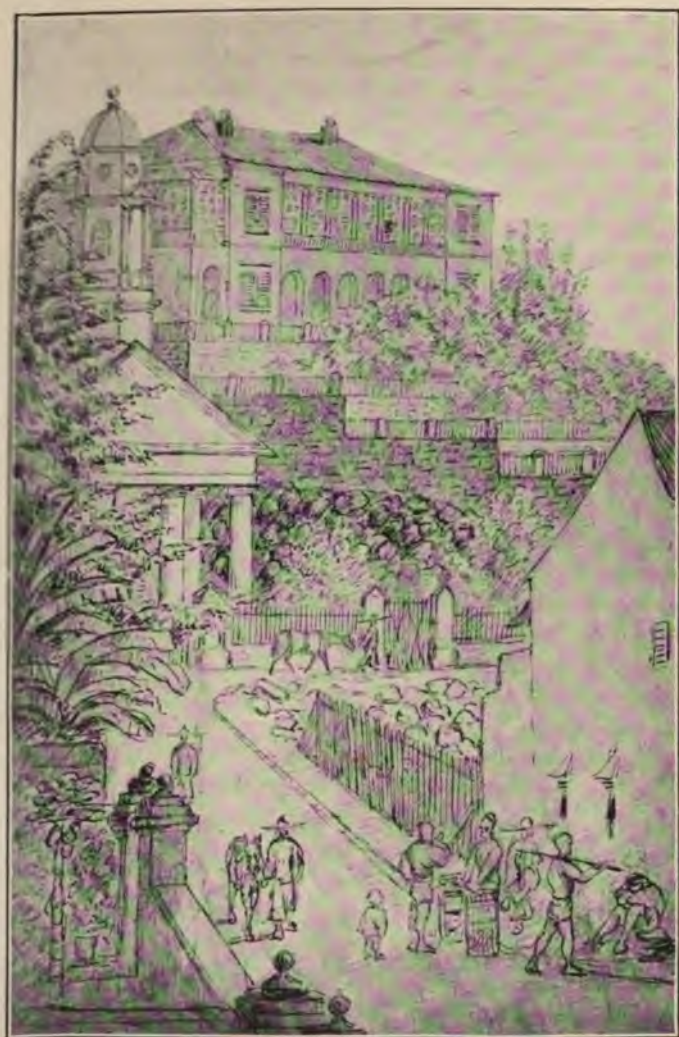
'The carnations from William's seeds have several of them flowered, but oh, what a falling off is there. They were seeds, he said, from prize specimens, and here they have unfolded poor, thin, pale, single and miserable. I often go to look at them; they seem to say: "Give us the tempered sun and wind, which nursed the strength and beauty of our plants." The broom and whin seeds William sent never came up, but I hope he will send me more that I may try again. I long for a few bushes of broom. Could I but rear them, they would constantly maintain—

"The freshness of the heart that falls like dew."

Indeed, for a man who devoted himself so arduously to books, he had a singular delight in outward things. In Malacca he would go out early and bring in 'climbing fish' from the trees. He kept a young crocodile in his bathroom, and as it seized a plank of wood by its teeth, he would swing it round and round his head. He also attempted to keep a young elephant, but the vast quantity of milk it absorbed made it too expensive a pet. A friend said long after to one of his children: 'When Dr Legge came to visit me in Japan he rode several miles every morning before breakfast. There were some mines near, and he went to the bottom of each, and seven volcanoes, and he climbed to the top of each.'







THE CHAPEL AND HOSPITAL, HONG KONG.

## Incidents of Chinese Life and Work

The end of 1851 was marked by calamity. In an extensive fire, by which thousands of the Chinese population lost all their property, the Mission Church and the Hospital were reduced to ashes. Energetic measures, however, were taken for the reconstruction of the buildings, cordial help was granted by the London Missionary Society, and, best of all, public confidence remained unshaken.

‘HONG KONG, *Dec.* 30, 1851.

‘We had a very fine meeting in the Chinese Chapel last Sabbath night. There were more than a hundred people there who were going to sail to-day for California, and very attentive they were. I came home cheered by such a close to the Sabbath services of the year. About ten o'clock a servant came and told me that a fire had broken out in the Chinese town; I looked and saw some houses blazing. Going to the spot I saw the flames were rapidly extending, and in a couple of hours five or six hundred houses were in one terrible conflagration. Our chapel and hospital were involved in the ruin. Ten or eleven thousand Chinese were rendered homeless, among them Kim-lin, with his wife and child; A-Sow, with his wife; and half a dozen more Christian families. There occurred one most melancholy event. A party of artillery were blowing up a large house to stop the fire, when somehow the powder exploded before they were prepared for it. The colonel and a lieutenant were killed, and another officer and two men who had been hearing me in the morning were very severely wounded. All this has given me enough to do, and driven me to the very last half hour before I could put my pen to paper.’

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It appears to have been in the year 1852 that an incident occurred which had afterwards important consequences. The whole story, too, is only one of many striking experiences in the missionary's life.

Dr Legge, with some friends, crossed over one day to Canton. At that time a rebellion against the Chinese government was prevailing in the south of Canton province. Arrived at Whampoa they heard that the rebels were holding an island not far off, and Dr Legge proposed that they should visit their encampment. The captain called his own boatman to row them to the headquarters of the rebels. On the way Dr Legge entered into conversation with the man, and the captain said: 'You Chinese despise us foreigners because we cannot speak your language, but here, you see, is an Englishman who does speak Chinese.' The boatman replied: 'He speakee Chinese more better I.' That little sentence caught the ear of an Englishman of the party, Mr Joseph Jardine, and the impression it made on him led later to valuable and unexpected issues.

On the island they had a long interview with some of the rebel leaders, who told them they meant to attack Canton on the following Monday. Till Monday Dr Legge and others stayed with a friend, Dr Hobson, at his hospital in Kaum-li-fou. Early on that day the party crossed the river, and on landing near the great Buddhist temple, heard that there had been a fight the day before. The rebels had been defeated, and now the Imperialist soldiers were ranging unchecked from village to village, burning and plundering. The people brought to Dr Legge an old man whose ears had been cut off, and his house burnt down. He was in a miserable plight,



## Incidents of Chinese Life and Work

and Dr Legge spoke to him of the English hospital at Kaum-li-fou. The poor old man said he would gladly go there, but that no boatman would take him, as he had no money. Dr Legge tore down a placard from a wall, and wrote with a pencil in Chinese: 'To any boatman. Please take the bearer in your boat across the river to the hospital at Kaum-li-fou, and show him to the English doctor; he will pay you liberally for your trouble,' and he signed it 'On the faith of an Englishman.' At the same time he wrote a note to Dr Hobson.

Continuing their way in the country, they came upon a considerable body of perhaps five hundred Imperialist soldiers, who made no objection to the presence of Englishmen. 'We are patriots,' the soldiers said, 'called out by the landed gentry of this country to act against these rebels.' It was impossible to stop them in their work of devastation. At one place the people turned out to fight, and a battle ensued; the soldiers put Dr Legge and his party to the front, and they were exposed to full fire from both sides. Several of the villagers were made prisoners, others fled, and the Imperialist victors marched to a small hill, where the promoter of their expedition sat majestically in a chair with some retainers round him. Thither came two of the soldiers, each carrying a gory head by its pig-tail, which he laid down on the grass before his master. A little girl, taken captive, was led forward and flung herself in terror upon her knees before the chief.

Dr Legge walked up to him and begged for her life. 'How can it serve your cause,' he asked, 'to put such a captive to death?' The chief listened: entrenched in immobility he vouchsafed not a syllable

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in reply, but was so far influenced as, by a gesture, to relegate the girl to the care of a bystander. Before she could rise a ruffian laid his sword upon her neck ; the child screamed, and in violent indignation Dr Legge dealt the fellow a blow with his stick across the shoulders. He turned fiercely upon Dr Legge, but slunk back as another Englishman advanced to his friend's side, this latter a very big man, one whom the Chinese spoke of as 'having the strength of 500 men.'

Late that evening the party took boat again to Kaum-li-fou, and made their way to Dr Hobson's hospital. Here they found that the old man sent by Dr Legge had been brought by a boatman and two or three others. Dr Hobson had taken him in and done for him all that he could, but he had sunk to a dying state.

In October 1852, a severe bereavement befel Dr Legge and his three daughters, in the death of Mrs Legge at Hong Kong. The news reached her parents in London at a peculiarly sad time, just after the death in their home of their son Alexander. In Dr Morison's first letter to James Legge after receiving the tidings, he tells his son-in-law a fact, interesting because so well-attested, which is herewith given in his own words.

'27 MONTPELIER SQUARE, BROMPTON,  
Dec. 23, 1852.

'We are indeed, fellow-sufferers. Ours was, in a most painful degree, a house of mourning *before* your brother George arrived from Leicester ; what it was *after*, I will not attempt to describe. . . . It was, indeed, a heavy blow to be informed that our



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most loving and beloved Mary was no more an inhabitant of this world. . . . Poor Alexander's funeral is to-morrow. Dear fellow, when he was dying he waved his hand significantly, and said to his mother in a perfectly collected tone of voice, pointing to the end of his bed—"Don't you see her?" "What do you mean, dear Alexander?" she said. "Why, it is dear Mary; she is calling me to come to her." Was not this very remarkable? From that moment my dear wife believed she was dead; and nothing could remove the impression. . . .'

In the following year the loss of his youngest little girl, who with her sisters had been sent to Scotland, came as an added sorrow to the father, left solitary in his now desolate home at Hong Kong. Being now sole occupant of the Mission House of the London Missionary Society, it was arranged that the Rev. John and Mrs Chalmers, and Dr and Mrs Hobson, with their children, should share it.

One morning one of the children refused to eat the bread and butter at breakfast. Remonstrances and punishment were of no avail. As the meal progressed, all, with the exception of the obstinate child, were seized with sudden nausea, and a letter was handed in from the Judge with the message—'Do not eat the bread, it has all been poisoned.' The Chinese baker had put arsenic into the bread destined for the foreigners, with intent to poison the whole English community, but fortunately he over-shot the mark by putting in too much, so that all who ate became violently sick almost immediately. Two English ladies, however, who had taken but little, suffered permanently in health from the effects



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of the poison. For many years afterwards no Chinese baker was allowed to serve the English in Hong Kong—the office being entrusted to Parsees.

As time went on, Dr Legge received strong evidences of success in his labours among the Chinese. Many came to him asking for baptism, and he wrote to the London Missionary Society—‘Never did missions wear so cheering an aspect. Never was there so much to encourage our hopes and stimulate to increased effort.’

Records of some of these converts are full of interest. One day a Taoist priest arrived at the island from his monastery in the Lo-fow hills, moved with curiosity to see the town foreigners had built in Hong Kong. He had been a priest for over twelve years, having left his wife and children and retired to a monastery into which he had subsequently taken his youngest son in order that he should be brought up as a priest. Wandering in the evening through the streets of Hong Kong, the noise of a gong announcing a meeting attracted him into a building.

This was a mission chapel, and a preacher—probably Ho-Tsun-sheen—delivered a sermon on the incompleteness of Chinese morality and religion, pointing out that though it professed to describe men's relations, it did not treat of his relation to God. The priest listened, was convinced that the system which he had followed for twelve years was truly judged, and determined, while hearing that sermon, never to worship idols again. He stayed, making enquiries and receiving instruction, for several weeks; then returned to the Lo-fow hills and came back to Hong Kong with two sons and a son-in-law.

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The elder ones were obliged to return to their work, but the youngest boy, who wore the priestly garb, was put into the school, and the father himself continued to attend every religious service. He supported himself by selling medicines. He studied the New Testament much, and his applications for baptism were repeated and earnest. On the evening on which he was baptised he related to the assembled company the reasons which made him abandon Taoism and become a Christian. He handed to Dr Legge the yellow crowns—the distinguishing badges of the Taoist priesthood—two hollow hemispheres of polished wood into which the hair is gathered in a knot, and he also stated that he would henceforth bring up his children in the doctrines of Jesus.

Another convert, named Wong Shing, was employed in connection with the mission, as superintendent of the printing office, at a salary of thirty dollars a month. In 1858 he was appointed a jurymen, that being the first time the name of a Chinese had been seen on the jury list in connection with the names of Englishmen. Sir John Bowring told Dr Legge that when the Sheriff's list was submitted for approval, some members of the Council expressed astonishment that a Chinaman should be put on a jury, but the man's character being known to His Excellency, his name was retained.

A few weeks after, the Registrar of the Supreme Court in Hong Kong, called on Dr Legge and asked him to lay before Wong Shing a proposition from the Chief Justice. His Lordship wanted to obtain a competent, trustworthy interpreter for the Supreme Court, and so sensible was he of the fitness of Wong Shing for the post that he offered it to him at a salary



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of 120 dollars a month. The Registrar added, 'If ten dollars more will make the scale go down in favour of the Government, I am prepared to offer that amount.' Dr Legge called upon Wong Shing and laid the offer fully before him, with its promise of 130 dollars a month in lieu of his present allowance of thirty dollars. Wong Shing was not a minute in making up his mind. He knew that the literature put out from the printing office was meant to be a power for good to his countrymen, and that its production needed intelligent native supervision. 'I hope,' he answered, 'that the Government will get a good interpreter, but I don't mean to leave my present situation.' This he said, although he was a married man with a family.

Writing to the Religious Tract Society in 1855, Dr Legge gives the following incident as showing the reality of the work among Chinese converts.

'There is a small item of one dollar entered as received from a Chinese Christian for tracts. The purchaser was formerly a Taoist priest, with whom I became acquainted first in the latter part of 1853. He was baptised here about eight months ago, and has been supporting himself by selling a few drugs and other small wares. Between two and three months ago, he had saved the sum of a dollar and a rupee, and brought them to the mission house, saying, "I want tracts for them." It was represented to him that if he wished to distribute tracts among his countrymen, we would gladly supply him from the depository. "I know that," he said, "but I want to give away something that is my own." It was well to encourage such a purpose, so I made him up an assortment to the value of a dollar. Thus furnished,



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he made up a pack of a peculiar kind of tea in parcels worth about 4d. each, and started with that and the tracts into the interior. The tea he sold, living upon the proceeds, and after an absence of nearly a month, he returned, having given away all his tracts. "I did not give them away," he reported, "at random. When any man came to buy tea of me, or I got into conversation with him, I said to him 'Here is a book. Let me tell you what it contains, and if you then want to read it, I will give it to you.' Then I told him the substance of the tract, and if he said he would like to have it, I gave it to him. Nearly everybody I spoke to was glad to hear me, and to receive the books.'

A word must be said here as to Dr Legge's views on the best way of reaching the Chinese mind. His views were both clear and wise. He felt strongly that as far as possible the ancient customs of the country should be respected, the old ideas engrained in the national character should be understood and reckoned with: it was for that reason that he did not approve of unmarried Englishwomen going into the interior of China—but he cordially approved of the system of colportage instituted by the Bible Society. Native colporteurs were sent from place to place, distributing the Scriptures in Chinese. In these there was of course no word of English people or English customs; when a Chinaman read and was impressed, it was not because an Englishman came and gave him English ideas—as certain people seem to imagine—but it was because eternal truth found him and touched him, and naturally he asked, 'From whom can I learn more?' Only then did he hear, 'From the missionaries.'

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The convert Kan-Man-Puk was a fruit of the system of colportage. He wrote out a document giving, as he said, a sketch of his past life, 'as in the sight of God.'

'From my ninth year to my seventeenth I went to school, but only learned the art of writing, and committed to memory many pages of our books without understanding their meaning. For three years, from my 18th to my 21st I passed as an actor, but that profession being commonly regarded as offensive to the men of former generations, I left it and took to divination. This proving unprofitable, I added to it the writing of charms, and repeating of spells along with the art of medicine, expecting thereby to make great gain. I prayed to demons and pretended to exorcise evil spirits. I surrounded myself with the images and pictures of former masters and worshipped them. On the first and fifteenth of every month I repeated my *King* and prayed to the various spirits, expecting them to give efficacy to my charms and spells—this throughout a period of more than twenty years. In the fourth month of the present year the brethren Yu and Mok came to the city of Siu near me, distributing the Sacred Scriptures and announcing the holy doctrine. Before I met with them myself, the wife of a neighbour gave me a volume which had been received from them to look at, but I laid it indifferently upon a shelf. There my daughter took it up and beginning to read it, was delighted. My wife was also interested by it, and they united in urging me to go to the strangers and get a copy for myself. I went accordingly to them thinking the book was an ordinary composition for the admonition of the age,



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but from them I learned that it was the book of God the Creator and preserver of the universe, who had sent His beloved Son to die for the sins of men, making atonement. This was what in all my life I had never heard of. The information was as if thunder rolled in my ears and startled me from sleeping. I consulted with my wife and daughter, and procuring the necessary means followed the two brethren here to Hong Kong that I might be instructed in all the worship of God. Now while I have been here, I have felt something of the happiness of heaven.'

When the question was put to him at his baptism whether he was resolved to abandon all worship of idols, his reply was 'I have burned them all.' Soon after his baptism he returned to his own village, having made arrangements to bring his family to a village across the bay from Hong Kong upon the mainland, where they could cross over occasionally and attend the religious services of the mission.

One day, shortly after Canton had been taken by the French and English, Dr Legge went with a friend to the island of Ho-nan to see the great Buddhist temple there. It was the Chinese New Year, and multitudes were playing and gambling in the temple court. They looked so hostile to the foreigners that a Buddhist priest came up and said 'You had better be off. The people talk of stoning you; they are enraged owing to Canton being taken by foreigners.' 'We will go away,' said Dr Legge, 'but we cannot run away. Let us into the temple to consider our course.' The priest did so and locked the door after them. The crowd, thinking they meant to emerge by the back door, ran round to receive them. Know-



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ing this, Dr Legge said, 'Now unlock the door again and let us out.' But they had not gone many steps before the mob in two streams came pouring round the temple and surrounded them by hundreds crying 'Strike, strike.' Stones flew about them, and one man took up a little boy and flung him with all his force at Dr Legge who kept urging his friend not to strike but to press on to the water. Step by step they drew near the shore, jumped into their boat, and made off, followed by the yells of the populace and a shower of stones.

It is interesting to turn back and see how this gifted missionary viewed the influx of Chinese into California and Australia, and the possibilities that might arise therefrom. He writes thus in 1853 :—

'Many tracts have been distributed among the emigrants to California and Australia. I cannot but think that the discovery of the goldfields will produce a beneficial influence upon China. Nothing ever stirred the masses of the people in this province so much. Recently an emigration to the West Indies, of a different nature, has commenced, and a young man, who was a student with me for the ministry, has been engaged to go to Demerara or Trinidad, for three years, in the capacity of interpreter. This opening, presented in Providence, may introduce him to a very important field of labour, which I pray that he may have grace to improve. Placed among his countrymen, in a position of influence, and where they are free from many of the hindrances which oppose the profession of Christianity in China, I hope he will be able to accomplish much good among them.'

## CHAPTER VIII

### THE SHIELD KING OF THE TAI-PING REBELLION.

TO Dr Legge the Tai-ping Rebellion presented strange complications. For the 'Shield King' who, it is said, was for a time second in command, and who certainly became a prominent leader in the rebellion, had been for some years his friend. And not only this, but a friend for whom Dr Legge felt special affection and a warmth of admiration such as he gave to hardly any other Chinaman.

It was about the year 1854 that a Swedish missionary brought to Hong Kong a man named Hung Jin. 'He is a cousin,' he told Dr Legge, 'of the Tai-ping king.' The man himself said that he had been separated from his cousin when the latter raised the standard of rebellion. Wishing to join him, he gathered a small band of followers and attempted to march through Kwang Hsi, but was intercepted by a band of Imperialist soldiers and sustained a defeat. Most of his followers were cut to pieces, but he fought his way through and then found himself near a German missionary settlement at which he asked for shelter. There were, however, no means of sheltering him at the German station:

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he was sure there to fall into the hands of the Imperialists sooner or later, and so they sent him to Hong Kong and begged Dr Legge to give him some employment.

Dr Legge found work for him in teaching. There seems to have been something peculiarly attractive in his disposition, for very soon he was greatly liked by all, both English and Chinese. He grew very much in knowledge of the Scriptures, and became a wonderful helper in all that was good in the community, so much so that Mr Chalmers said one day, when Dr Legge remarked that a new attendant at the mission services sought constantly Hung Jin's company, 'Ah, then he's sure to be getting good.'

It soon became known in Hong Kong that he was a cousin of the Tai-ping king, and scores came to him and asked him to lead them into the interior to join the king at Nanking. Dr Legge advised him to have nothing to do with the rebels, and said he should be thankful that he had escaped from his entanglement, for, from the first, Dr Legge had expressed his distrust and disapprobation of certain obnoxious tenets held by the Tai-ping leader. But the character of Hung Jin himself Dr Legge held in high esteem.

When the Doctor was obliged to go to England for eighteen months, he laid strict injunctions on Hung Jin to remain in Hong Kong and not to join the rebel forces. Hung Jin was led astray, however, disguised himself as a pedlar, and with a pack of stationery succeeded in getting to Nanking, where the king acknowledged him as his cousin and made him one of his chiefs, with the title of Kanwang, the Shield King.



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Before he left Hong Kong, however, he had brought his family and his brother to the Mission House, where his brother, named Sye-po, became chief servant in Dr Legge's family, and behaved well. Allusions to Sye-po, who was a good and trusted servant, are found in various letters. It is worthy of note that when Hung Jin left Hong Kong, there were two principal objects which he said he would keep before him if he should succeed in reaching Nanking.

The first was the correction of religious errors ; and the second, the prosecution of a line conciliatory to foreigners. Installed at Nanking, he conducted his affairs with great success, had interviews with many foreigners, and was highly spoken of by them. The first proclamation from him, and a long memorial 'To the Celestial King,' were worthy of all praise. He wrote to Dr Legge frequently, and sent him copies of the different publications which he issued. The Tai-pings held Nanking for about nine years ; they ruled the city and a considerable portion of the province besides, and they had an army of some tens of thousands of men.

Among other things which the Shield King did was to write out in large characters the Ten Commandments and portions of the Sermon on the Mount, and put them up, on and around the principal gates of Nanking, that all might know the laws of the heavenly kingdom.

Writing in reference to this matter to the Religious Tract Society, Dr Legge gives expression to his views as affecting the Mission enterprise, and the desire to give China the Truth.

In the great work, says the Religious Tract

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Society's Report of 1854, which is opening to the Society and kindred institutions, it is encouraging to find that the leader of the insurgent troops is promoting widely the issue of portions of the Scriptures and many religious tracts. It is reported that he keeps 400 printers employed, principally in the production of copies of the Scriptures. He also sends forth numerous tracts, and superintends the printing operations. Although the tracts contain some things of a doubtful character, yet they clearly abjure idolatry—recognise the duty to serve the living and true God—they make known Jesus Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour—lead the people to rejoice in the prospect of the future life which Christianity discloses to them, and the duty of possessing and reading the Sacred Scriptures.

In reference to these statements, Dr Legge writes:—

‘If the insurgents held only these principles, we could not refuse to them a large measure of our admiration. The starting up on a sudden of hundreds of thousands of men and women, professing these views in China—stereotyped and benumbed China—is a phenomenon in which I dare not but magnify the power of God.’

The Report continues: Another important event has also been connected with the present state of China. The missionaries have long conscientiously differed as to the proper Chinese term to be employed for ‘God’ in their Christian publications. This difference of opinion has impeded to a considerable extent the circulation of the Scriptures and tracts. On this subject the Bishop of Victoria, in a recent charge delivered to his clergy remarks: ‘The



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unexpected religious movement in the interior of China has occurred to settle this question, and to take it virtually out of our hands. In the prayers offered up daily throughout the army and camp of Tai-ping-wang, and addressed to the one true God our heavenly Father, through the merits of the one Redeemer, for the gift of the one sanctifying Spirit—is a providential intimation which I feel bound to acknowledge in favour of the term “Shang-te.” Thus a great difficulty has been removed, and henceforth the term “Shang-te” will be universally employed for “God” in all the works issued by the Christian missionaries of China.’

One day, Sye-po, the Shield King’s brother, came to Dr Legge, saying that the Shield King had sent him a bag containing a thousand dollars, with directions to give a hundred dollars each to certain friends in Hong Kong, those friends being Dr Legge himself, Mr Chalmers, two German missionaries and some Chinese Christians. Dr Legge asked where the Shield King got the money. ‘He is the king,’ replied Sye-po, ‘and can get what money he likes.’ Dr Legge replied, ‘You call him the king; I call him a rebel. If the Tai-ping rebellion succeeds in overturning the Chinese government, I will recognise him as a king, but now I can only recognise him as a rebel, and I doubt whether the thousand dollars have been honestly procured. He used to be happy here with ten dollars a month; write to him and say that I cannot receive the bag of one hundred dollars.’ ‘But he will be angry,’ said the brother. ‘I cannot help that,’ replied Dr Legge, ‘tell him I appreciate his kind intentions, and must wait for the issue of the rebellion.’



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This offer became known among the Chinese, and when, a few years after, Dr Legge found himself at the city of Shaou-king, a number of Chinamen on learning his name, came and saluted him and said 'Though we have never seen you before, you are well known in many parts of Canton province as the 'righteous man.' 'Why do you call me so?' asked Dr Legge. 'Because you refused the money sent you by the Shield King.'

Sye-po, who grew most anxious to join his brother, left Dr Legge's service and found his way to Nanking. Dr Legge wrote asking him to return, but he replied that he could not, because it was the time for using men. Once Dr Legge heard of him through Judge Adams, who, on one occasion, on leaving Nanking, was hailed by a Tai-ping official, who was Sye-po. Passages in the Shanghai papers were read by Dr Legge with pleasure, being always in praise of his old friend the Shield King.

At last came the news of the capture of Nanking by the Imperialists. The leader of the rebellion killed himself, and the Shield King, if he had thought only of his own safety, might have escaped. But his sense of right would not let him leave the young prince. He therefore took the lad under his protection and tried to make his escape with him. They were both captured. Hung Jin was carried to Peking, put on his trial, and there beheaded. Thus the whole rebellion collapsed.

In 1862 a letter by Dr Legge was published in England, relative to the hostilities directed by the British and French forces under General Gordon against the Tai-ping insurgents. In former years the avowed policy of the British government was

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that of neutrality. But the threatened attack of the Tai-pings on Shanghai and other cities secured by treaty for purposes of British commerce, provoked a departure from that neutrality.

Extracts from Dr Legge's letter reveal his opinion both of the Tai-pings and of the Manchu Government which they wished to overthrow, an opinion formed after nearly twenty years' residence in China.

'I do not take this matter in hand as an apologist for the religious views and political course of the Tai-pings. It is assumed by many that missionaries have been and still are their advocates, in spite of the plain witness of undeniable and melancholy facts. The utmost that can be alleged against missionaries is, that when the rebel movement first came prominently before the world, in 1853, after the capture of Nan-king, many of them hailed the religious sentiments expressed in the tracts and manifestoes of their leaders. But when, in the course of time, the promise connected with the movement began to wither, their regret was corresponding, and as they had opportunity they remonstrated with the Tai-pings themselves, nor did they hide anything which they knew from the public. As I carefully send my thoughts back over the last nine years, I can single out from amongst the missionary body in China, but one solitary eccentric exception to the statement just given. In a letter from my own pen in July 1854, I wrote—Two points seem to be established; first, that the religion of the insurgents is running into a wild and blasphemous fanaticism; and second, that they have assumed an attitude of



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determined hostility to foreigners. From the first I professed my disbelief in the revelations to which Hung Seu-tseun, their chief, laid claim.

'My old friend Hung Jin, the Shield King, was prepared to counsel them wisely as to the cultivation of friendly relationship with foreigners. Had we been willing to enter into negotiations with them in 1860 or 1861, we should have found that their calling us "foreign brethren" had a real good substantial meaning in it. Still the Shield King was not equal to the difficulties of his position.

'But as regards our entering into hostilities with the Tai-pings—what *casus belli* have they given us? Possibly there may be a sufficient one stated in some despatch that the Government at home received, and which has been laid before Parliament. They profess many absurd and fanatical dogmas; their views as to theology are miserably degrading; their warfare against the Imperialists leads to indescribable misery among the people. All these things are true; but I fail to discover in them anything like a *casus belli* against ourselves. Have the rebels outraged British property, and then refused to give satisfaction? Have they entered into engagements with us and then wilfully and knowingly violated them? Did they threaten to stop our trade, or have they instituted any measures for that purpose? I have not heard any of the things involved in these questions alleged against the Tai-pings. I contend that after holding the second city of the Empire for nine years and coming forth victorious from hundreds of conflicts with the Imperial forces, they ought to have been respected by us as belligerents. It is vehemently asserted that the foreign settlement would not have



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been safe with Shanghai in the hands of the rebels. Such an assertion can only be met by another equally vehement on the opposite side. But I fully agree with many who hold that if we had clearly professed our neutrality and fully explained our views to the rebels, they would have kept aloof from every place where foreigners were located by treaty right.

‘But it avails not to deplore the fact that we have taken the field against the Tai-pings; it is a fact. We have defeated them in every engagement, losing also valuable lives on our own side. But we were obliged to concentrate our troops in and around Shanghai. We handed over our conquests to the Imperialists, and when we had done so and retired, down came the Tai-pings and made short work of the “braves.” The poor people are now in harder case than they were before. They have been driven by thousands into Shanghai. There they are, nearly houseless and half-fed. Cholera finds them an easy prey. More than 900 died last month within three days.

‘These, it may be said, are unavoidable miseries of war: the war is a fact and it must be prosecuted. But I ask, in whose interest are we to put down the rebellion? Now, I protest against our putting down the rebellion on behalf of the Imperial Government on two grounds. The first is the ground of its cruelty. I have read harrowing accounts of the devastations of the rebels. The accounts are no doubt true. But I have seen also the ways of the Imperial braves and kept company with them for hours together. Their march over the country was like the progress of locusts. Their thirst for blood was quenchless; their

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outrages on the young and old were indescribable. But the question is not about the masses but about the officers of government. And to know what will be the consequence if we put down the rebels on behalf of the Imperial Government, we have only to think of Yeh and his doings in Canton, when in about twelve months he beheaded 70,000.

'The second ground on which I object to the putting down of the rebellion on behalf of the Imperial Government, is the utter inefficiency of that government. Apart from rebel districts the people everywhere set it at defiance. It is unable to fulfil its treaty engagements. Its soldiers are often uncivil and rude; the gentry are everywhere sullen and insolent; the mob is often riotous and violent; but against soldiers, gentry and the mob, the authorities can hardly give any protection. We may say we shall insist on securities from the Chinese Government that it will fulfil its treaty stipulations, and will secure to us greater privileges. This is to me a vain dream.

The Israelites had certainly an easier task to make bricks without straw than we have in undertaking to pacify China in harmony with the Manchu Government. The Manchus are not worthy that we should interfere in their behalf. And whereas it is affirmed that we interfere on behalf of our own commerce, it has not been shown that the rebels have ever tried to check our commerce. Our green tea and our silk have come for eighteen months from districts in their hands.

'I think that our attempt to bolster up the Manchu dynasty will be found a very thankless and uncertain

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undertaking. For hundreds of years since the Christian era there have been in China anarchy and civil strife. The nation has groaned in pain for centuries. Information on the state of things in China is sadly needed at home.'



## CHAPTER IX

### CH'EA KIN KWANG, THE FIRST CHINESE MARTYR

TO the end of his life Dr Legge held in loving remembrance the old Chinaman, Ch'ea Kin Kwang (Golden Light Chariot). Who can say, knowing the story of Ch'ea, that Chinamen are incapable of enthusiasm and heroism?

In the year 1856 Ch'ea, an elderly man, was keeper of the Confucian temple at Pok-lo, a town of about 15,000 inhabitants situated in the interior of Canton province, and about a hundred miles from Hong Kong. He had never heard of Christianity nor seen a missionary. One day, a colporteur of the Bible Society passed through Pok-lo, and meeting with Ch'ea, gave him a New Testament in Chinese. He read it and his whole soul was stirred. He determined to go where he could ask and learn more about this wonderful book. He heard that a missionary was living at Hong Kong, and to Hong Kong he came and presented himself to Dr Legge.

Soon afterwards he asked to be baptised as a Christian. At first Dr Legge hesitated; knowing that Ch'ea meant to return into the interior, he felt he must know him longer before baptising him and letting him return to his own people as a representative of Christianity. Ch'ea grew more eager. One evening, when the people were dispersing after a

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prayer-meeting, Ch'ea waited at the door for the missionary. It was raining, and he stood in the rain and said 'You don't believe in me, and are afraid to baptise me, but I am a true man, and God, whose rain is now falling on me, knows it. See,' and here he took off his cap and let the rain fall on his bare head, 'see, God is baptising me.'

His earnestness was such that after some time Dr Legge baptised him and he went back to Pok-lo. Later he returned to Hong Kong bringing a townsman of his own and his wife, whom he had instructed, and persuaded to embrace Christianity.

In 1858 a friend in Ho-nan wrote, 'Hearing of the zeal and good work of Ch'ea, the most earnest member of our Church, old Chow, had it borne in upon his mind to visit the solitary labourer. Chow brought back a very satisfactory account of what he saw, reporting also that he and Ch'ea had much delight in reading and prayer together. So far the work is as genuine as it is unique.'

In 1859 some German missionaries visited Pok-lo and were mobbed by a party of the baser sort. Ch'ea rushed into the mob, crying out, 'These men are servants of the Most High God and have come here to show you the way of salvation.' These missionaries reported many things of Ch'ea's earnestness and sincerity—how, for instance, he went about the streets carrying a board on his back on which were written in large characters short and striking verses from the New Testament.

In 1860 he reappeared in Hong Kong, bringing with him twenty-five converts, all of whom asked to be baptised. Others also received instruction and were brought to a decision, for Dr Legge writes in

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1860, 'Last Sabbath seven men and two women all avowed themselves the disciples of Christ. They are all additional fruits of the labours of our brother Ch'ea in Pok-lo and the surrounding country. They embarked in a passage-boat, and after three days and two nights arrived in Hong Kong. The degrees of their knowledge were various, but Ch'ea had evidently spent much labour on them all. They relied, they said, on the help of the Holy Spirit to enable them to live according to the Gospel. We spent much time with them every day, expounding the Scriptures to them, and on Saturday last, as they all still pressed for baptism, we felt we could not forbid water that they should not be baptised. They will be returning to their homes in the course of the week. A colporteur in the employment of the Bible Society will go with them, and spend about a month in their neighbourhood. Ere long Tsun-sheen will pay Ch'ea a visit. He reports that many others in that part of the country have put away their idols. Thus far, all is full of encouragement.'

Also in 1860 a friend wrote to Dr Legge, 'I rejoice with you in the result of the worthy Ch'ea's indefatigable labours among the villagers in the district of Pok-lo where numbers have been induced with much apparent sincerity and affection to profess their faith in Christ. The movement is remarkable from the fact of its having been brought about by the unaided efforts of a solitary native labourer, no European missionary having previously visited the district or held any personal intercourse with the people.' Dr Legge himself writes, 'Ch'ea has spent a large portion of his time in travelling, and making known the things which he believes, entirely without



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fee or reward. Among his converts is the master of religious ceremonies in Pok-lo, who, having heard the truths of the Gospel from him, has turned eagerly from his idols to serve the living and true God. I was much pleased with the simplicity of this man's faith, and the extent of his knowledge of Scripture truth was highly creditable to the competency of his teacher.'

From this time the missionaries in Hong Kong frequently heard from Ch'ea, and in the following spring, that of 1861, Dr Legge and another missionary, Dr Chalmers, of Canton, decided to voyage up the east river and visit Pok-lo, to see with their own eyes the work of Ch'ea. It took them nearly four weeks and Dr Legge kept a detailed journal of their progress. The people came to them out of the fields and different places where they stopped and were very friendly, eagerly receiving books. At Shek-lun three police-runners came on board from some military mandarin to ask about their movements. They were very respectful, and when shown their passports, at once recognised the seal of the Governor-General. No objections were made to the plans of the missionaries.

That same day a government vessel overtook them, the commander of which announced that he was sent to escort them as far as Lye-ts'in, about half way to Pok-lo. He spoke very civilly and received a couple of tracts thankfully. From a hill near, the travellers had a glorious view of a most fertile region, watered as only the districts of China are. On the north was the huge bulk of Lo-fow, showing his blue scalps grandly from the misty drapery which floated round his sides. Ridge

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and mountain rose in close succession to the east, while the prospect to the south was bounded by the hills of Tun-kwoon. One object came home to their hearts more closely and powerfully, however, than all the grandeur of lofty mountain, flowing stream and emerald plain. Fluttering over its nest was a lark; the tremulous motion of the wings as it hovered, loth to leave its home on earth, and yet borne upward by the heavenward instinct of its nature, was what they had not seen for many a year. Dr Legge wrote of it 'I was a boy again, quivering with expectation, as when I watched the bird and found my first "laverock's" nest on my father's "leys."' "

At one place the villagers streamed down to the riverside where they were halting. Among them was one man who had been in Pulo-Penang, cultivating cloves and nutmegs, who addressed them in Malay. His delight when Dr Legge answered him in the same was inexpressible. The elders of the village were urgent that they should go and have supper with them. When they parted it was with good wishes on both sides. In fact, as they proceeded along, it was pleasant to be met by the people of the farms with wondering stares and smiles.

Arrived at Pok-lo they landed at the foot of the city wall, and moved on to find the house of their friend Ch'ea, the evangelist. A young man soon made his appearance from the district Magistrate, and by him they sent their passports and cards to his Honour. Now followed a little instance of official laziness. The passports were soon brought back with the mandarin's card and a message that they



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need not trouble themselves to call upon him. Dr Legge felt that it was very desirable, on account of Ch'ea and the other Christians, that they should have an interview with the 'great man.' So he answered the messengers that it lay entirely with the sub-prefect himself whether he would see them or not, but that gentlemen travelling on the West and North rivers had been everywhere cordially welcomed by the authorities. 'Do not be offended, sir,' said one, 'the sub-prefect is about to send you some presents.' Dr Legge answered him by quoting from Mencius, to the effect that his refusal to see them more than nullified the compliment implied in sending presents.

Hereupon the messengers went off, and after a time, brought back an intimation that his Honour was anxious to receive them at the Nga-moon. It turned out that the former message had been concocted by underlings of the office who wished to escape any bother or effort that the thing might occasion to themselves. Upon this the missionaries accepted a goose and sent a present of books in return. This done, they dressed, and marched in state and all gravity through the admiring crowds, to the official residence. His Honour had been employing his time in much the same way as themselves and came out in full dress with his crystal button. They had a friendly conversation over their cups of tea. Ch'ea was with them and interpreted, though his Honour evidently understood them well enough. For the good Ch'ea it was a great occasion, and having run the gauntlet of scorn as a humble confessor in the place, it was a matter of astonishment and exultation among



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the people for him to be placed in his present position.

Pok-lo was a poor-looking place, the only exceptions being the temples and ancestral halls. It cannot be said of the Chinese that they dwell in ceiled houses while their gods are in mean habitations. Dr Legge had a long conversation with the school-master resident at the temple of Confucius. He seemed open enough to conviction, but happening, through mistaking a doorway, to go into his bedroom, Dr Legge saw there the opium pipe and lamp, and felt that there was not much hope of him.

The morning after their arrival at Pok-lo, four young men from the Nga-moon came on board and wished for some conversation 'on the teaching of Jesus.' When they left the missionaries went on shore and spent a toilsome couple of hours, but the people heard them gladly.

By two o'clock the boat was full of visitors, disciples of Ch'ea, three of whom came from two villages eight miles away, and reported that there were many in their neighbourhood also who believed. All day the missionaries worked, preaching and asking questions, and the answers they received showed that the Gospel had indeed taken root in the minds of men who were anxious to make others partakers of the benefits which they had themselves received.

Next morning they started for 'the Garden of Bamboos,' a village about a mile and a half from Pok-lo. The hearers of Ch'ea were waiting to receive them, and had cleared out the common ancestral hall, the largest apartment in the village, for their reception. This was filled; clustering round the wide entrance were all the other inhabitants of the village,

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and the strangers who had followed from Pok-lo. The people, outside, who were noisy at first, were gradually hushed to stillness. Dr Legge addressed them and especially the women among them, trying to unfold to them the glorious universality of the Gospel of Christ, in whom there is neither male nor female, and to whom the one is as welcome as the other. The Christian love of the people evangelised by Ch'ea was very refreshing. When the service was over, the missionaries were conducted to the shade of a splendid banyan tree growing by the side of a large pool behind the village. There they had placed two tables, and spread them with dishes containing a species of *eau sucrée*, with balls of 'old man's rice' in it, to which they sat down, and enjoyed a real *agape*. When they left, many of the people accompanied them all the way to the boat, and as they stood on the bank, the glance of affectionate recognition which beamed on them from their eyes brought to Dr Legge's mind that line of Shakespeare

'One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,'

and he felt that it is the golden cincture of loving faith which will bind together the disunited families of mankind.

In the afternoon they left Pok-lo to proceed higher. A salute of three guns was fired on their departure, with several discharges of crackers, as a parting token of courtesy from the sub-prefect.

Ch'ea had shown them a house situated in a favourable position which could be purchased for a comparatively small sum and fitted up as a place of worship.

They advanced up the river to Naou-poot-leng,

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where a farmer, well to do, had for several months sent them earnest invitations. This place lies two or three miles up an inlet, which has the name of the 'Lake of the seven women,' seven sisters having once drowned themselves in it. Ch'ea had visited the farmer and his family many times, and the colporteur Laou had spent some time with them the year before. A blessing had attended their labours, and the household listened eagerly to the two missionaries. Their boat left soon after daylight the next morning, but early as it was, a young man from the house had been for an additional supply of New Testaments for which some of their neighbours were applying.

They held their way upstream, for a few miles, then anchored and walked for two hours to the villages of Kot-leng and Shek-hang-tyse. From Kot-leng the people streamed out to meet them. Far before the rest was the mother of a boy in Hong Kong who confidently expected to find him in their company. Poor creature—though Dr Legge could tell her he was well, it was a sad disappointment to her that her son was not with them.

It was pleasant to receive the hearty Christian greeting of these poor people. Cakes, and smoking platters of sweet potatoes, with the never-failing tea, and a bucket of cool clear water, were soon placed upon the table. Dr Legge preached to a crowded room, and then, having to press on, they bade them good-bye. But the people insisted on sparing them the trouble of walking, and paddled them in a boat, down a winding branch of the stream. This was to them a labour of love and to the missionaries a great pleasure, for the banks were fringed with trees and bushes and fragrant with honeysuckle. Among the



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reeds and slender bushes were scores of nests floating over the water's brink and curiously formed like those of the reed-wren. Nothing could have been more lovely, but now and then the sight of a snake coiled among the branches brought to mind another paradise which was marred by the entrance of the serpent. The native Christians enjoyed the expedition: as Dr Legge pointed out to one of them a row of pines fringing the long ridge of a hill, the man responded with the line of an ode:—

‘The good are like the pine and the cypress,  
The bad are like briars.’

A letter written the day before by Dr Legge says—  
‘Monday was a delightful day, and at the village about two miles from Pok-lo, I baptised twenty-seven individuals. Yesterday we baptised seventeen. Our progress has really some resemblance to the apostolic narrative in the Acts. We are going on to the other villages where there are applications for baptism. They lie on the way to the mountain of Low-fow. That has been the grand natural object to which our eyes have turned, rising vast and majestic over all the surrounding hills. When people can move freely about in China they will find in its natural aspects enough to make them forget the beauty of their fatherlands.’

Two days later they arrived at a village where the people were exceedingly friendly, though with the exception of perhaps a dozen, none of them had seen a foreigner before. Their delight and surprise seemed about equal. In the temple of the ‘Queen of Heaven’ Dr Legge obtained an immense audience where the elderly and more respectable individuals

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exerted themselves successfully to secure silence, after which many streamed away to the boat to get books. One man came up and asked Dr Legge if he could supply him with pills to help him to leave off the habit of opium smoking. A stout Chinaman came along the street and the people cried out, "Here is our heaviest man. Is there any of you that will go into the scales against him?" "Yes," said Dr Legge "I will weigh against him." Not far off was a spot where stood a large pair of scales for weighing grain. The Chinaman got into one scale and Dr Legge into the other. For one moment they seemed equally balanced, then slowly the Chinaman went up. The crowd shouted and laughed and poked their fun at the man, telling him they would never think so much of him again, and speaking of Dr Legge in very complimentary terms. He was exceedingly popular, so much so, that when the boat moved off, the whole village cheered them from the bank.

After leaving this friendly spot they arrived the next day at the city of Ho-un, but here they met with an inhospitable reception, a contrast to their late happy experiences. A rabble collected, throwing stones, and they made their way to the prefecture along a narrow lane beside the city wall. The people crowded on to the wall and pelted them with fragments of brick. The prefect, a young man of thirty-two, with a blue button, received them in the principal hall and gave them tea, but the noise of the mob outside was distinctly audible. After a considerable time Dr Legge said "We want to get back to our boat, but you hear the shouts of the people. You see our permits to travel from the governor of Canton."

At that the prefect sent for about a dozen of his

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retainers and ordered them to escort the party safely to their boat. This the men promised to do and brandished their large whips in the air. Examining one of the whips, however, Dr Legge found it wonderfully light—in fact, the thongs were made either of grey paper or such flimsy leather, that they were only fit to be playthings for children. When the gates were opened Dr Legge and his companions, having consulted together, gave a shout and dashed on to the top of the wall. The people were taken by surprise, many jumped down into the lane, others scampered away.

In this way the party got to the end of the wall and turned to walk to the beach. Their soldier guards were nowhere, and they now came in for a shower of stones from a mob on the beach. Their boatmen hastened to their aid, and hurried them on board. Indignant with the people Dr Legge ran up on the top of the stern-house and shouted out 'Are these your manners? We have only come here to do you good, and these are your manners. I stand here to be a mark for you all—stone me, but let the boat alone.' For big stones had gone crash through the venetian blinds of the cabin. Some of the people laughed, but the shower of stones abated, and the boatmen took the opportunity of the lull to push out into the middle of the stream and row away.

On they went to Lung-Ch'un where was a large boy's school, a native school, not a missionary school; there was a good deal of excitement as they were probably the first foreigners the boys had ever seen. The schoolmaster in particular came out and motioned them away. Dr Legge said to him, 'You are a disciple of Mencius, and does he not say, "Is it not delightful



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to have friends come from distant regions?" Now, here we are, friends come to see you from a very great distance, and you are unwilling to receive us and motion to us to go away. Is that the way in which you illustrate to your pupils the teachings of your sages?' 'He has you there,' cried one of the villagers, which saying brought on friendly relations, the crowd finally accompanying the travellers back to the boat.

Returning towards Pok-lo they arrived at Kot-leng and there found a large gathering of Christians, brought to Christ through the instrumentality of Ch'ea. One man in particular said that for many years he had not worshipped idols but had been in a state of religious indifference. One day, when visiting relations, he had found a New Testament which had been given them by Ch'ea. He read it and talked with them about it. They repeated what they had heard of Christian doctrine from Ch'ea, and the result was that he and two of his friends resolved to make an open profession of the Christian faith. A large crowd collected, to whom Dr Legge preached, and when all was over they found their friends had prepared a feast for them, of which they partook, and then walked back to their boat, many accompanying them a long way.

Again they reached Pok-lo and spent two days in missionary work among villages near. Dr Legge wrote 'There are thousands of delicate ladies who would gladly have endured the discomforts of our lodging for the spectacle of our service this afternoon.' They had indeed been amazed to find what a large district had been evangelised by Ch'ea, and they left, rejoicing greatly at the success and prospects of the

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work which was being done. Ch'ea remained at Pok-lo and continued his labours.

On their way back to Canton Dr Legge and Dr Chalmers visited the Lo-fow mountain. Five rivers ran along its base and seemed intended to keep the foot of the intruder from its sacred ground. Having visited the Taoist monastery of 'Soaring Vacancy' they went on to that of 'White Stork' and thence to the monastery of the 'Yellow Dragon.' There were four Taoist and five Buddhist monasteries on the sides of the mountain, tenanted by several hundred priests. Dr Legge says, 'If one expects, however, to find these monasteries the retreats of contemplative, earnest men, seeking the cultivation of their natures amid solitude, so far as my experience goes, he will be woefully disappointed. The priests we saw were vulgar and ignorant; monasticism appeared without a single redeeming quality.'

A few days later the missionaries returned to their homes, full of thankfulness and joy over the wonderful work of Ch'ea. All was full of promise and continued so for months, when suddenly the prospect was overcast. A certain Chinaman in Pok-lo, named Soo-hoy-u, who was filled with personal hatred to Ch'ea, pretended to be the proper owner of the mission house which Ch'ea had purchased and occupied. He led a body of men to make a tumult at the house, assailed it with a quantity of filth, made a violent entry, plundered it of its goods, took possession of the house and threatened to put to death Ch'ea and other Christians. The leader and his followers proceeded to publish a notice in the city swearing that Christians and foreigners should not stand together, that they would not allow the name of



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Jesus to be spoken, and that they intended with united strength to seize and make an end of all Christians. Moreover, they prohibited the erection of any place of worship.

Ch'ea and some others fled to Canton to ask advice and help from the missionaries. Dr Legge, on hearing the news, immediately went over to Canton to consult with Dr Chalmers. The late Sir Harry Parkes, then Mr Parkes, who had at that time a supreme sway in Canton city, discussed the whole question in a spirit of full sympathy with the two missionaries.

Dr Legge writes thus to his wife, 'I told him what was in my mind—to apply to the Governor-General to send me to Pok-lo, when I would try by a blended firmness and conciliatoriness to get over our difficulties. He thought over the proposition and said, "Can you go now?" I thought of you, and all my dear ones; I thought of the cause of Christ, I thought of Christ. My answer was, "I'll go, if you can manage it!"'

Dr Legge did not tell his wife that before leaving, he took Dr Chalmers aside and said, 'It is possible that I may be beheaded at Pok-lo; if news comes that I have been murdered, go at once to the English consul and tell him that it was my wish that no English gun-boat should be sent up the river to punish the people for my death.'

Mr Parkes arranged with the Viceroy that Dr Legge should start at once, with an officer specially deputed to help in arranging the affair. Ch'ea himself was delighted and insisted on accompanying Dr Legge on the expedition. They started in October 1861, Dr Legge writing to his wife on the eve of



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their departure—'Oh, if I can but get our title to the house clearly established; if I can but cheer and comfort our perplexed and terrified Chinese brethren and sisters; if I can but exert an influence that shall be for the furtherance of the gospel!'

The party started, occupying two boats, a large 'ho-t'ow' and a government cruiser. There were on board Dr Legge, Ch'ea, the officer who was their escort, the Hoppo or river superintendent, and the Chinese crew. During the voyage Ch'ea went from boat to boat, and by the time they got to Pok-lo, on the third day, every Chinese on board, from the Hoppo downwards, had heard from Ch'ea the message of the Gospel. One day Dr Legge went into the little cabin assigned to Ch'ea, and finding him sitting in the corner with his eyes shut, touched him on the shoulder and said to him in the words which Confucius spoke to one of his disciples whom he found sleeping in the daytime, 'Rotten wood, you cannot be carved.' Ch'ea looked up smiling and said, 'Teacher, I was not sleeping, I was praying.'

From Pok-lo Dr Legge wrote to his wife. 'We arrived a few hours ago. A mandarin was waiting a couple of miles off to tell us that the affair was settled, and the purchase deed of the house with the official stamp applied, awaiting my arrival. Since we dropped anchor a boat has been from the district magistrate with lots of presents, and a message that he had gone to Wye-chow, but would soon be back: the military mandarin has also been off and all things promise so speedy a settlement that I may be on my way back to-morrow night.'

The reception by the authorities was all that could be desired. The mandarins walked in procession

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with Dr Legge and Ch'ea to the house which had been bought, followed by a crowd of the people. They deplored the persecution of the Christians, gave Dr Legge publicly the keys of the house, and said there should be no more trouble. Dr Legge responded in a speech explaining the object of their coming there and buying the house, and publicly installed Ch'ea as its occupier. Very early next morning the Hoppo received startling news. A man came running into the town asserting that a large party of five thousand men was marching upon the prefectural city of Wye-chow, to take the mandarins with the Hoppo and the Englishman prisoners and to deal with them as rebels.

At that time rebellion was seething in a large part of Canton province. The Hoppo knew that if the news were true, both he and Dr Legge would lose their heads. Time was precious—it was already between four and five o'clock, and he hurried to Dr Legge, woke him up, and pressed him to get on board the boat at once. The missionary remonstrated; he greatly wished to have another interview with Ch'ea before leaving. The Hoppo was careful to give Dr Legge no hint of the real reason for leaving, but represented that the wind was fair and the tide so favourable that an early departure would save much time and labour. Reluctantly Dr Legge left without seeing Ch'ea again.

What happened subsequently may be soon told. A band of men under the leadership of Soo-hoy-u and a confederate who, like himself, was filled with an insensate hatred of Ch'ea and his work, entered Pok-lo in the evening. A little boy was sent to knock the door, and when Ch'ea opened it they pulled



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him out and carried him off. A few days later Dr Chalmers wrote from Canton to Dr Legge 'Fresh reports are coming in every day of the progress of the rebellion in Wye-chow. The standard has been raised on the little hill on the east of Kwai-shin city. Wong Shan Yen has tried to purchase Ch'ea with a large sum of money but in vain. Yesterday four of the principal men arrived here, confirming these reports. The village of Chuk-woo has not been burnt, however, although all the inhabitants have fled. I would fain hope that at least some of the reports of that good man Ch'ea may be exaggerated. But at anyrate it is a "fiery trial" which he is now passing through. A-wai told me to-day that they have been torturing him with fire, And nothing can be done, it appears, to save him from the hands of these miscreants.'

Another letter says: 'There is much about the movement which is not easy to understand. An element of disaffection to the Chinese government enters largely into it. The flag bears the inscription "Security to the government and extermination for barbarians": but the whole proceeding is in defiance of the authorities, and the Governor-General said to Mr Parkes that he himself was the man who was in most danger from it. The leaders, I conceive, are stirring up the hatred of the people to foreigners, and their dislike to Christianity, as a cloak to their own ambitious ends. Of course they are acting in flagrant violation of the stipulations of the treaty; but what is to be done? The native government has not power to enforce the treaty.'

Ch'ea had been carried off to a neighbouring hamlet. There he was tortured and urged to abjure



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Christianity, and go to a temple and burn incense before some idol. He was hung up to a beam by the thumbs and big toes for a whole night, water being thrown upon him when he fainted. Dr Chalmers writes again, 'The fate of Ch'ea is now certain. He was killed at Kong Tung on October 16, in the evening.' Other letters tell that as he still refused to give up Christianity, his persecutors carried him to the banks of the river and swore that if he would not then and there deny Christ, they would put him to death. He only answered, 'How can I deny Him who died for me?' Infuriated by his steadfastness they rushed on him, struck him down, cut off his head and threw his body into the river.

The persecutors were masters of the field, and for some time the missionaries could do nothing against the storm. At last its fury began to abate; the leaders were frightened, and sent to Dr Legge in Hong Kong saying that if the Christians would bring no accusation against them, the missionaries might return to the house at Pok-lo. Dr Legge replied that he would take no measures to bring them to justice, but that as they had been guilty of a great crime, if the Chinese government took measures against them the missionaries could not interfere. Later, when the general rebellion was subdued, the missionary work was resumed in the district, and was resumed with success. For it was found that many native Christians in the district of Pok-lo had remained steadfast in their religious profession.

A final beautiful reference to Ch'ea is found in a letter to Dr Legge written on December 26, at the

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close of the year 1861. 'I can readily imagine your astonishment and dismay on hearing of the reactionary movement resulting in the death of the faithful evangelist Ch'ea at the hands of his vindictive and misguided countrymen. This good man is truly to be numbered among the noble army of martyrs, and he is, I believe, the first Protestant Christian in China who has been called to seal his testimony with his blood; nor can we be permitted to doubt but that, as in other lands, it will prove the seed of the Church, and serve only to give additional stimulus to those efforts which Christian men are putting forth for the evangelisation of China.'

For to him came 'salvation and strength and the kingdom of our God and the power of His Christ,' so that he 'loved not his life unto the death.'

## CHAPTER X

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS WRITTEN BY MRS LEGGE

THE following extracts from letters written by Dr Legge's second wife, whom he married during a visit to England, incidentally throw light upon their surroundings, on the daily life amid which he carried on his twofold work as missionary and scholar, and on the precarious conditions of travel and life in the East. These letters were written hurriedly, amid the press of daily duties, and often in much suffering from distressing headache and weakness.

'We make our home as English as possible, which means, as comfortable as possible in this far-off land. I think it is this element in it which has brought us so many visitors, especially evening visitors; we rarely sit down to tea with less than six besides ourselves, often double that number. The rooms are so spacious that they are never crowded. But I have invited twenty soldiers to tea on Wednesday; these will help to fill up, with ourselves and the full complement of friends who may come in.

'It is the fashion here for every visitor to bring his own servant to wait at table, so with our numerous visitors we have frequently as many as half a dozen standing round. Mr L—— had his turbaned Hindoo, Mrs T—— her Portuguese, and we our two Chinese,





H. M. Chess



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besides others who happen to belong to other friends. They are excellent in their way, noticing every want, so that you would not think of handing anything even to the person who sits next you. . . . A thousand little matters from day to day occupy the time, in the midst of which the bell rings, and A-gong or A-fat brings up somebody's card.

'The visitor is announced, either a lady dressed grandly (for the fashions are out here six weeks after their appearance in Paris), or a military or naval officer, or chaplain in the army, or some young man just come out bringing a letter of introduction, or some adventurous female *en route* for Japan, or some new missionary just arrived from America on the way north, or some of our more intimate friends, or Chinese to say "chin-chin" ("How do you do?"). About half-past five we go out in chairs. Each chair is carried by two coolies, who seem wonderfully adapted to carry for a considerable distance without halting. Sometimes we take a row in a boat.

'Last Thursday Mr Beecher, brother of Mrs Beecher Stowe (authoress of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*), invited us on board a twelve-oared boat, and we crossed the harbour to the mainland, then got our chairs (which had been carried over in another boat), and made for the two military camps. We were met by Major Eagers, who gave us refreshment and conducted us all round. He and a lieutenant escorted us back to our boat by way of two villages inhabited entirely by pirates. A number of dogs, like wolves, rushed out, but were kept back by the inhabitants, who are always awed by red-coats. The pigs everywhere seemed to fraternise with the people, and filth reigned supreme. Our sailors rowed us to Mr Beecher's "chop" (a



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floating-house), and here we had quite a set-out of pure Japanese tea, which has a strong and fragrant flavour but no colour. Mr Beecher says his greatest and almost his only comfort is to spend one or two evenings a week at our house. The majority of white people here are men who have few social and no domestic pleasures, and with most who come it is almost, they say, like coming to a paradise out of the world, for their only other recreations are either the club-house or mess-room ; there are here no lectures, concerts, etc. I think that with some their only hold on religion, humanly speaking, has been the privilege of coming and spending an occasional evening at the mission-house. Dr Legge has services every evening but Wednesday, but they are over at eight o'clock. We have now staying here a lady, Miss Aldersey, who has kept a missionary school at Ning-po for twenty years. She has such a beautiful, angelic countenance ; a spiritual influence goes along with her. She is one of those women in whom "pious wishes dwell like prayers, and every image is a saint."

' Hong Kong has been brimful of soldiers, and the harbour of ships. Tents on any bit of level ground. The Sikh regiments were very fine. I went over one day to see them ; it was a most picturesque and animated scene ; each man had his war-horse. I went through in my chair, and we passed the sacred bull they had brought with them. The Queen's Road is crowded with persons of almost every clime and costume.

' Yesterday we were kept in continual uproar by a Chinese wedding, which takes place in this neighbourhood oftener than we desire. Through the night

## Extracts from Letters by Mrs Legge

previous and on the wedding-day there are tremendous explosions of crackers. A grand Chinese chair is brought for the bride, another for the mother, also lanterns and streamers. A crowd collects, and the greatest excitement prevails, in the midst of which, after explosions of crackers, a company dressed as priests, clad in scarlet, appears. But what most strikes you is the rudeness of the ceremony. These mock priests, clad in scarlet, wear trousers which may be denominated filthy, and no shoes or stockings. They make a clatter with their instruments of music, and the procession moves off. At night the bride arrives, and has to wait in her chair outside while her husband dines with his friends. She has to wait a long time, and then, in the midst of a fearful volley of crackers, she goes into the house, and the first thing she does is to hand food to her husband and his parents as a token of subjection.'

'We had a delightful drive on the sea-coast, the scenery wild and sublime, in some places exquisitely beautiful. The Swiss and French friends lately staying with us were quite enchanted. We passed a Joss House, much frequented by the sampan (boat) men and women. We went in, and nothing shows so much the low intellectual stature of the heathen as do these temples. One would imagine the arrangements had been the product of some infantile brain, rather than the product of a fully developed capacity. In a rude box of wood, filled with mould, is placed a shabby senseless-looking doll; round it are stuck spills made of a wood that will smoulder when lighted, and behind the idol is a stick (similar to those used to tie plants to in England), and at



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the top of this a dirty piece of rag is fastened. The food put before it consists only of a little rice and liquid tea, each contained in a common little gallipot black with dirt. These boxes and things similar are mixed up in the house side by side with grand lanterns, etc. Squalid wretchedness characterises the appearance of the men who live in it; it is black with dirt and smoke, and the odour is offensive.'

'On Monday there walked into the house, carpet-bags, goloshes, umbrellas, four American missionaries, and one child. The next morning came another addition in the person of Miss B——, a most remarkable woman. Next, Dr Chalmers' brother arrived—then Dr Wong, the Chinese physician from Canton. So we have had all this week nine visitors besides Mr Turner; no joke when living is more expensive here than in any other part of the world.'

'Bustle was everywhere downstairs, for we had to entertain to dinner between one and two hundred Chinese. At 4 P.M. about sixty Chinese women and children came upstairs into the drawing-room, and were entertained till five. They then went into the school-room downstairs, and the men into the lecture-room; about 130 Chinese altogether. There were in each room perhaps about a dozen tables with bamboo seats round, and on the tables some twenty cups containing so many different kinds of fruits. There were perhaps thirty courses, each course containing a dozen different things—every nasty thing you can imagine, and every nice thing made nasty. Everyone had chopsticks and a tiny cup, with a little tea-pot containing a spirit obtained



## Extracts from Letters by Mrs Legge

from rice. Sye-po (brother of the Shield King and our head servant) seemed very desirous that I should honour his table, and I sat down and took on a chopstick a bit of pine-apple, then a bit of hard pear; then I had to put the spirit to my mouth and drink healths. I went to several of the tables, at which they seemed mightily pleased. Mr Turner stood on a stool and proposed our health, which they drank with three cheers, Mr Turner instructing them. They laughed immoderately. The dinner lasted three hours—oh! the mosquitoes—and then they dispersed.

‘A young fellow has just arrived from Shanghai. When he started the suburbs of Shanghai were in a blaze. The English have fortified the place to the utmost. We are expecting a shipload of ladies down.

‘We had a letter from the Shield King (cousin of the Tai-ping king). He congratulates Dr Legge on our marriage. He has sent about a dozen letters, all in yellow (imperial colour) for different friends. Sye-po, his brother, went very anxiously yesterday to Canton to bring his wife and family here, and to bring his brother's wife and family. If the authorities know, all their heads will be cut off, for it is a law in China to cut off all tainted (meaning blood), disloyal to the remotest cousin. I enclose a letter I have received from the seat of war. Dr Legge has written an account of Sye-po's brother, the Shield King, for a newspaper. I have a note from Lady Grant, who is much interested in the rebel movement. She wishes the paper to be sent to her husband, Sir Hope Grant.

‘Sye-po went to Canton to fetch his wife and

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family here, and they lived here in poverty till the Shield King sent him five thousand dollars, and so he has left our service only lately and taken a house in Hong Kong. I believe he is very grateful to me.'

The following to Dr Legge when he was called to a work of possible danger :—

'I know you are farthest from being a fanatic or a mere enthusiast, but you have the martyr spirit in you, and if circumstances arise in which you may think it your duty to go, you would go at all hazards into danger. I try to hope in God for you, and I have hope and confidence in you that you will act with the greatest prudence, unless necessity were laid upon you. You have been in China in times of danger before, and I must think that the good hand of God will be upon you as heretofore. But the thing has haunted me like a nightmare.'

The following letter speaks graphically of the river-population of China and of the so-called 'outcast square' of Canton :—

'We went for a few days to Canton by the "White Cloud" steamer. Nearing Whampoa two pagodas rose up in majesty. They are supposed to exert an influence on the spirits of the winds and storms. The conception of the pagoda is grand. It gives an idea of power and of oriental magnificence in connection with the mind of a Chinese. Whampoa is an aggregate of ships, chops or floating houses, Chinese junks and sampans or flat-bottomed boats. We passed a dense crowd of sampans, in which exist an indescribable mass of human beings. Some of their boats crowded round us, wedged into each other and right underneath our vessel.

'Next day we arranged to visit Pun-tin-qua's



## Extracts from Letters by Mrs Legge

garden. We sailed up a stream which cannot be described. For a mile or two it seemed just wide enough for our boat to steer between the sampans which filled up the intervening waters on each side and in which the inhabitants squat and vegetate as weeds in a jungle. There were no river-banks, not even a footpath, only logs driven into the bed of the stream on which rested human habitations, black with filth, the smoke and oil diffusing malodorous particles, the open doors or crevices revealing only unmitigated squalor. Sometimes a human head and sometimes a pig would be peering out. The gentler sex could be distinguished only by their diminutiveness and old look. Every one of these hovels teemed with life—human life, and doubtless life of various kinds. The air was heavy and pestiferous, and, as if in provoking contrast, that line of Tennyson would keep prominent in my mind—

“Through walls of shadowy granite in a gleaming pass.”

Glad were we when we suddenly emerged into open day and a purer atmosphere, for there are no suburbs to Canton, no villa residences.

‘The country is flat, nothing noticeable but the white cloud mountain and the river Pearl winding its way through the plain. We stopped, and under the shadow of the Li-chao ascended the steps into the garden. The foliage was luxuriant, but flowers scarce, except a magnificent bed of lotus in full bloom. The walks and terraces, bridges, arbours and the pagoda, if kept in good order, could be made a paradise. It might be called a Chinese Arcadia in decay. Puntin-qua has vacated the place and left it in neglect since some French officers despoiled his wife and



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daughters of apparel and jewellery, and took all portable curios. But the house still contains fine massive furniture, tapestries, lamps and fittings. The theatre is large and separated from the stage by a stream running between and through the apartment. The attendants brought us water to drink in a basin. A snake about three feet long intercepted our path, setting itself up and shooting out its tongue with a hiss.

'We returned by the Pearl, a right royal river, but blackened over with sampans and junks, reeking with grease and filth, and wretchedness: at night it resembled a river of Pandemonium. Some of the largest sampans were brilliantly painted, and the Mandarin junks were superior in colour and cleanliness to the others. Some were illuminated with lanterns for an evening's revelry and gambling. The boats have a large eye painted on them: "No got eye, no can see, no can see, no can savvy, no can savvy, no can go." Everywhere were scenes, sights and sounds one would never wish to see or think of again, unless at the call of duty. Yet every sampan and junk into which I looked contained at one end a shrine or altar before which one or more lamps were burning, and food spread out as an offering. Whatever we may call this, idolatry or superstition or religion, it signifies on the people's part a feeling of dependence on some higher power, and, though groping in darkness, they do the best they can.

'Next day we went in chairs, three and two men to a chair. They began a heathenish half shout, half yell, which I afterwards understood was commenced by the first and carried through to the last to give notice of what lay before them. "A hill, a bridge, a



A RIVER BOAT.





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step, a corner," accompanied with "Make way, great man coming," and only a few retorts from the populace of "foreign devil," and "foreign devil's wife." With the swiftness of a dromedary we passed through one lane after another, and the impression was even worse than that of the day before. Streets—miscalled streets, for there was carriage road in none—they were mostly just wide enough to get along, the people compressing themselves to the side or into a shop door. To turn the corner was quite a feat, the coolies had to get into the shops and with difficulty clear the poles. The buildings looked black and dirty, and seemed built to exclude light and air; opposite sides of the street would be in the upper story sometimes not one yard apart. Each lane would have in it shops all of one trade or nearly so; the shoe, dress and ivory shops were less squalid than the fish, fruit and meat shops, etc., in which teemed human beings in a state of more than half nudity.

'The odour of "bones and relics carnal" would have been sweet compared to the aroma which we inhaled. Sometimes we came into a square, which was only a larger space, where were squatted pell-mell individuals selling various commodities, most of which, in conjunction with their belongings, would be rightly called disgusting. One square is the place of resort for outcast wretches who, having no home and no friend, crawl hither to die. The lame, the blind, the leper, the afflicted of any disease lie down uncared for, and unbemoaned, to await their final doom. Would not death be to them "the dearest friend, the kindest and the best?" When we arrived at the temple a crowd came around us. Presently a priest appeared, dressed in the elegant cloak like a Roman toga, his head

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shaven, and priest and people followed at our heels, while we surveyed the rude emblems of heathenism. The 500 Worthies are 500 statues as large as life, not two alike. They seem to be bronze, but are made of some composition, and lacquered to resemble that metal. One represented an immensely stout man with children climbing all about him. Again the rudeness of the arrangements struck me so forcibly. In cathedrals at home everything offensive to the eye is put out of sight. Here there is no study of effect; unwieldy painted bedizened idols, splendid new embroideries, faded old ditto, food, parcels neatly done up in paper containing presents for the gods, cumshaws from persons who suppose they have received some special benefit: these are jumbled side by side with smoky black fans and old empty boxes. Dirty wooden stairs come down into what we should call the grand nave; and you are not supposed to look at the ceiling, where are things worse than brushes and dustpans, which if they did not improve the effect, would at least suggest a cleanly idea. The Chinese seem to have no idea of the feeling of reverence in connection with their gods. It is characteristic of a Chinaman to agree with all you say—this from want of reflection. The gifts which Christianity brings include the reflective faculty.

'We passed, in returning to our chairs, the great bell through which a bullet had passed. The legend ran that so long as it was untouched the city would not be taken; when our fire struck it, all hope was lost. We called on Mr Parkes at his residence, the Ya Moon, which was formerly the residence of the Tartar governor. Mr Parkes is Commissioner and Consul. He showed us the grounds, which are like a



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park. We ascended the pagoda, and had a magnificent panoramic view. An immense plain bounded by lofty mountains, the Pearl spreading its broad arms, and winding into the dim distance, paddy fields and meadows, with here and there a few trees, and well-cultivated gardens. The city of Canton, a most perfect flat, lay as complete as a parcel, with three or four breaks, where the Ya Moon and the principal temples stand. They looked with their fine trees like oases in the desert of huts.

'Out at dinner last Tuesday. We met the Governor and Lady Robinson, Major Fane of Fane's Horse,—the magnificent Sikh cavalry, and others. There were, I suppose, some thousand pounds' worth of curios in the rooms. The other day a large bronze urn was sent to be interpreted. Dr Legge discovered it to be 3700 years old.

'We have come for a change to Castle-Douglas at Pok-foo-lum. Our room is an octagon, with windows in seven sides, and a door in the eighth. The wind sweeps down the valley behind, and in from the sea in front, and all night long it whirls round the turrets and toils at the venetians, as if a host of hard-breathing giants were trying to break in upon us.

'There are such robberies by armed bands of ruffians continually taking place; they come thirty and forty together, so that it is not safe to wander unprotected in lonely parts of the island. Hundreds are landed every day for no other purpose but plunder.

'You know the mountain towering just above Hong Kong is called the "Peak." Mr Coffin went up about a month ago to stay with the signalman, just as we did last year. We slept then with



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the doors open, but they fastened them. Well, one night they were awakened by a loud noise breaking in the venetians, the doors were forced open, and some "stink-pots" thrown in. These are shells that explode, and produce such a horrible smell that it suffocates people, besides burning them, as the shells contain gunpowder. The signalman was all but killed, and is lying in the hospital. Mr Coffin has been very ill ever since, but was not so severely injured. What should we have done if an attack had been made upon us!

'A-yaou's mother has been brought here very ill of fever. I had to wash her from head to foot in hot vinegar and water and change her clothes, for I could not get a Chinese to touch her. They are so superstitious about dead people. A-mooey told me that when a child is very ill, and the mother thinks it is going to die, she will throw it into a corner, and not go near it.

'I have been to see Mrs Eastlake and Franky after their terrible voyage; to see them with my own eyes, and to be sure it was not their ghosts.

'Little Franky looks two years older, and has got so thin. They were very gay in the ship till ten o'clock at night, and then went to bed and asleep, and were awakened about twelve by the scraping and heaving of the vessel. It had struck upon a rock. They waited for hours. The captain said they were to put on their warmest clothes, and be ready any moment to come when he called. Then the three boats were lowered. In the captain's boat were Mrs Eastlake and Franky, Mrs Abbe and two children, two amahs (nurses) and seamen; making nineteen in the little boat. They landed, but the natives looked so

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savage and piratical, and boats began to spread their sails, that the ladies begged the captain to commit them to the sea rather than to the horrors of being taken by these men. So they embarked again and were nine days in this boat; the captain became delirious, and Mrs Eastlake had to steer the boat herself. They were wet through. Then they were picked up by a Chinese junk and stowed down in the vessel with five hundred naked Chinese, and the filth and vermin of all sorts were past conception; rats continually crawling over them; and they were a mass of sores from the bites of the insects. They had only filthy rice and water, and at the end of thirteen days they reached Tai-gon. They were taken on board the "Viscount Canning," and two days after Mrs Abbe died. The others reached Kong Kong on Friday. Dr Eastlake arrived from Shanghai last night.

'The ship "Maiden Queen" came in on Monday, having been fifty-four hours on the rocks where Mrs Eastlake was wrecked. They had to throw 200 tons of cargo overboard. We don't know yet whether any of our cases are gone. But whether they are or not, we shall have our share of the loss on the ship's cargo to bear. Dr Legge has £100 of printing ink on board.

'A-yun (one of the maids) is the laziest child, besides being untruthful and dishonest. She has never been betrothed, and her mother is now anxious to get a husband for her. Miss Baxter's cook was thought of, and he was to stand at a certain door of the street yesterday while she passed by, and if he liked her face he was to pay his money and buy her from her mother. But A-yun would not go, so she is still on my hands.

'We have had more than fifty soldiers to tea. I got



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splendid flowers, and decorated the hanging lamps. I sat next to a soldier who said, "Ah, we shall never get another minister like the old man" (meaning Dr Legge). "He's not only pleasant but fascinating in his way." Another made a speech, and, alluding to the tea in our drawing-room three years ago, said that from that night he had been made a new man; for that meeting was like heaven begun upon earth. I played on the piano and sang "Auld Lang Syne," which brought down thunders of applause. On Christmas Eve we went to see the Rev. Mr Lechler's Christmas tree. It was such a setting out, so dark and lonely, with the knowledge that the roads were infested with thieves and cut-throats. But we crawled along at a snail's pace. I with my train and Mrs Chalmers with hers, Miss Magrath and her small-footed girls, Mr Soden and Mr Chalmers as protectors. At last we got to the house, brimful of Chinese, and the atmosphere corresponding. We went home with the addition of one lamp to make the darkness visible.

'Mr and Mrs Gulick walked in one morning and we scarcely knew them. They were married about a month ago, and three weeks ago started for Tientsin, but their vessel was wrecked; pirates came up directly and began to knock open everything to get the contents away before the vessel sank. They were afraid they might be murdered, which is too often the case, but the pirates treated them very kindly, and brought them all to Hong Kong. Still they had to give up everything to them, so we had to clothe them from head to foot. Friends sent in clothes and they sailed again last Saturday, in a steamer which is taking troops to the north.



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'Dr Legge has gone into the province with some friends, and I do feel so lonely till his return. The province is in a most unsettled state, but I trust they will be preserved from danger. He is obliged to go, or his health would, I fear, quite give way, for unless he runs away from his work he will do it. His eyes are so bad. I have not heard from him since a fortnight last Sunday. Though the house has been full of company, I have felt desolate. I am expecting every day a bishop from America; so what with Revs., Drs, bishops, children and ladies, amahs and boys, I am pretty well occupied from morning till night.' [A fortnight later.] 'Dr Legge has returned. Dr Kane told me he was the life and soul of all.'

'A Chinaman called to ask whether he should get married or not. The parents wanted sixty dollars for their daughter, ten dollars for cakes, fruit, etc., and two roast pigs on the third morning after the marriage. "Why," said Dr Legge, "it will cost you more than one hundred dollars to get married. Have you got the money?" "No," was his answer. So he was advised not to think of it.

'I am kept so constantly anxious about Dr Legge's health and my own. I think he cannot stand his work much longer; his sight is dreadfully bad, and he sometimes looks, and is, nearly blind. And he is so regardless of himself. The general opinion is, he will soon break up. My own health, too, seems quite broken, and I cannot stand the summers of Hong Kong. I try and roll my burden upon God. There is a satisfaction and a joy trusting Him which is above all human joy.

'On Saturday the bishop returned from his visit of

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inspection in the north, and I had a dinner party to meet him.

'Dr Legge had a fall yesterday which might have been very serious. The doctor came three times yesterday and did not know till night if any ribs were broken. He was standing on a chair in the study reaching for books, and a leg broke and suddenly he fell all his weight on the floor. As is so characteristic of the Chinese, the servants put the chair for the teacher *as usual*, placing the broken leg at the corner as if it were all whole.

'Hong Kong is getting into a dreadfully unsafe state. Two large firms are running steamers in opposition to and from Canton. They take Chinese for ten cents each. Sometimes over a thousand Chinese come in one steamer. The most desperate characters are thus imported every day. Of course many go back again, but it is now unsafe to go out of the town except in numbers. Many ladies of Hong Kong always carry a loaded revolver with them which they can fire six times, and others carry "Penang lawyers," or sticks, or life-preservers. This week our doctor was walking on the West Road when two men rushed upon him, cut his head open in three places, and went off with his gold watch and chain, the second of his stolen within a year. I tell Dr Legge he will be rushed upon for his watch; he says, "Sufficient unto the day, my dear."'

Apropos of the allusion to ladies carrying revolvers, Mrs Legge used to relate that she herself never ventured to carry one, but that a spirited friend did so, and rather hoped for an opportunity to use it. One day, seeing a dog among her fowls, she

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fired, thinking only to scare it away, as she had very little idea of aim. The dog, however, tumbled down and lay flat, and feeling that now she must put the wounded creature out of its misery, she went and knelt down beside it and fired the remaining shots into its body. Whereupon the dog got up, shook itself, and ran away.

'Last night, although feeling very ill, I went with Dr Legge to Government House. It was a brilliant "At Home." Among the celebrities were Sir Rutherford and Lady Alcock. He is the best man for Japan. He looks as if he had sense. He had a long talk with my husband.'

'We are going to Government House next Thursday. A party of friends is invited to meet Dr Legge, and the Governor is commissioned by the Home Government to present to him a tea and coffee service of silver for services rendered to the Colonial Government.'

Mrs Legge paid a visit shortly after this to Japan for the sake of her health, and was joined there by Dr Legge.

### NAGASAKI.

'We are staying in the precincts of the Buddhist temple which is under the shadow of the holy tree, a magnificent camphor. You first reach a part of this house, and then crossing from the dining-room by the fascinating bridge over a pond, you are in the other part, the drawing-room, my bedroom, and another large room, too sacred to be let at any price.'



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It is the shrine of some prince whose tablets are on the walls. The whole structure is purely Japanese. All the floors are matted with four inches of wadding underneath, so that it is like walking on mattresses. Every night and morning it is just as if the whole house were coming about one's ears, for then the grand shutting up or opening takes place. The lacquered and wooden slides or walls are run along and fixed into grooves. The first night I was terribly frightened and lay sleepless. Strange noises kept me constantly on the alert, rats gambolling about the prince's shrine, the rich sonorous bells of the temple, and now and then a terrible barking of dogs. I had not been favourably impressed with the looks of the two sworded gentlemen whom I had met. One of them had shown me one of his swords so sharp. I told Mrs Verbeck (my hostess) I should be frightened, and she said, "Oh, I'll give you a revolver just to put under your head, and then you have only to show it and they'll run away; we always sleep with one under ours." Next day I asked Mr Verbeck to engage a watchman and he has done so. Mrs Verbeck, with her wonderful unselfishness, has actually had her bed brought down and sleeps here now with her baby, and with her revolver under her head.

'We are just on the edge of a hill. I suppose that when the temple was built a few acres of ground were levelled for it. Splendid trees, the Japanese fir and camphor, the cedar and wax—and shrubs, tea, azalea, rhododendron and feathery maple, are everywhere—and then you come to terrace on terrace where the trees are thicker, and you see first one and then another shrine, and can open the stone doors just

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sufficiently to see a cabinet inside, stuffed with paper charms.

'One night I heard such strange sounds in the prince's ghostly apartment, that in the morning I tried the slides and found they would all open to it, and that its outer slides would open to my touch, so that one whole side of my room had no fastening whatever. The old priest of the temple has since been pegging them tight with old nails, but you could easily unfasten any one. There is, however, really no cause for fear, beyond what might happen in almost any place, and this I am pretty sure of. Under God's protecting care we are safe anywhere.

'I had quite a fright this afternoon while calling at the hotel. A gentleman who had a newspaper in his hand said, "What a shocking thing that these steamers are lost." "What steamers?" "Six steamers between Hong Kong and Shanghai." I knew, if all were well, my dear husband and our little boy, would be in some steamer between Hong Kong and Shanghai this month, and having had no letters from him for a month, you may well suppose what a shock it gave me. I looked at all the papers I could see, and can ascertain that the "Fohkien" (the very vessel my husband said he should try to come by) went down in twenty minutes, having struck on a rock, but all the passengers and crew had got off in boats. The vessel, however, was going *to* Hong Kong. Two other vessels, by either of which Dr Legge might have come, have disappeared in a typhoon, but that was before he could have come, I believe. The names of the passengers, some of whom I know, are mentioned, and it is feared all of them are lost. Of the other

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three I can only make out the names, but the typhoon took place on the sixth, when Dr Legge hoped to be in Canton.

'The morning after writing the above my husband walked into the room. I was indeed thankful.'

Many years after, when living at Oxford, Dr Legge, in a letter to a friend, mentions an incident of this visit of Mrs Legge to Japan :—

'A wonderful compliment was once paid me at Nagasaki long ago. My wife, on her arrival, was seated in the custom-house there on one of her boxes, waiting to get her baggage examined. A Japanese officer came by, and reading the name on a box, said : "Legge? Is he the famous translator of the Chinese Classics?" "Yes," was the reply. "Then your baggage shall all go free." And he sent it off at once. Forgive me this bit of gossip.'



## CHAPTER XI

### A TOUR UP THE WEST RIVER

**B**EFORE the end of 1864 failing eyes and a failing voice showed that Dr Legge had strained himself well-nigh to the limit of his powers. A holiday was necessary, and, by good fortune, three weeks with three friends on the West River of Canton province gave him, in his own words, 'invigoration and delight.' A short account of the trip will give glimpses of a part of China little known to foreigners, and the circumstances which came under his notice towards the end of it bear a curious resemblance to stories usually connected only with Roman Catholic countries.

The three friends were Dr Kane and Dr Palmer, both medical men, and Mr J. B. Taylor, a much valued friend. With them, too, came Dr Legge's Chinese secretary, whose home lay up the West River.

They engaged a handsome Tsze-tung boat, which contained four compartments. The sofas, chairs, and tables were of ebony, and covered with splendid embroideries; the woodwork was beautifully carved, and twenty lamps hung from the ceiling of the saloon. The crew consisted of the Chinese skipper, his wife, with a son and two daughters; and six men, who did the rowing, pulling, and tracking. The skipper was a man of remarkable taciturnity; the wife, however,

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had a shrill tongue ; her words were fast and furious, and she 'jumped to the screaming stage' on any or no provocation. The four passengers called her 'dragon-mother,' by a prompting which will shortly appear. She was an amusing sight when the wind blew hard against them, or the boat stuck on a shallow or on a sandbank. 'Then she became exceedingly devout, screamed violently, and scattered flaming pieces of joss paper on the waters with a lavish hand.' Her daughter's business was to look after the spirit shrine which stood at one end of the vessel. She lit its candles every night, and on the first and fifteenth of the month supplied it with fresh sand, incense sticks, and gilt paper.

Dr Chalmers, who saw the party off from Canton, reported as follows : 'The vessel started to-day at noon, loaded with provisions both for mind and body, and the four passengers seemed mightily pleased both with their position and prospects. The stout M.D. busied himself in putting up shelves and opening boxes of stores ; the witty one overflowed with high spirits ; the Doctor Divine piled up a few volumes on one of the shelves bearing on future Prolegomena, to which were added others of a lighter kind ; and the fourth passenger looked after windows and fittings with a view to personal comfort.'

To reach the West River—about thirty-five miles from Canton—they moved along cross streams. Out of 'Flower-land,' or 'Garden creek,' they held on to the large town of Fuh-shan. Various pencil pagodas rose up at intervals, called so from their pointed tops. These pencil-pointed pagodas are all dedicated to the Kwei-Sing or North Star, the spirit of which is supposed to be an attendant of the god of literature.

## A Tour up the West River

Literary influences, therefore, will descend upon the districts where they are raised. In Fuh-shan the mottoes displayed on the sign-boards of the hong, or places of business, were sufficiently striking. A coffin-maker called his shop 'The hall of a myriad years' longevity'; a tobacco merchant named his 'The house of eternal virtue.'

Entering a large stream, they passed a large temple, 'the temple where they divide the booty,' called so because 'the robbers of the district resort to it to sanctify their division of the spoils.' Near the city called 'Three Waters' (San Schuy) kingfishers flitted about among the rice-fields and fish-ponds. Soon after they passed into the West River itself, and dropped anchor in full view of the grand mountains which had been looming before their eyes ever more grandly as they approached. Here they landed, having set their hearts on climbing up to the Buddhist monastery called 'Congratulating the Clouds,' and there spending the night. Walking along past banyans and cotton trees, among bright tufts of wild chrysanthemums, they reached the gorge where the stream narrowed beneath overhanging trees. Darkness set in, and swarms of fireflies glittered about them as they climbed the steep and finally knocked at the 'cloud-felicitating gate.'

The monks received them politely but coldly, conducted them to the guest-chamber, and intimated that they must keep to the rules and eat nothing but rice, tea, bean curd and greens. However, having brought food with them, they persuaded the priest to let them open a tin of soup. He allowed them to heat the tin itself, but would let no utensil of the monastery be defiled. They wished to send in their



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cards to the Abbot, but were assured he was 'not at home.' At nine o'clock the second watch was loudly proclaimed in Pali: 'It is the second watch. Be still, everyone. Banish improper thoughts, and with all your hearts think of Buddha.'

The next morning they were shown the 'Hall of the Three Precious Ones,' of Buddha, past, present, and to come; the Room of Judgment, the Courts, the two refectories, and other chapels and buildings on successive terraces. The urchin deputed to show them over preluded his entrance into every fresh passage by an unearthly yell, 'to give Buddha notice of our coming.' The monastery stood, embowered amid trees, about a thousand feet up the mountain of Ting-hoo 'the mountain with a lake on its top.' Giant peaks rose round as if to guard it. There were apparently about a hundred monks in the establishment and about twenty boys, kept to help in the menial work. As a whole the monks were painful to look upon; many of them seemed verging on idiocy. Such lack-lustre eyes as seemed the rule could not be seen in England outside a refuge for imbeciles. Early in the morning Dr Legge asked for permission to visit the library. After much hesitation the answer was given 'Yes, after breakfast.' Breakfast passed, and the request was repeated, but excuse after excuse was made, until a small boy shouted, 'You need not ask about a book-room, no one reads books here.'

The monks' dormitories were squalid; in fact, the only elevating element in their daily life seemed to be the care they bestowed on flowers. Magnificent rows of chrysanthemums and cockscombs stood arranged in high stands in the open court before

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the 'Hall of the Three Precious Ones.' The treasure of the monastery was a relic of Buddha shut up in a splendidly tinselled pagoda, but what the relic was they either did not know or would not tell. 'If it were looked at or handled,' said a monk, 'there would be an explosion as disastrous as an earthquake.'

Once or twice the party encountered a stout, hearty old fellow wearing a rosary of large jade beads. They had a strong suspicion that he was the Abbot who was 'not at home.' Dr Legge asked him, 'Is this monastery subordinate to any other? or does your Abbot acknowledge the existence of any higher dignitary?' 'No,' was his reply, 'the law of Buddha is equality.'

Leaving the monastery with much chin-chining, they walked by a lovely path to the 'Abyss of the Flying Water,' where a cascade of about 200 feet in height flung itself down over frowning, broken rocks. 'This alone,' said one, 'is worth coming from Hong Kong to see.'

Descending the mountain, they came upon nearly a dozen strapping Chinese girls, who were cutting fuel and grass. They took no notice of the foreigners, and such was their air of sadness that Dr Legge inquired the cause. 'My life is bitter,' said one, 'with this constant toil and its perils. One of us lately slipped and fell down the mountain, receiving bad injuries.'

Embarking again, they passed through the great wonder of the region, the pass or gorge of Shaou-king, six miles long. The river here narrows, and is only about 600 yards wide; bare rocks rise to the height of 1200 feet or more, behind them are seen still loftier peaks. On one green

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summit a rock rises ; the spot is called 'Look out for your husband.' For there, legend says, a lady was wont to sit watching for the return of her husband from war, and there she sat until changed into a rock. The native crew sang as they passed it :—

'High sits the lady by the stream,  
A thousand years her hair flies free,  
Ten thousand years her robes are blown,  
Her husband's face when shall she see?'

Four pagodas on the banks betokened that they were nearing the city of Shaou-king, where they halted. Here occurred the incident, elsewhere noticed, of the Chinaman who bowed to Dr Legge, calling him 'the righteous man,' because he had declined the bag of dollars from the Shield King of the Tai-ping rebellion.

About three miles behind the city, among certain remarkable limestone rocks which rose in separate masses to the height of from 150 to 500 feet, were some neglected Buddhist and Taoist temples ; one being inside the 'Cave of Seven Stars,' a large natural grotto. The solitary priest in attendance possessed a strikingly shrewd face. He had only become a priest, they were told, as an alternative to execution, having been a leader of robbers and a prominent rebel. When the rebellion was suppressed, his life was saved by the interference of the gentry who 'liked him as a good fellow' and undertook that he should shave his head and give no more trouble. Further on, in the 'Rice-yielding Cave' was a shrine to the spirit of a personage named Chow, who has been worshipped for 1200 years. Chow was probably in ancient times a good and



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kindly inhabitant of the district. A large stalagmite beside his shrine somewhat resembles the figure of an old man holding out his hand. From a hole in his hand, tradition says, a quantity of rice used to pour forth. This projection is worn quite smooth by the touch of visitors who come still to stroke it in the hope that it will bestow a few grains of rice upon them. The sight of it reminded Dr Legge of Cicero's account of the statue in the 'Temple of Hercules' at Agrigentum, the mouth of which was worn away by the kisses of its worshippers.

Further up the river, passing magnificent clumps of bamboos, from 40 to 50 feet high, they came to the town of Yue-ch'ing, where is the temple and grave of the great goddess 'Dragon-mother.' More than 2000 years ago, a certain girl, washing crape at the river, found a large egg which she carried home. By-and-by five lizards emerged from the egg and grew up into splendid dragons with glittering scales and horns. By their help the girl, Miss Wan, performed many marvels which, coming to the ears of the emperor, induced him to send for her, intending to make her his wife. She had no ambition to be empress but was forced to set sail. The vessel had gone 300 miles when the dragons appeared and in one night dragged it back. This happened three times, after which the emperor finally desisted from his attempt to wed her. When Miss Wan died, the dragons raised a great storm, scooped up the ground with their tails and buried their 'mother' in a grave which is shown to the present day. From ancient times the Dragon-mother Wan has been worshipped in this part of China. Her temple is called the 'Temple of the Great Patroness of Filial Piety' and

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contains an elegant figure of the goddess, horned, and wearing a rich robe, the gift of an emperor. Her five dragon children in the form of youths, also horned, are standing round her.

After visiting the 'Cockscomb Rock,' a mass of rock about 180 feet high, jagged so as to resemble a cockscomb and extending for 500 feet along the side of the stream, they went on to the 'Pass of the Seven Water-lilies,' called so because seven hills here converge together into a form suggestive of a huge lotus flower. They passed the immense 'Rock of the Flowery Mark,' crowning a high hill, and shaped, the Chinese say, like a bonze's (priest's) head. Some think it resembles the Sphinx. Our travellers compared it to Prometheus Vincit.

They finally arrived at Woo-chow which was dilapidated and dirty. It contained several Taoist temples which were full of the grotesque images in which that sect delights. Here they interviewed an old gentleman with a flowing white beard whose finger-nails varied from five to seven inches in length.

On their journey back, an old man came to them with his son who was suffering from a diseased foot, to ask help from the doctors on board. They had spent all their money, they said, on native doctors, whose caustic applications only made matters worse. Dr Palmer fetched an instrument and, quick as thought, snapped out a piece of diseased bone. The man screamed, but shortly after rowed away in great glee.

A day was given to visiting a famous show place, the hill of Se-ts'eaou (hill of the western woodcutters). Here they visited the 'Cave of the White Clouds,' the 'Kingfisher's Grotto,' the 'Leafless Well,'

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and the 'Great Nest Peak.' At 'White Clouds' is a temple and also many shrines, the chief object of worship being a figure of one of the 'Eight Genii' of the Taoists, named Leu, 'ruler of the five thunders and director of the three religions.' The whole establishment stands in a deep cleft of a granite spur, and the artfulness of design in turning every peculiarity of natural position to account is most striking. Some people say the Chinese have no taste; let such visit the cave of the 'White Clouds' and repeat their assertion, if they can. They went round the wonders of the place—waterfall, towers, bridges, rock-grottos, until, to their surprise, in a place of such Taoist sanctity they were shown the mark, about two and half feet long, of 'Buddha's foot,' on a rock. How could Buddha have been allowed near a place so sacred to Taoism? It is Taoist monsters who are often represented with a somewhat similar bird-foot and claws.

Up to the rounded summit called 'Peak of the Great Nest,' 1000 feet high, they walked by a good road paved with granite flags, or in steep places with steps. The most popular idol on the mountain seemed to be the 'Great General Stone-dog,' a stone figure in the shape of a dog. The aspect of the 'Leafless Well' on whose surface many leaves were lying, belied the legend that a genius had given it the power of throwing off floating leaves. The people living in the hamlets of this high ground looked bright and healthy, in great contrast to the sallow, feeble looks of those who dwelt below among malarial swamps, rice-fields and fish-ponds. On the hillside an old, small-footed woman was gathering tea-leaves.



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Most curious and interesting circumstances came to their notice towards the end of this walk. As they neared the top of the hill they saw a grand prospect below ; an immense plain, the great West River, and scores of hamlets and villages. Crowds of people were hurrying across the country, all in one direction, all moved evidently by some impulse to visit one special village. Dr Legge bought a pamphlet on the way down which told a strange story, which story was corroborated by his secretary Tsang, who had been absent for three days visiting his relations in one of those villages. It appeared that 'in the summer of the year before, at the village of Keang-peen (River side) there had died a girl called Yu Wang Hing, between sixteen and seventeen years old. From her childhood there had been something peculiar about her. She often seemed rapt, and as if invisible beings were talking to her. Her disposition, moreover, was gentle, quiet and benevolent. She was betrothed, but the marriage had not been completed, mainly because of her delicate health. One day, towards the end of summer, she said to her mother, 'Mother, I am about to become an Immortal. Make ready a bath for me, made fragrant with orange and whampeï leaves.' Having bathed and changed her clothes, she sat down, drew up her legs under her as in the figure of Kwan-yin sitting on a lotus flower, closed her eyes, while her spirit floated away to join the ranks of the Genii.

Her body was buried at a place called Ta-san-kiang not far off, and before long, the grave was visited by a mandarin from Canton. While in great anxiety on account of the dangerous illness of his mother, he had a dream in which an immortal

## A Tour up the West River

appeared to him, saying, 'I was a girl, Yu Wang Hing, but I have now been enrolled among the immortals. Go to the village of Keang-peen and get my parents to direct you to my grave. Go there and worship, and I will heal your mother.' The mandarin obeyed the vision, came to Ts'eaou, sacrificed and prayed at the grave; and his mother recovered. The thing got noised abroad, and many votaries came, some to the parent's house and some to the site of the grave, and wonderful cures were effected. The deaf regained their hearing; the blind received their sight; the lame were made to walk. So it was said. Within three months, more than 100,000 visitors had been to worship at the grave. Tsang passed near it on his way to his native village and saw a dozen large sheds erected in the vicinity for the accommodation of pilgrims. He gave Dr Legge a picture of the saint or goddess Yu, with a halo round her head, of which picture tens of thousands were being sold. Thus China is continually adding to the number of its gods and goddesses.

The secretary Tsang's account of the place reminded Dr Legge somewhat of Bethesda, the pool which was by the sheep-gate in Jerusalem. There had sprung up quite a little hamlet, he said, to which thousands came from all parts of the country, to drink of the water and wash and be healed. The girl was described as having been very good and pure, and kind to all living things. Dr Legge was assured by many people in the town at the foot of the hill, that his secretary's report was quite true. Over thirty years afterwards, Dr Legge told a friend that he felt sure that anyone visiting the place now would find a



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**new temple and a famous shrine in which offerings are made to the deceased girl.**

**A day or two later the travellers found themselves again at Canton, and Dr Legge, greatly invigorated, crossed over to Hong Kong to resume his work with new energy.**



## CHAPTER XII

### LATER YEARS IN HONG KONG

IT is a somewhat difficult task, out of a mass of letters to disentangle the threads of Dr Legge's multifarious activity from 1860 until his final departure from China in 1873. He stands revealed in these letters as a laborious student and writer, a worker in public movements, a pastor to an English congregation, a chaplain to the soldiers, a preacher in the Chinese jail, a visitor to the sick and troubled, a friend to everyone, and above all, a large-minded missionary.

The following letter illustrates two of the phases of character referred to.

The Rev. S. Honeyman Anderson, who was born in Mauritius, writes :—' At the end of the year 1867 I was lying very ill with scarlet fever at Cheshunt College. I had just returned from very arduous preaching work in the *Salle Evangélique* of the *Paris Exposition Universelle*, and readily caught the disease which was then affecting some of the inhabitants of Cheshunt.

'Dr Legge visited the College, accompanied, I believe, by a Chinese dignitary. He found that a shadow of sadness was cast over the loving brotherhood by the fact of the grievous illness of one of the students. At family worship, in the large dining-hall, he offered prayer. The Principal, Dr Reynolds, told me

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years afterwards, how he could not forget the earnestness of that long pleading with God for the recovery of the young man who was thousands of miles from his home in Mauritius, as Dr Legge rose from praying he said, "He'll pull through."

'By God's grace I did. That was thirty-eight years ago.

'A pleasant reminiscence is to be found in part of a speech made by a late Secretary of the London Missionary Society in the old L. M. S. House. He related how he had been shipwrecked, and reached Dr Legge's house in Hong Kong in a most helpless condition. The hospitality of that house was never to be forgotten. The Doctor opened chests of drawers and wardrobes before the distressed fellow missionary, and said, "It is all yours, help yourself to what you want."

'When Dr Legge's turn came to speak at the meeting he said, 'the Secretary had made a very telling narrative, nevertheless, although he must not be accused of having invented what he said about his host's hospitality in China, the host himself does not remember anything of the kind.'

This beautiful self-forgetfulness was a marked characteristic of Dr Legge's character. In the early days of the China Inland Mission he often received, for many days or weeks, those who were going out in connection with the mission founded by Dr Hudson Taylor.

There was one break in these years owing to a call to England on account of his wife's serious illness. Her health had obliged her to leave China, and pressure of work had prevented his accompanying her. In 1870, however, he left her and their children in



THE GUEST HALL IN A CHINESE GENTLEMAN'S HOUSE, HONG KONG.





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Scotland and returned alone to Hong Kong for three years.

One day, before leaving Scotland, he took his two small boys to the field of Bannockburn. No shrine which he ever visited affected him so much as the mound on which the standard of Scotland was reared on that eventful day. 'I took my shoes off my feet upon it and told my boys that if ever they were found hereafter on any side but that of freedom and truth, they would not be true Scotsmen.' He used to say that if Scotland had lost that battle its after history would probably have been similar to that of Ireland—perpetual revolt on one side, repression on the other.

To return to Dr Legge's life in Hong Kong, between 1860 and 1874. In 1861, the Governor of Hong Kong, Sir Hercules Robinson, sent him a rough sketch scheme of the establishment of certain cadetships asking him to alter all or any of the provisions as he might think fit. He was delighted with the scheme as being calculated to supply a great want in the matter of interpreters, and undertook to examine the cadets and student-interpreters in Chinese at intervals of six months.

He wished greatly to see railways in China. 'Think of Han-kow as the great centre, the grand junction of railways to be. A line from Han-kow to Canton would be to the latter city as life from the dead, and restore it to more than its former prosperity, while the immense and unexplored provinces of Sze-chwan, Yun-nan, and Kwei-chow would likewise be moved by it and their productions drawn towards the sea-board. The real difficulty in the way is the Chinese Government.'

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In November 1865, he was presented at Government House with a silver tea and coffee service from the Government of Hong Kong 'for many valuable public services readily and gratuitously rendered.' In his speech, thanking the Governor, he said—'There have been many times indeed, when I have been very busy and the sight of a letter "On Her Majesty's Service" has been very distasteful. But I have been glad whenever by a little extra labour and self-denial I have been able to be useful either to the Government or to individuals. I have been resident in the Colony almost from its commencement. Three things struck me in the beginning as greatly needed. First, that many of its public offices should be filled by those who could speak the Chinese language, and this could only be realised by having men out to qualify themselves by the study of it; second, that the Government should assist education among the Chinese on a generous, comprehensive, and far-reaching plan. For many years and to successive governors I prepared and sometimes obtruded my views on those two subjects, and at last I had the satisfaction to find them substantially adopted, and successfully carried out under the incumbency of our late excellent Governor, Sir Hercules Robinson. The third subject which pressed itself on me was the desirableness of Christian instruction being given to the heathen inmates of our prisons and given regularly and systematically. For thirteen years by myself and my colleagues a Christian service has been conducted on the Sabbath with the prisoners. We ought to do what we can to see that they leave our jails, not only with the fear of man upon them, but taught their duty also to fear God.'



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No matter how fully his time and brain were occupied, he set all aside whenever called upon to give personal help to anyone in need. In 1866, the governor of the jail wrote to him about some Chinamen lying under sentence of death, and he felt constrained to visit them. Evidence came before him which led him to believe one of the prisoners to be innocent. He writes, that though greatly burdened by pressure of work, a necessity of conscience was laid on him to investigate the matter. His following entries are: 'August 2nd. Every moment from breakfast to dinner occupied in putting together a long statement to the Colonial Secretary on this case.' 'August 3rd. Had a private note from the acting Colonial Secretary that the man for whom I memorialised him was not down to be hanged with the others.' 'August 8th. After an almost sleepless night I was up this morning at half past four and over to the gaol by five o'clock. Of the nine prisoners seven were then executed. The remaining two have been reprieved.'

In 1866, occurred such a fire as he had not seen in Hong Kong for many years. Some warehouses were full of tubs of oil which blazed up with an intense heat. There were no orderly arrangements, no force of police, no sufficient supply of water. In fact the usual precaution of the Chinese against fire was to place on their roofs large jars, which, containing rainwater, they supposed would be efficacious if a fire broke out. At least a thousand people were rendered homeless, and the loss of property was over half a million of dollars. The following week Dr Legge and his co-pastor, Ho-tsun-sheen, prepared a

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paper in Chinese addressed to the native merchants and shopkeepers, asking them to assist the sufferers by the late conflagration. In one morning alone Dr Legge went into between two and three hundred shops and places of business on this errand. 'I was astonished at the amount of wealth and extent of business manifest in many of them. The owners and many of the employés were gentlemen, according to the ways and training of China. For the most part I got a most cordial, even flattering reception. Many knew me by sight; others knew me as "the great scholar who was familiar with all their Classics." The occasion was one which it would have been sinful in me to neglect. I must give Friday forenoon to complete the visitation.'

Dr Legge took great interest in all public measures. 'I met the Governor to-day, he is full of anxiety as his new ordinances are just coming into operation. He stopped his chair and had a long talk to see if I could give him any comfort. An ordinance affecting the Chinese shipping is most vehemently opposed, and a hundred junks and passage-boats have cleared out of the harbour in consequence of it. Its most objectionable features have been modified owing, I believe, to my known disapproval of them, and the government should now insist upon carrying it out. There will be difficulty, for the boats that bring our provisions will keep away for a time.'

In 1868, Dr Legge received a letter from the Inspector-General of Chinese customs which shows the writer's opinion that when the Chinese people rise up in hostility against foreigners it means that there is an order from the Government at the back of it. 'Experience has shown that unless instigated



1. A GAMBLING HOUSE.

*See page 161.*

2. THE CHINESE 'BARROW.'

*See page 187.*





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## Later Years in Hong Kong

by Mandarin agency, the Chinese people usually evince a friendly bearing towards foreigners.'

On February 12, 1871 he writes: 'To-day I have sent in to the acting governor here, a petition to Lord Kimberley against the gambling-houses, signed by 318 names. I wrote the petition on my birthday and the result has been obtained by the co-operation of Welch, Crichton, Walker and Mr Smale. With Mr Hitchcock I moved the Chamber of Commerce to get up a similar petition, and with Mr Turner the Chinese to get up one, which has nearly 1000 signatures.'

On Sundays Dr Legge visited the gaol, accompanied by one or more native Chinese converts who spoke to the Chinese prisoners after he had addressed them, and distributed tracts. He was much pleased once at receiving an application for baptism from a man in good worldly circumstances living at a village some distance off. On enquiry as to how he had heard of the religion of Christ, it turned out that he had been led to the knowledge of Christianity by means of one of the convicts of the gaol who had attained his discharge.

For many years he conducted a service on the Lord's day with the prisoners, amounting generally to more than 200 souls. One morning early he was sent for to one of them who had been attacked with cholera. While it was yet dark he stood by the man's bed. 'I am sorry,' he said, 'to find you in such suffering.' 'Pastor,' replied the convict, 'be of good cheer, I am relying on Christ.' This man had been completely changed by hearing the word of God, and had been remarkable for his quickness of understanding and earnest work among his fellow-

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prisoners. In the afternoon Dr Legge visited him again before he died. Some of the other prisoners followed him to the sick ward, and seeing their friend in great pain and exhaustion, began to weep. 'Tell my brethren,' he said, 'not to mourn. We should all give glory to God. I am escaped from sin and chains to heaven. Tell them to pray for God's help that they may glorify the Saviour here in the prison.'

He writes in 1870: 'I accepted the appointment to act as Presbyterian chaplain, and I think it will increase my influence with the soldiers. I visit the military hospital once a week, and I have a service in the school-room in the barracks at five o'clock on Wednesdays. On Thursdays I go from five to seven to the vestry to meet with any who wish to talk with me on religious topics. On Sunday at 2.30 I go to the gaol and give the English prisoners an address. Very attentive they are, and very glad apparently to see me.' Through the summer weather he held, by their own wish, a service specially for the soldiers at 6.30 on Sunday mornings. That gave him five services every Sunday.

A significant testimony to his influence over the soldiers was given by a Colonel who called on him some days after Christmas. 'I came to thank you, Dr Legge,' he said, 'for achieving what I had not dared to expect. Owing to your exhortations and personal influence, Christmas has come and gone without a single case of drunkenness among the soldiers.'

In 1871 four soldiers came to him at the barracks and asked him to begin a weekly Bible Class, which he accordingly did. When the regiment left for the



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Cape the members of the Bible Class brought him a large photograph of themselves. The nine men who had formed the choir wrote to him, 'If we dared, we would endeavour to tell you the very warm feelings of regard towards you experienced by ourselves and our comrades—not only for your masterly lectures, but also for your affectionate ministration to our sick.'

In 1863 a meeting was held in Union Chapel on the question of erecting a new and larger edifice. Through the liberality of the community Dr Legge collected by the end of 1863 twenty-one thousand dollars, and the building was begun. In 1865 Mrs Legge writes:—'I have been into the new Chapel. Its architecture is lofty and light. I did feel proud of my dear husband to have achieved so much. The tessellated aisles have come from England. The windows are stained glass. The ship bringing its iron gates is lost, we fear; it has not been heard of for eight months. There is a stone verandah all round, and I have learnt to know that there is no such effectual protection from the heat as a stone wall.' Faithfully did Dr Legge minister to the English congregation, and many grateful letters did he receive. One friend wrote from Ceylon in 1873: 'I cannot let you say farewell to China and the East without a line from me to express my gratitude to you for all that you did, as much indirectly as directly, for us young men in Hong Kong. Your Sabbath services I indeed found most refreshing—I look back with great pleasure to the old Chapel—verily it was to me a Sabbath home. For more than two and a half years I had the pleasure of worshipping with you every Sunday. After returning home from service I used to delight in putting down on paper

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the heads of your discourses. At tiffin and at dinner on Sundays we, that is Guild and I, used to talk over the sermon, and indeed all the week through it was more or less a subject of conversation, especially if Walker or Bain came to see us. And then both Mrs Legge and you were so extremely kind to us all.'

Another man writes: 'I am about to leave this Colony, and I cannot go without giving you my humble testimony to the goodness of God. I have been led under your ministry and the teaching of the Holy Spirit to see the way wherein I ought to go, and my peace has become as a river. Your labours have not been in vain in the Lord.'

A note in Dr Legge's hand says: 'I received to-day a note from a young man named Young. It contained an order for 100 rupees for the Chapel "because he had often been built up and refreshed within its walls."'

To Dr Legge as a friend in trouble or difficulty came appeals from all sorts and conditions of men. The following letter, written in 1861, was the beginning of a long friendship.

VICTORIA, HONG KONG,  
*October 14, 1861.*

'Reverend Sir,

'I beg most respectfully that you will favour me with an interview for the purpose of religious enquiry.

'I am a Roman Catholic and have always yielded the most implicit belief in the doctrines of the Roman Church. Nevertheless I consider it my duty, as it is the duty of every man who attains the use of reason, to investigate for myself the great truths of the Christian religion, and, in a spirit of humility



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and faith, convince myself that that which I before believed, on the authority of my parents and teachers, is founded upon reason and the gospel.

'To you, as the minister in this island of that Church which represents the spirit of the Reformation and which is opposed in doctrines and ceremonies to the Church of Rome, I apply for assistance in the task I have imposed upon myself. With the doctrines of my own church I am well acquainted. With the doctrines of the Reformed Churches, and with the reasons that influenced the reformers in their separation from the See of Rome, I am acquainted only through the writings of Roman Catholics. These may not be altogether free from misrepresentation or prejudice. And therefore is it that I presume to address myself to you; and I cannot believe that one who is so faithful a servant of his Divine Master will refuse to grant me an opportunity of obeying that divine command, and receiving the fulfilment of that gracious promise: "Seek, and you shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."'

The writer remained a Roman Catholic, as is shown by another letter from him written twenty-five years later (1886), but the affection and gratitude expressed in it, justify a quotation from it.

'My Dear Dr Legge,

'I have no words to thank you for your very great kindness. If it had not been for you I must have gone under. . . . That I am now prosperous and happy I owe entirely, under God, to you. I feel more and more every day how great is the debt of gratitude I owe you. I



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congratulate you on your age, seventy, on your good health and on your ability and readiness to work at that age, but you were always a wonderful worker, and you will work, I do not doubt, to the end. You will be glad to hear that His Holiness the Pope has just made me a Knight of St Gregory the Great, and I hope shortly to write myself Q.C.'

In midst of missionary labours and literary labours Dr Legge had to help and write letters on behalf of many folk in trouble, both English and Chinese—for one Chinaman, for instance, whose child had been kidnapped, while he was away in Australia. The child was recovered after much labour, anxiety, and a payment of sixty dollars. Dr Legge wrote:— 'Such a thing could not well occur in a well-governed country.' In one letter he draws a dark picture of life around him. 'Many cases of distress there are, waifs cast ashore on the island, reduced to misery almost invariably by their own drunkenness and other misconduct; among them many scions of good families, well-educated ne'er-do-weels, who now and then make a rally and then fall into the slough again. I have had to do with some specimens of Irish poor, but worse were English and especially Scotch destitutes, men capable of better things and of rising in society, but lost, utterly lost, through various vices.' In his notes are many details of 'strange and eventful histories' related to him by men seeking help and counsel. Still more frequently do entries occur of visits to sick and dying men and women. He writes:—'Cases of suffering and misery come before me every day. A family here is in absolute want. I resolved to

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raise between two and three hundred dollars to keep them going until he can get a situation. I have got in less than two hours' visiting 170 dollars—all, except ten dollars, from Scotsmen, and not in large sums.'

But in nothing did Dr Legge's innate courtesy manifest itself more strongly than in the trouble he took in answering letters. Not only to those who wrote asking for details concerning the illness and last days of relations who had died in Hong Kong, but to all who asked for information on any point, his replies were not merely adequate but minute. Truly even to the end of his life the saying of the Chinese Master might have been applied to Dr Legge 'From the man bringing the bundles of dried flax upwards, I have never refused instruction to anyone.'

The following, for instance, is merely part of a long letter addressed (in 1863) to a stranger who had written to tell him that certain Chinese porcelain seals had been dug up in Ireland, and asking how they might have got there. Not content with replying—'The question as to how the seals found in Ireland found their way there, will probably ever remain a problem not easily solved. It was during the Ming dynasty that such articles came to be "the rage" in China and it was at the same time that European commerce with the Empire commenced. Queen Elizabeth sent an envoy to the Emperor in 1596. Some of the earliest visitors from England and Ireland must have taken the seals back with them from China'—he enlarged further upon the subject as follows—'Porcelain seals were first made during the Sung dynasty, A.D. 975-1279. No



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mention of them can be found before that time. Previous to the Ts'in dynasty (B.C. 220) seals were made of jade and other precious stones, and also of silver. Under the Han dynasty (B.C. 201) seals cast of brass came into vogue and were long used, till towards the end of the Yuen dynasty (A.D. 1367) they were in a great measure superseded by soapstone seals. Under the Sung dynasty, however, porcelain seals had been made.

'The name of a pottery where many were produced between the years 1111 and 1118 A.D. is still famous. But it was under the Ming dynasty, immediately preceding the present, that these seals were most in vogue. "The Green Kiln" with more than 300 furnaces was constantly at work in the last quarter of the fourteenth century, producing all sorts of small articles. Since the Ming dynasty porcelain seals have very much fallen into disuse.'

In 1866 a Chinese bell was sent to him by another stranger asking its age, and his answer is as follows:—

'The bell belonged to the Buddhist temple or monastery of Tae-shan (so named after a famous mountain in Shan-tung) in Ning-po, and was cast in the 7th year of Kia-K'ing, corresponding to our 1802. This is commemorated in the inscription, with the name of the then abbot, and of the maker. There were four collecting books to get the funds for the undertaking together. The names of the collectors are given and of the subscribers also. Some of the collectors were ladies, and of the subscribers about three-fourths were women; so true is it that everywhere they are the most forward in all religious



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works. The highest donation appears to have been 12,000 cash.'

Missionary duties, as ever, lay nearest his heart. In 1861, when the first and second volumes of the Classics were coming out, he writes:—'I had occasion last week to visit two or three spots where there was hardly a house two years ago, and I found thronging multitudes. My soul was saddened at the sight of so many sheep without a shepherd, and I felt as if I ought to go home and burn all my dictionaries and classics, and give every hour to the preaching of the gospel to those thousands perishing for lack of knowledge.'

It was the opinion of Dr Legge that though Taoism in its popular aspect is a system of debased superstition, yet, when its votaries confine themselves to the study of its ancient books and cultivate the self-denial and humility there so strongly enforced, they are far more receptive and sympathetic to Christian truth than the Confucian *literati*. For the Confucian idea fosters pride, while Taoism exalts humility.

A certain Taoist dignitary, eighty years of age, came to visit him at Hong Kong. He said that he had studied the writings of Lao-tze for fifty years but felt that he had not power to attain the ideal life inculcated by that sage. It was beyond his reach. He was in despair, yearning for some truth which his human soul could live by, when some Christian tracts were brought to his monastery on the Lo-fow mountain. He read them and found the light and teaching he needed. 'Of all whom I knew in my long missionary experience,' said

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Dr Legge, 'he was the one most prepared for belief in the gospel.'

Another most interesting convert was a Taoist 'wise woman.' Her occupation as a priestess had sharpened her faculties. She became a wonderfully useful member of the Chinese Church in Hong Kong, and was welcomed by the Chinese into their houses where she constantly visited and talked to them of the truths of the Bible. She fell very ill, and Dr Legge entered her house one morning to find her married daughter clothing her in her best garments. He knew by this that the end must be near. The dying woman looked at him, but, unable to speak, turned her eyes upward and pointed towards heaven, and in this attitude she passed away.

At the end of 1863 Dr Legge wrote the following short report of the labours of Liong Man-shing, employed as a colporteur among the Cantonese-speaking population of Hong Kong during 1863.

'Liong Man-shing had brought me a regular journal of his proceedings from day to day. The volumes given away by him amount to 667 copies of the New Testament. They might be many more but I have charged him to force the Scriptures on no one, and never to give a volume where he had not some evidence that it would be read. I have received into the Christian Church two men first awakened by him to think about their souls, and there are several others who appear to be seriously seeking the way of salvation.'

In the following year he again reports:—'I am happy to bear testimony again to the diligence and faithfulness of the colporteur Liong Man-shing. At least four of those whom I have baptised during the



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year were first stimulated by him to think about their spiritual condition. He distributed this year 1042 volumes.'

In 1864 Dr Legge engaged to print at the mission press an edition of 5000 copies of the entire Scriptures in large type, and a pocket edition of 5000 copies of the New Testament. Among the existing versions of the Scriptures of the Chinese language, he considered the 'Delegate's Version' very much superior to any of the others.

In 1865 a Chinaman, indignant at the exactions of a Mandarin in his own neighbourhood, came to Hong Kong and there became a convert to Christianity. The following summer he went back to his own home, taking with him tracts and copies of the New Testament. One of the tracts fell into the hands of a Chinese officer connected with the Salt Department and so arrested his attention that he came to Hong Kong to learn more fully of the Christian religion, and gave such proofs of his sincerity that Dr Legge, after three months, felt justified in baptising him.

Nothing gave Dr Legge more joy than to preach in Chinese. In 1866 he writes:—'I went down to Wan-tsye to preach. Mr Macgowan went with me. We took a boat there and back. The congregation was immense, so that there was no room left for the people to stand. Macgowan was surprised at the order which I was able to maintain with such a crowd and the length of time for which I could compel their attention. He had never seen anything like it. It is true that to preach in Chinese always soothes and gratifies my own mind.'

Again in 1867:—'In my Chinese services I find the greatest freedom and the largest measure of enjoy-



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ment. Last Sunday my sermon was followed by an interesting conversation with many of my hearers."

The following remark demonstrates his belief in mission work. 'I often think of a sentence I read about the little wisdom with which the world is governed. It really is so both in civil and military affairs. Here in Hong Kong have millions of dollars been squandered which might all have been saved by foresight and discreet management. People talk of the little result obtained for our missionary expenditure. I believe that ten times the result is got for it than any equivalent expenditure realises in the department of government and war. This might be made good by anyone who would take the trouble to make the calculations, and should do something to stop the mouth of gainsayers.'

Twice, during three years and a half that he was away from his family, did he sustain a serious accident. The first occasion happened on the voyage out when he fell into a hatchway which had been opened for a short time and happened to be just opposite his cabin. Instinctively he threw his arms out and was brought up with a tremendous thud. His left side struck the hatchway, and he was pulled up by the stewards. He thought at first that his arms were wrenched out of their sockets and that all the ribs on his left side were broken. Mercifully he had escaped with severe bruising and shaking.

The second accident seemed a more serious one. In July 1872, when he was living alone in Hong Kong, he retired to rest one evening after working on the Chinese Classics until long after midnight. About three o'clock he woke and walked into the verandah to look out into the night. He remembered nothing

## Later Years in Hong Kong

more until he came to himself in bed next morning and saw a doctor bending over him. A Chinese policeman reported that at about three o'clock, when passing the house, he heard the noise of a fall inside, succeeded by a sound of moaning. Coming round to the back he found the servants astir, and on going inside they saw Dr Legge lying unconscious on the stairs, bleeding from the head. They carried him up to his bed and actually left him there alone, insensible and bleeding for over three hours. About seven o'clock the Chinese boy went in with the usual cup of tea and found his master still insensible, the pillow covered with blood and his left arm swollen from wrist to elbow. Even then they had no thought of fetching a doctor, but one of them went up the hill to the house of Dr Legge's married daughter and informed her that they did not know whether their master was alive or dead. Yet, on the following Sunday, five days later, he preached once, with his arm in a sling, and after a few more days felt quite recovered.

Hong Kong was startled one day in January 1867 by an event which he described in a letter. 'While I was calling on Mr and Mrs Cairns the windows of the room were suddenly blown in upon us, and the glass all smashed to shivers by a tremendous convulsion in the atmosphere, accompanied by a horrid noise of some explosion and a rumbling underground movement which was very frightful. Was it an earthquake? Was it preliminary to some general rising of the Chinese? Mrs Cairns disappeared instantly. Her instinct had carried her to her baby. Cairns turned pale and jumped about the room. We soon discovered what had happened.



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Anchored near Stonecutter's Island was a hulk in which merchants stored their powder and which had on board some eighty tons. A schooner was alongside taking powder from it; and somehow—how, will never be known—the whole ignited and blew up. When we ran out on the terrace, nothing was to be seen but an immense dense cloud of black smoke brooding on the water. Gradually it rose up in the air, and spread out a sulphurous pall, stretching from Stonecutter's Island to Mount Davis, heavy, gloomy, grand and terrible. Below, nothing was to be seen. Of the two vessels and two junks that had been near, not a fragment could be discovered. The sea was moved and one mighty wave was driven till it broke over the praya, when the waters subsided to their former placidity. I don't suppose there is one house in the place which has not sustained some damage. My study door, opening on to the verandah, was locked, but so forcibly had the air been driven against it that the nut in which the bolt slides was bent and the large screens torn an inch out of the wood. Most melancholy is the loss of life.'

He was much delighted by meeting Mr Seward, President Lincoln's Secretary of State, at dinner one evening. 'He has been visiting Japan and China and came on to Hong Kong last week. I sat next him on his right. At first sight one is surprised that so old and shattered a man should venture so far away from home. One attempt, at least, was made, you know, to assassinate him. The consequence is that his legs and arms are of comparatively little use to him, and it is with an awkward difficulty that he is able to feed himself. He is a little man but



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with a wonderful vivacity in work and action. The head is well shaped and the whole face indicative of strength of character. His jaw was broken and had healed, it seemed to me, so as to give a development to the lower part of the face on one side that does not deform, but intensifies the natural show of determination. How he does talk, and how well,—roundly, rapidly, eloquently. Of course controversial subjects were avoided, but we had up Freemasonry, Gambling, Mormonism, Women's Rights, and the Divine Decrees and Responsibility, and on all those subjects he expressed himself admirably. He discussed, I held forth a little now and then; the others queried, suggested doubts, seemed astonished at the play of intellect, and got thoughts on which they might chew the cud of ordinary lumbering English intellect. The impression on my mind was that I was for once brought into contact with a man of large discourse of mind—a clear intellect and resolute will, such as God gives, to fit men to be kings and rulers among their fellows—powers, for good or for evil according to the channels into which their energies flow.'

A glimpse into Dr Legge's study is afforded by an entry of July 1, 1871. 'It is a delicious morning—the thermometer in my verandah stands at 87 and in the course of the day it will no doubt rise to 90 and more, but in the meantime there is a gentle breeze coming in through the windows, and at intervals fluttering the light leaves of the Chinese volumes that lie open all about over the room.'

The following letter to the Marquis d'Hervey St

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Denys, written on Jan. 14, 1873, foreshadows the retirement of the scholar-missionary from the field of his labours in China :—

‘I had the honour, a few days ago, to receive your letter of the 30th October, informing me that you had received, through M. Stanislas Julien, the copy which I asked him to hand to you of the fourth volume of my work on the Chinese Classics.

‘By the mail steamer which leaves here on the 16th, I intend sending to M. Julien a copy of the fifth volume, and will enclose a copy for you, of which I venture to beg your acceptance.

‘Allow me to congratulate you on your appointment to succeed M. Julien in the Chair of Chinese Literature in the College of France. You will worthily maintain the character which the astonishing and indefatigable labours of our friend have given to the Chair for so many years.

I am much flattered by the opinion which you are pleased to express of my labours in the Chinese field, and will feel honoured to receive a copy of your translation of a most important part of the great work of Men Twan-sen. I intend leaving China in a few months.’







TEMPLE, PEKING.



HALL IN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY, PEKING.

### CHAPTER XIII

#### A TOUR IN NORTH CHINA

IN 1873 Dr Legge bade a final farewell to Hong Kong. On his departure he contrasted its aspect with that in 1843, the year of his arrival. 'In Hong Kong harbour on a moonless night you seem to be in the midst of a fairy scene. All the bay is bright with lights on hundreds of ships and boats; and every dip of oars into the water is followed by splendid phosphorescence. For about three miles along the shore rise lamps that in the distance seem to form one circling line of brilliant light, and rows of other lamps rise in tiers one above another till they gleam faintly out of the cloud of mist that hangs down on the city from the Peak. You turn in for the night, but are on deck again with the early dawn, and gaze on a large city, built on ground recovered from the sea, on terraces of fine-looking houses, gradually rising to a height of above 500 feet above the level of the water. When I first looked on the space it was mostly empty, and covered with rocks much more difficult and unmanageable than Scotch hills. What will not the will and force of man, aided by wealth and science, accomplish?'

But before leaving China itself he had set his heart on going north and seeing at least five great sights—the Tomb of Confucius, the Altar of Heaven,

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the Great Wall, the Ming Tombs, and T'ae Shan, the sacred mountain of China. This last, indeed, stands above any other mountain in the world in its abundance of historical associations extending through well-nigh 4000 years. The traveller sent a detailed account of his journey in a diary-letter to Mrs Legge, which bears testimony to his minute and vivid powers of description.

During the first month the journey was accomplished in a mule cart. He never forgot the tortures of the ride from Tientsin and onwards, squeezed into a bare wooden cart four feet long by two and a third feet wide, without springs or cushions: bumped and jolted, now along an unmade sandy road where you might travel miles and not come upon a stone, now over a once splendid highway left unmended for centuries, so that the slabs of granite and marble lie about with hideous yawning furrows between them. 'But so it is in China, stupendous works are accomplished, but no pains are taken to maintain the fight from year to year with the dilapidations that are unavoidable in all works of men. Roads, canals, palaces, all were once on a grand scale and in splendid order, but filth has been allowed to accumulate over them till all is decay and ruin. Lack of public spirit and want of municipal arrangement of affairs are responsible for this. The people look to the government to do everything for them and when that has become weak and without a generous ambition, it is like failure of the heart in the human system.'

So wrote Dr Legge on this journey. One day, speaking to the governor of a province about the Yellow River, which for thousands of years has been



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called 'China's Sorrow,' Dr Legge said, 'The government ought to clear out the channel and keep the embankments in order.' Said the governor: 'It is the sand which it brings down which chokes the bed and causes the disastrous floods, and if it were cleared out this year the same evil would recur next year.' 'Just so,' said Dr Legge, 'but why do you not clear it out regularly every year?'

The idea of such systematic labour was beyond the official's grasp. China has no idea of carrying on the struggle with the natural progress of things to obstruction or dilapidation. She can make an effort on an occasion, but does not maintain the upper hand which she has gained.

The inns were filthy and poverty-stricken. The bedroom contained usually a 'kang' or sleeping-place, extending the whole width of the room and about five feet wide. Being hollow and built of brick, so that it can be heated, it forms for the Chinese a luxurious resting-place in winter to those who spread their mats on it and go to sleep wrapped in their sheepskins. But once or twice the only hostelry available had neither door nor window to a single apartment, neither kang nor bedstead, and Dr Legge, after appropriating half a door and some broken rafters which were lying about, was fain to set up a bedstead made out of them on the earthen floor. Such were the conditions of his journey in North China in 1873.

He approached the great city of Peking with its towers and pagodas and its immense wall, forty feet high and nearly as thick, with buttresses, gates, and towers rising over the gates. On seeing them he could understand how travellers entering the city on

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horseback, have been known to dismount and shake hands, congratulating one another on having reached a city of so noble an appearance.

To Dr Legge the most impressive sight was the Altar of Heaven. Built of white marble, with blue wall surrounding to resemble the sky, the vast circular Altar rises in three terraces, the lowest 210 feet across, the second 150, the third 90. He mounted to the top, and stood by the circular slab in the centre, where every year, at the winter solstice, the Emperor kneels, facing the north, and, bowing his head to the marble, does homage to the Supreme God. 'Not always in the same spot, for there were other capitals of the Empire before Peking, but on similar structures and with the same observances, the rulers of China, as the high priests of their people have—say—for three thousand years, at the same season of the year, knelt in worship of the ruler of Heaven and Earth, under no roof and with no image of the Divine Being.'

Up the grand and desolate pass from the village of Nan-K'ow, which led to the Great Wall, Dr Legge and his two friends rode. Through this pass the great traffic between Peking and Mongolia flows. The pass, about thirteen miles long, rises gradually to the Wall which is at an elevation of about 2000 feet above the plain below.

The traveller writes:—'Arrived at the Wall a thrilling consciousness possessed me. East and west the hills rose up and the Wall seemed to dash up and along their ridges like a mettled racer, a wild stallion of the desert dashing along. Strong granite foundations and large bricks above, and formidable looking towers at short intervals, gave the Wall the



1. ALTAR OF HEAVEN, PEKING.

2. SHRINE IN TEMPLE OF CONFUCIUS.





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appearance of great strength; its height was over twenty feet and the width on the top also twenty. It crosses 21 degrees of longitude from the coast of the Pacific to the desert borders of Thibet—a distance in all of more than 1200 miles. When the late American statesman, Mr Seward, was on the Wall, he made a calculation, and found that to construct one of equal dimensions in the United States to-day would exceed the entire cost of all the railroads in that country; and yet this stupendous work was executed in China 2000 years ago.

Dr Legge next visited the Ming Tombs, east of Nank'ow, in which are buried the emperors of the Ming dynasty—all but the last, who hanged himself in Peking and was buried elsewhere without pomp by his conqueror. From the splendid marble gateway of five arches they passed along a ruined marble road about three miles long leading to the range of tombs. This is the famous Avenue of Animals—huge creatures carved out of one block, four lions (two sitting and two standing), four camels, four horses, four other animals fabulous. Then come colossal images of warriors and statesmen. There is a wantonness of barbaric grandeur about the avenue, fit prelude to the gateways, courts, halls, terraces, altars and staircases of the buildings surrounding each mound, some of which are half a mile in circumference and covered with cypresses, oaks and pines. To Dr Legge the whole scene was as fine an exhibition of the greatness and littleness of man in his highest state, as the world can show.

The following extracts from his diary-letter to Mrs Legge throughout this journey testify to his vivid powers of description.

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'TÊH CHOW, SHAN-TUNG PROVINCE,  
*May 8, 1873.*

'Here we are out of Chih-le province, and into Shan-tung. In four days we have accomplished only 460 li, or about 153 miles—little enough according to some ideas of travelling; but there are four creatures in the world, which, if they could speak, would say that we have made more dispatch than was good. I mean our four mules, the two in each cart, and if you could see our vehicles and the roads, and how the animals toil along from between five and six in the morning to seven at night or later, I am sure you would agree with them. Our only halt is for about an hour—generally from two to three when they get a feed and we ourselves take our tiffin. The name of this place Edie or Jamie may be able to find out upon the map which I left in my study. We hope to get to Tse-nan, the capital of Shan-tung province on Saturday night, and to halt there for the Sunday.

'Our route has lain very much along the course of the Grand Canal. We came upon it on Monday afternoon and pursued our way for hours along its banks; and during the last three days, we have never been far from it. It is quite navigable from farther south than this on to Tien-tsin, and seemed to me about as large as the Forth at Stirling—a fine stream of water with boats going up and down upon it. It was one of the greatest conceptions which a government ever formed, and though now dilapidated in various parts it might be repaired and deepened without much trouble.

'The country has been all the way nearly as flat as a table. Not a hill has been in sight, not even



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a hillock, and nearly all the land is under cultivation. The first wheat crop is in the ear, and will be ready to be cut in about six weeks. Other grains are being sown, and the high millet is just showing itself above the ground. I said in a former letter that its stalks were as thick as your finger. I have since seen many much thicker, nearly an inch and a half in circumference and 14 or 15 feet long. Yesterday, outside Tung Kwang I was pleased to see many nice vegetable gardens all neatly fenced with those millet stalks, and not a weed in them. Indeed, it is a peculiarity of Chinese agriculture, especially in these vast plains, that the weeds seem to have been nearly extirpated from the ground. And there are no fences marking off farm from farm, and field from field—no hedgerows, and no stone dykes. You may travel miles indeed, and not come upon a stone. There are not the ditches and water channels that are so abundant in the south—only paths, and dykes of earth between which the roads lie. Later on in the season these dykes may be well covered with vegetation. At present they are not without flowers;—violets, large gowans, yellow and red, dandelions, etc., and many bushes of what, from the cart, has seemed to me a fine species of broom.

'There are, of course, no fields of grass, and there is a want of trees, though there are to be seen pines, cypresses, acacias, and some others. What makes another striking difference between the aspect of the country and what you see in England or Scotland, is that it is not diversified by farm houses. The country is not dotted by the dwelling-houses, each with its offices and farm-yard and garden perhaps, around it and a clump of trees. These give life and

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picturesqueness to a landscape; but here the cultivators of the ground all live in villages, on one of which you come at intervals of every mile or two. They are squalid-looking places, however, and I have not seen one good house since we left Peking. In the first place, there are not anywhere in the north here, not even in Peking, houses of more than one storey. Then in the country villages the houses are nearly all of mud—the floor (if I could call it so) of mud, and the roof of millet stalks coated over with mud. Multitudes are also in a state of dilapidation. If you see a house of good-looking bricks and with some show of architecture, you may be sure it is a temple. Is it a good sign or a bad that in China there is not one who can reproach himself like David that he is living in a ceiled house while the place of his god is merely a tent or a hut.

‘This morning, about eight o’clock, we passed a considerable village, Leeu Chin, which has a melancholy history. A body of the Tai-pings, some 2000 of them, were enclosed in it by the Mongol prince Sang Kolin-sin, who surrounded it by a mound on each side of the grand canal. They had no boats to escape by the water, and they would not force the wall within which they were enclosed. They were kept there for nine months, till all supplies of food failed them, and they ate one another; and at last the emaciated wretches who remained were all slaughtered—not one escaped.

‘Let me try to give you some idea of how we get on as to our way of living, and some other matters. I have a mattress which just fits into the bottom of the cart; but at the back of the vehicle is a box of stores, my travelling-bag, and a bundle of wraps, a



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canister of tea, and other odds and ends ; against these leans the mattress, which thus supports my back. On the front part of it, moreover, is my double blanket, folded so as to cover up on both sides as a buffer between my knees and the hard sides of the cart. On it I sit, and have my rug by me besides, which I find useful as a protection from the sharp air of the morning, and from the sun later on in the day as his rays blaze on my protruding legs. My portmanteau is strapped on the cart behind, outside. When we come to a halt for the night, all the baggage is carried inside, and my first business is to lay my rug on the kang or bedstead ; over it the mattress, and then my blanket. That has never yet been too warm. Well, we are stirring always about five o'clock, and the landlord brings in a kettle of boiling water. I make some milk from a tin of the condensed article, and we have a cup of tea and a biscuit, and start. On we go, till about two o'clock, for the most part with nothing to eat unless we buy something by the way, which we generally do ; sometimes it is a sweet potato or two, but more often some bread, and very good wheaten bread can be bought.

'About two we halt for an hour to rest and feed the mules ; to have our own breakfast, or tiffin or dinner, whichever you like to call it. First tea is made as in the morning, and then my tins of preserved meat, butter, and biscuits are overhauled. It is a rough and ready way of living certainly, but I was never in better health.

'We are halting at Tse-nan, capital of Shan-tung, for the Sunday. I like the aspect of Shan-tung. The soil is stiffer and not so finely pulverised as



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Chih-le. Then the country undulates a good deal, and we have been gradually rising ever since we entered the province yesterday between three and four. Not long after we had crossed the Hwang Ho I was delighted, looking east, to see some fine ranges of mountains. Mount T'ae, which is our next point of direction, belongs to them. As we came on, the character of the land changed more and more, and became stony; and a happy consequence of this was that the miserable mud-bricks of Chih-le gave place to stone for the foundations and walls of houses. The country too is much better wooded, and sometimes the road is lined with trees for miles together, some of them with large trunks and wide shade—evidently the growth of centuries. The fields of wheat are assuming a yellow tint, and harvest will be general here in the course of a month. There needs only the interspersion of pasture-lands to make the scenery as lovely as that of an English county.

'The variety of animals used in field labour and on the roads has struck me since I came north. The carts of which I have constantly spoken are drawn by one or two animals, which may be two mules, two horses, a mule and a horse, a mule and an ass, or an ass and a horse. There are also larger vehicles, corresponding to our waggons or caravans, which go slowly along, bearing passengers and goods, and drawn by still more various teams of from three to seven animals. In one waggon I have seen the team made up of three oxen, two mules, an ass, and a horse. A fine mule is more esteemed in Peking than a horse, and it is more honourable to be mounted on one. A gentleman will ride out on his mule, and his retainers ride before and behind him on horses. In

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the country, however, among farmers and others, much of the riding is done on asses. Many women also have passed us on them, sitting stride-legs, with their little feet upon the creatures, and always attended by a servant behind. In the fields the plough is generally drawn by two diverse animals, while the harrow and roller are drawn each by a single ass.

'But in speaking of beasts of burden I must not forget to place man himself at the head of the class. I omitted, when writing from and of Shanghai, to refer to an institution which has come into existence there since you were in it in 1865. You did see a barrow, with a priest sitting in it, on the way to Sikawei, but barrows are now more common in the streets than chairs are in Hong Kong. Upwards of 7000 of them ply for passengers all day long, and I was a regular patron during the three days of my stay. In Chih-le and Shan-tung barrows for the conveyance of goods as well as men are as common as carts. The thing seems to begin at Tien-tsin, where the streets are often blocked by trains of them; and all the way down to this we have met not a few almost every hour. On Friday morning a stream of about twenty came along right in front of us, each one with its matsail rising above the wheel and swelling out so as greatly to help the propulsion. These conveyances, however, as you know, are not the "cany waggons light" which Milton pictured to himself as guided or driven by "Chineses," but strong affairs, with a flat framework, well compact on each side of the large wheel, and on each great, heavy loads may be attached, hardly smaller than could be taken in a cart. The barrow-man is often assisted by



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another yoked in front, or by an ass, and so he pushes on at the rate of 20 or 25 miles a day.

'It had long been one object with me to see the Hwang-ho, and I was a little disappointed when I first looked down on the muddy stream. Not a small stream by any means, but for my high-raised expectations. There it was, about half a mile wide, sweeping on with a rapid current, and a depth of fully twenty feet, to the sea. It took us, having a favourable wind, only ten minutes to cross it. Should this channel be permanently established and open from Ts'e-ho city to the river's mouth for steamers, the city will by-and-by become a great mart, a distributing centre for Chih-le and Shan-tung and more than a successful competitor with Tien-tsin.

'From the river to Tse-nan was only 13 miles, and by 6.30 we had passed through its western gate. It is a large city, and cleaner and sweeter than most places in China holding the same position. The abundance of stone in the neighbourhood gives the houses, moreover, a more solid appearance. But its sweetness is owing mainly to its abundant supply of water. Near the western gate are four fountains from which the water gushes up, rather than bubbles, in large volume, day and night, all the year round. This flows away, and forms a large lake in the city on which boats ply, and islands with pleasure houses on them have been constructed. More than this, all through the city are streams or runlets of pure water, flowing with a gentle current.

We paid a visit in Tse-nan to the governor of the province. Hearing that he was there and that his surname was Ting, I jumped to the conclusion that he was formerly in office in Canton, and that I had



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seen him in Hong Kong. I sent our cards to him accordingly, and he received us, but it turned out that I was mistaken in the man. However, we had a long talk with him on general subjects. He is a stout man, with a strong voice, and has, I should think, considerable force of character. Speaking of the Yellow River, he said it was the sand which it brought with it that was the principal cause of the injury it did, and that if you put it all to rights this year the same thing would have to be done next. It was a good illustration of what I have said, that China has no idea of carrying on the struggle with the natural progress of things to decay and dilapidation. She can make an effort on occasion, but cannot maintain the upper hand which she has gained.

‘It is time I should have done with Tse-nan. At seven o’clock this morning we were once more outside its gates, and on our way south to the prefectural city of Tae-gan, *en route* for Mount T’ae. We have not come quite 30 miles, for our course has lain among the mountains, and the road has been even more difficult than that from Tien-tsin to Peking. Bumping over stones and rocks is harder work than dragging through holes and deep ruts. There is not a cabman in London who would not have held up his hands, and held in his breath many times to see the daring of our two Jehus. Often the road was through a deep cutting, and so narrow that when we met barrows and carts, there seemed no possibility of our getting past them, or they past us. However, we came along without accident of any kind.

‘We left Changhai by six o’clock in the morning. There had been a little rain during the night, and

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the sky was cloudy, but the only result was a few more drops about noon. We came along to Tae-gan with less dust and sun than usual, and reached it late in the afternoon. The road was no better than that of yesterday, being for most part over the dry bed of a river. The stream must at times be a quarter of a mile or more wide. One time I walked along where the ground was higher for a couple of miles before the carts, and passed many people in the fields and on the road. No one had an angry look or an angry word. From some points I had a good view all round, and seemed to be in the centre of a large basin, with the mountains encompassing me. The flowers were much the same as at home; forget-me-nots, violets, thistles in bloom, daisies, and many others which I could not tell. How often I have occasion to look back on the lost opportunities of youth! What would I not give now to know botany and several other sciences, as well as to be able to use easily the French and German languages. This is a word for the children.

'T'ae-gan is a small place for its rank as a prefectural city. We are at a good inn, and have concluded an agreement with chair-bearers to be here at four in the morning to take us up to Mount T'ae. They are to have half a dollar a man.

'Here I am, safe back from a very considerable achievement. If you had only seen me in the toils of the ascent, and in the perils of the descent, your thanksgiving to God to-night would have a peculiar fervency. I am sure mine has, though I do not think I was for a moment in any real danger. But the experience of the possibilities of travelling have been something



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quite new. You must understand that T'ae is the highest mountain in Shan-tung. Its height has not been determined by any scientific process, but the Chinese writers say it is over 4000 feet. In my opinion it is under that, but nearer 4000 than 3000. The distance of the summit from this city is given as 13 miles, but this also is an exaggeration—it is certainly not more than 10 miles. It took us nearly six hours to get up to it, but we came back in two.

‘Being historically the most famous hill in China, and a regular place of pilgrimage, there is a paved and wide road all the way up to it—flights of limestone steps, mostly in good condition, being placed where the ascent is very steep. From the bottom to the top I should think there must be nearly a thousand flights of such steps, these in each varying from two or three to over fifty, the number altogether amounting to several thousands. To ascend and descend the hill in one day may be accomplished by a young and strong and active man. I never could have done it unassisted. But there were the chairs, and to carry mine I had four men, though only two could yoke into it at once.

‘These chairs were of a pattern I have never seen before, but admirably adapted for the purpose. They are in fact hand-barrows, the handles of equal length behind and before, and rising with a curve in the centre instead of being flat, being short withal, and very strong, though light. One of them may be represented thus. Conceive the top of my old study chair without the feet, and much lighter, fixed firmly between those composite poles, with a bottom of rope-work instead of wood, and you have a sufficient idea of a Mount T'ae chair. The bearers carry it by



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leather straps, encasing rope or rattan. The one behind gets his strap on his shoulders, and raises the chair up, resting on the points of the shafts in front. You get into your seat, when the front bearer, assisted or unassisted according to your weight, takes up his shafts, and manages to get his strap over his shoulders, and there you are, aloft between them, your feet resting on a small piece of wood suspended from the shafts, and feeling quite comfortable.

'The bearers then move on up the hill and up the steps, not straight forward, but side-wise, the strap first on one shoulder, and then for relief on the other, and you, never looking forward, but first to the one side then to the other. So with a crab-like movement, so far as you are concerned, you go up and down. The advantage of the arrangement is that the feet of both the bearers are always on the same level, or the same step, and the weight which they have to carry does not vary. The method is admirable and safe, but I confess that when so borne up a flight of 40 or 50 steps, with 500 steps behind, and as many in front, the flights separated only by small landings, and deep precipices on the right and left, I wished the thing were at an end, and was glad you were not near. But no strap nor shaft gave way; the men moved on bravely and with assured step; coming back, they literally ran down the steps. I felt my best plan was to leave them to themselves, and I paid them their wage thinking that never was money better earned.

'Time would fail me if I were to try to enumerate the objects of attraction which the Chinese guide books call attention to: this cave and that grotto; where Confucius ascended; where such and such an Emperor turned his horse, unable to proceed further;

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the temple of this idol and of that. Nearly a hundred such places are pointed out. Celebrated in Chinese history from the earliest times, and closely associated with Confucius, and with the heroes and great men both before and after him, we might expect to find here, if anywhere, the recognition of his principles, and the old religion of the country.

'But it is not so, and for at least the last six hundred years, the mountain has been one of the principal seats of the Taoist superstition. This most debased system has got a temple of one of its principal deities on the very summit, and a little way below it to the east is the temple of the "Great goddess of Peih-hea, the Sacred Mother." To her the highest attributes are ascribed in the maintenance of universal nature, and especially in the generation of human beings. And childless women go up continually to ask her help in granting them their heart's desire.

'There is another temple, indeed not quite a third of the way up the hill dedicated to the goddess of the Great Bear, which is resorted to much for the same purpose, and not in vain, if one may judge from the hundreds of votive tablets with which the walls and roof are covered, tablets from ladies, or, it may be, from their husbands, whose wishes have been satisfied. On the day I went up, there were many women ascending—small-footed women nimbly going up the flights of steps assisted by a long stick. Most of them might be hoping to have a child, but not all. Near the top I met a bright old lady coming down, with whom I entered into a little conversation. She was 74, and had been to the summit, perhaps interceding for a daughter, or a daughter-in-law.



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'But this is merely, it may be thought, popular superstition, yet the Emperor every year, at the full moon of the 4th month, sends the highest officer of the province, or some other high officer deputed by the governor, to perform an act of solemn worship at the temple of the Sacred Mother. At three o'clock on the morning of the day we ascended, the treasurer of the province performed this act. It was full moon, and we might have gone up by moonlight and got in in time to see the ceremony. I am sorry we did not do so. The thing was proposed to us by the man from whom we hired the chairs, and their bearers; but I thought of you, and was chary of attempting such an ascent without daylight.

'All about the temple were pillars or tablets, commemorating the repairs of the buildings by emperors of different dynasties. Great repairs are now going on, and by-and-by will be another tablet recording this virtuous deed of the present young emperor in the first year that he took the reins of government into his own hands.

'But it is time I should be coming down from the top of Mount T'ae. All about upon it are memorial tablets by different emperors, some of them of brass, but mostly of marble. And there are astonishing inscriptions, extending over more than a thousand years, on the rocks. I bought a copy of one, that is, a rubbing of it taken on paper from the rock, perhaps 50 feet by 30. Where is the room in Dollar,<sup>1</sup> or even in Edinburgh, where it could be exhibited? Confucius can hardly be said to be in the second place on the top of Mount T'ae. There is a small temple to him in a state of dilapidation, and it is

<sup>1</sup> Mrs Legge was then resident in Dollar.





1. COLOSSAL FIGURES : APPROACH TO THE MING TOMBS.

*See page 181.*

2. QUOTATIONS FROM THE CLASSICS, HANG CHOW.



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below both that of the Sovereign and that of the Sacred Mother. Yet Mencius has recorded that Confucius once ascended to the summit, and there counted all under heaven small. It is sad to see him so discrowned on his own green ground.

'Crowds of beggars infest the hill, levying their contributions on the pilgrims and travellers. They are mostly women, young and old, and nearly everyone has two or three naked children with her, who are taught to re-echo her howls and prayers, and to be constantly prostrating themselves. A few live in huts by the wayside, but more in holes and crevices among the rocks. Humanity has seldom appeared to me more utterly lost and degraded. One man crawling about in rags, with long matted hair and miserably emaciated, was to me the most hideous object I have ever beheld.

'K'uh-fow, May 17, 1873. — Here we are at the city of Confucius. The only thing on the day's journey\* worthy of note was our coming in the afternoon upon a field of poppies near a village. Thus the people are getting everywhere to cultivate the opium plant for themselves. Some old people on the wayside expressed their regret, saying the next generation was sure to grow up in the habit of opium-smoking. It is sad to think that we have not only forced our drug upon China, but that we have thus led the people to cultivate it for themselves. There will yet be a heavy retribution for our policy and course in this respect.

'We reached this place, the great object of our journey, to-day about noon. On the north-west of it we crossed the river Sze, famous in old books, at times a broad river, but now only a small shallow



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stream ; and about a mile on from it, or rather less, we come to some ruins on our right, with a tablet telling that here was the College of the Sze and Shoo. We dismounted, and found several tablets of the Yuen, Ming, and present dynasties testifying that here in his old age Confucius had lived and taught his disciples, and accomplished the great literary tasks for which he is to be held in everlasting remembrance ; that the celebrity of the adjoining cemetery has cast the place into the shade, but now the deserved honour was done to it. Perhaps it was so, and on this spot the sage lived and taught ; but the effort made to revive the place and make a temple or literary hall of it has failed. All was ruin, only the foundations of the buildings remaining.

'About half a mile farther on we saw the wall encompassing the "forest of K'ung," or the cemeteries of the sage and his descendants. Entering a small enclosure, separate from the other, we found that it contained the tombs of the two daughters of Confucius. I was not aware before that he had more than one ; the other, it was said, died young and unmarried. From this to the gate of the Sage's own cemetery was not very far. Entering it, there stretched before us a grand avenue, some thirty feet wide or more and a li in length, lined with fine cypress trees. Arrived at the end of the avenue, we entered a large park, and, turning to the left, came to a bridge over the river Choo, which finds its way through the grounds, now a mere thread of water, though at times a roaring torrent. Across the bridge there opened to us the entrance to the tomb, through another avenue, lined with cypress trees,

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acacias, stone panthers, and unicorns, after the model of the Ming tombs, but on a smaller scale.

'I stood on the top of the mound over the Sage's grave, and my thoughts went back to the open grave from which the remains of Napoleon had been conveyed to France out of St Helena not long before the time I was in that island. Which of the two was the greater man? I should be inclined to give the palm to the Chinese worthy. Before the tomb of Confucius on either side of it were the tombs of his son and of his grandson, the famous Tsze-sze, author of *The Doctrine of the Mean*.

'Soon after 4 o'clock the next day we were stirring, and went out of the city about a mile to see the temple of the Duke of Chow, one of the sages and legislators of old China. He was a brother of the first king of the dynasty of Chow, in which Confucius lived, and the sage was never weary of talking of the Duke's virtues, though in process of time he has himself taken the other's place in the estimation of the rulers and people.

'When we returned from the grave of Shaou Haou, we found that our carters had driven away. For this I was not prepared and called a council to consider what was now to be done. We had got to the limit of that part of China where carts could be hired. What were we to do? Should we go on horseback, muleback, or assback? Even if we got the animals what would become of our luggage? We could not entertain the plan, and the only thing to be attempted was recourse to the wheel-barrow. Men were sent for, and after an immense palaver, for they knew we were in their power, a contract was made for two wheel-barrows to



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convey us and our luggage to Tsing-Keang p'oo, a distance of 800 li in 8 days.

'When our carts were gone, we had been obliged to give up the plan of visiting the grave of Mencius, and seeking an interview with the present representative of the family, the 70th in descent from the philosopher, as the Confucian Duke is the 75th from the Sage. I was very loath to give this up, but everything must be sacrificed now to getting on in our barrows as fast as possible to Tsing-Keang p'oo. However, our road passed through the city of Mencius.

'Starting early, we got between 10 and 11 to the place where Mencius buried his mother with great pomp in his day, though the grave is now sadly neglected. Close by was the village where Mencius lived, still the home of many of his descendants.

About noon we reached the district city of Tsow of which one of his descendants, the head one, is always a magistrate, and went to see his temple, which is in an enclosed grove outside the city. It is a fine place, but far inferior to the temple of Confucius. We saw that, however, at an advantage when some £10,000 had been expended on it in painting and gilding at the expense of the Imperial treasury. Repairs were also beginning at Mencius' temple. I suppose the young Emperor's reign is being inaugurated by a general refurbishing of all the principal temples through the Empire, and there will then be expended millions of dollars, while next to nothing is being done for the benefit of the people. I looked over all the temple, took a drink from Mencius' Well in it, and went on my way.

'We have got through another day, having passed about noon through the district city of T'ang, and



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reached a village about six o'clock. Our inn is the most miserable we have yet been at, without door or window to a single apartment, without bedstead, without what you would consider a single appurtenance of civilisation. I bestirred myself immediately on our arrival, and appropriating some broken rafters and half a door, which were lying about, I built a place with them on the earthen floor for my mattress. Edkins is to try and sleep in the cart. I think we shall both have a good night's rest.

'We have made a wonderful march to-day of 43 miles. I wonder the chairmen have been able to do it. For three hours indeed in the forenoon they engaged the help of an additional man for each chair, but that hardly lightened their own labour, though it enabled them to get on for a time with greater speed. Everybody seemed to be glad to be away from the miserable place at Ch'en-ho, and by 4.30 under the moonlight we were walking out from the inn gate. The idea was, if we could get on to this place to-night, we should find a good inn, and be able to regulate our progress for the next four days, so as always to rest where there was at least a bedstead. Still there are here two bedsteads, such as they are, in a room with a door, but the place is otherwise as filthy and poverty-stricken as any we have seen. If cleanliness be indeed next to godliness, not even the Esquimaux are farther from the two things than the Chinese are.

Yesterday I ascertained that two of our chairmen—the wheelers, so to speak, in each chair, are K'ungs, descendants of Confucius. One of them is 54, and ought to have lighter work to do, but he is hale and hearty. The other is under 30, a fine active

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man. They are both naturally of superior qualities to the others, but they have been entirely uninstructed.

'It is something to think of that we barbarians should be wheeled along through the country by descendants of the Sage. Multitudes of the clan are allowed to grow up as ignorant as any other Chinese. We were told that there is no free school in the city of K'euh-fow. The duke himself has a large annual income from government, an income say of 8000 or 4000 acres of land, and other members of the clan are provided for, but the mass are left to the tender mercies of their superiors. And what they can do for themselves? So it has always been. Aaron and his descendants had the priesthood and its honours, but the mass of the Levites had to do menial offices.

'This morning I turned aside into several fields where men were collecting the juice which forms the opium. An incision is made the evening before in the seed-bulb, and in the morning men go round and scrape the juice which has exuded and gathered round the slit. This process is continued so long as the plant throws out any juice. The temptation to the cultivation is very great. Some have said to us that by growing poppies they make five times as much out of the same ground as by growing wheat. Others have given the advantage as smaller. One man reduced it to twice as much, but even that must be an overwhelming temptation. The people will become more and more demoralised.

'To our great surprise, at six o'clock this afternoon, we came after many days of separation, on the Grand Canal, and were ferried over to its west bank. It was a fine stream of about 70 feet wide, flowing southwards with a gentle current. They told us that



1. A POPPY FIELD.

2. GORGE IN THE UPPER YANGTSE.





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above the point (the Chang farm lock), some four or five hundred grain junks were lying in the mud for want of water, but that if we went with our chairs down the stream for 15 miles, we should come to a place where we could get a boat to take us to Tsing-Keang p'oo. I was strongly tempted to take up the idea, but finally determined to stick to the chair, as a sure, though slow and humbling way of getting on.

'We have passed out of Shan-tung province, and have got into Keang-soo, so called from the river Keang and from Soo-Chow, which are both in it. At what time of the day the thing was accomplished I do not know, but accomplished it was. The hills have gradually got smaller, and I think they subsided to-day entirely into the plain. We shall have nothing similar to them now, I suppose, till we get to Japan.

'It was five o'clock when we reached Peen Fang, and soon after there came into our inn-yard all the population of the place to see the savages. I could not but groan at our thus being made a gazing stock. We have but a small room where two imperfect bedsteads have been rigged up. Over my head is a swallow's nest where the old pair are rejoicing in the twittering of a numerous brood to whose wants they keep ministering. The only comfort is, that our half of the journey to Tsing-Keang p'oo has been accomplished.

'The great sight of yesterday was when we came on the old channel of the Yellow River. We struck it at a point about 200 miles east of the place where it turned from flowing to the east and south and went off to the east and north. From bank to bank where we lighted on it the river must have been

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a mile wide, but where was the water? Here and there a pool might be seen, but in general the great channel was a bed of waving grain, with many fields of opium, I was sorry to see interspersed. I daresay 400,000 square miles of fertile territory have thus come into existence. We walked for two or three miles along the bank, or rather embankment, by which it had been attempted to keep the river in general within its channel, a great erection originally perhaps nearly 40 feet high, and 10 feet wide at the top. The ground in the old channel, however, was higher than the level of the fields outside the embankment, showing that the tendency of the stream had been to elevate its bed, as must be the tendency of all rivers which bring down with them much sand or soil in their waters. Our friend the Governor of Shan-tung whom we saw at Tse-nan is for bringing the river back to its old channel. I think it had better be allowed to continue in the new courses which it has struck out for itself. All along the thousands of years of the nation's history this great river has been called "China's Sorrow." Now perhaps, had the Government sufficient intelligence and public spirit, something might be done by calling in the science of the West to cope with the great difficulties that present themselves in regulating the stream. The embankment where we walked was all planted with fruit trees, especially the peach. There were tens of thousands of the fruit, but what was very tantalising, not one was ripe.

'May 26.—On the Grand Canal. I must ask you to congratulate me on having got rid of the confinement of the wheel-barrow, and sailing on a tolerably comfortable boat. We landed on the 30th at Shang-







THE TABLET PRESENTED BY THE CHINESE COMMUNITY.

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hai, just a month after leaving Peking.' From Shanghai Dr Legge sailed to Japan, and thence across the Pacific to America. Landing at San Francisco, he visited the Yosemite Valley, Salt Lake City, and Chicago, going on to New York whence he sailed for England and joined his wife and children in Scotland in August.

### TRANSLATION OF THE CIRCULAR ISSUED BY THE CHINESE COMMUNITY IN REFERENCE TO THE PRESENTATION OF A TABLET TO DR LEGGE ON LEAVING HONG KONG

The Rev. James Legge of Great Britain was first at Malacca, in charge of the Anglo-Chinese College, his diligent and efficient conduct of which made his name distinguished. Afterwards, he removed with that Institution to this place, where he has resided for more than twenty years—from first to last earnest and diligent, explaining the sacred Books and preaching the Gospel, so that the number of Chinese who have received his instructions cannot be calculated.

On his first arrival here, he established a school and instructed disciples, teaching them both in Chinese and English; and the result appeared in the distinguished attainments of many. Most of the interpreters who are now in different places came forth from his gate. His success may be pronounced complete.

Let us consider what manner of man he is. Not only is he endowed with extraordinary powers, investigating things to the root, pushing his researches into the classical writings and ancient monuments of our literature, and then translating them for the benefit of the world; but he is also humble, cordial to scholars, loving all creatures, and benevolent to the people. His services have been freely given to the utmost extent of his strength, on every application, whether it was from the Government of the Colony, or from any scholar, merchant or common individual. Hardships have been redressed by him; perplexities resolved; doubts removed; and evils that had long festered dispersed.

The kindness and compassion of his heart, and the harmony and generosity of his deportment have made men admiringly look up to him. All the residents of Hong Kong, both Chinese and others, with different tongues, but a common sentiment, speak his praise to each other. This all know, and we need not enlarge upon it. Now he has just returned to his native country, and the foreigners of the whole island are joyously contributing to send him an expression of their respect; and their example should be followed by us, the Chinese, that, by our united contributions, a piece of plate may be prepared, with every man's name upon it, and sent to England, to be kept by Dr Legge as a remembrance of us.



#### CHAPTER XIV

### LATER YEARS IN ENGLAND

BEFORE Dr Legge left China he wrote to a friend, 'If I am spared to return to England in 1873, it will be with the thought that I have done my work in my day and generation. Not that I will surrender myself to idleness, but whatever I do need only be done on the impulse of my own will.'

He little foresaw an Oxford Professorship and his work in regard to the *Sacred Books of the East*.

From Dollar in Scotland, where he lived for a year with his family after his return from China, he moved to London, and in 1875 received the distinction of being the first recipient of the Julien Prize. Stanislas Julien, who filled the Chair of Chinese at the University in Paris, instituted, shortly before his death, an annual prize of 1500 francs to be awarded to him who should have published the most valuable work on Chinese literature. The first award was adjudged by the 'Académie des Inscriptions et des Belles Lettres' to Dr Legge for his Chinese Classics. In commenting on this the *Pall Mall Gazette* observed—'While our interests in the East, and more particularly in China, exceed in value those of all other European states put together, we have done less for the cultivation of Oriental languages and literature than either France or Germany. It is scarcely intelligible even, from a commercial point of view, that

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with a Chinese trade of over forty millions sterling, we have done little or nothing in this direction. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and St Petersburg have all professorships and schools for the study of Chinese, but neither of our great Universities has ever given any encouragement to Chinese scholars. We are glad to learn that at last efforts are being made to remove this national reproach by the institution of a Professorship of Chinese in the University of Oxford. It is proposed that the first nomination to the Chair should be conferred on Dr Legge.'

As far as can be ascertained, it seems probable that the idea of the Chinese Chair arose in 1875, in the first place on the suggestion of a Chinese gentleman to Mr Alfred Howell, a friend of Dr Legge's. Mr Howell wrote, several years later: 'It was one of the greatest privileges of my life to be a small cog-wheel to set that unique piece of machinery at work.' Another friend, Mr J. B. Taylor, entered with enthusiasm into the scheme, and laboured hard for its promotion. Some China merchants thereupon formed a Committee, its object being to found a Chinese Professorship at the University of Oxford. The Chairman was Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., late Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in China, and the Committee included Sir John Davies, Bart., K.C.B., late Governor of Hong Kong and Chief Superintendent of Trade in China, Vice-Admiral Sir Charles Shadwell, K.C.B., W. T. Mercer, Esq., late Colonial Secretary and Acting Governor, Hong Kong, Charles Winchester, Esq., late H.M. Consul, China, and Chargé d'Affaires in Japan, the Venerable Archdeacon Gray, and several influential merchants. Mr Howell and Mr Taylor acted as



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secretaries, and spared themselves neither time nor trouble.

The Committee raised a sum of £3000 by public subscription towards the endowment of the Chair; the University responded liberally to the proposal; Corpus Christi College in especial was forward in aiding the constitution of the Chair, and appointed Dr Legge a Fellow. The first nomination was vested in the Committee, which unanimously proposed Dr Legge, and thus in 1876 Dr Legge settled in Oxford as Professor of Chinese, which position he held until his death in 1897. In his Inaugural Lecture, which was delivered in the Sheldonian Theatre on October 27, 1876, he gave reasons for the institution of the Chair, 'reasons springing from our relations with China, political, religious and commercial, and reasons springing from the functions of a University in the pursuit of truth and the work of education.'

Henceforth, with the exception of two tours in Scotland, in addition to a visit, in 1884, to the tercentenary celebrations of the University of Edinburgh, when the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him, and two journeys on the Continent, once to attend the Oriental Congress in 1878 at Florence, and again in 1881, when he visited Bonn and Homburg and went up the Rhine, he worked at home at Oxford, save for short visits to friends in London and other places; for these last twenty-one years of his life were years of work. One habit he maintained almost to his death, a habit which was the cause of no little astonishment among his friends. He habitually rose about 3 A.M., and worked at his desk for five hours, while the rest of the household slept. Soon after his arrival, the lighted study attracted the night-policeman



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to the house, 'fearful lest, at so suspicious an hour, mischief in some dishonest form or other was afoot.' A letter, dated 3 A.M., January 2, 1878, has been preserved :

'My dear Nephew,

'A happy new year to you. Here I am at this early hour, while all the rest of the house are, I hope, locked in the arms of sleep. Not a sound is heard but when the hammers of St Giles clock, near at hand, or the boom of 'great Tom,' farther off, sends to my ears through the still air a note of the passing of time. Yet, again, my little girl's pet canary has been roused on his perch, and seeing the gas-light, and myself at the table, fancies it is day, and twitters a few notes, soon settling back to sleep. Ah, Confucius, thou wast the most "timeous" of sages, and I am the most "untimeous" of ordinary mortals.'

He wrote to a friend: 'Next to Hong Kong, Oxford is the most delightful place in the world.'

After five happy years in Oxford, during which he and Mrs Legge had greatly enjoyed the charm of the place and its society, a lasting sorrow befel him in her removal by death. Of the depth and tenderness of his affection for her it is not possible to speak fully. It breathes in every letter—and they are many—which remain of those he wrote to her. After her death he gathered her children round him to read a letter from a friend who wrote of the 'beautiful and gentle soul' of her who had been 'the perfection of Christian womanhood.'

He now worked harder than ever. He had already published two small volumes, *Life and Teachings of Confucius* and *Life and Works of Mencius*. These

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were, as stated by himself, reproductions for general readers of his first two volumes of the Classics. They contained brief explanatory notes and much of the Prolegomena, but omitted the Chinese text and the critical matter, which was interesting and useful only to serious students of Chinese. He had also, in 1875, produced the *She King*; or, *The Book of Ancient Chinese Poetry*, translated into English verse. In this he was ably helped by his two nephews, the Rev. John Legge in Australia and the Rev. James Legge. The merit of this metrical version lies in the fact that they are 'the Chinese poems themselves in English dress, not English poems paraphrased from them.' Therefore he largely sacrificed beauty of diction to faithfulness of rendering. As a whole he doubted whether the collection had been worth the trouble of versifying; some of the poems, however, were certainly worth it. In illustration one may be quoted (Part II., Book I., Ode VI.), an ode in praise and honour of the King. The rendering is by John Legge.

Heaven shields and sets thee fast;  
And round thee fair has cast  
    Thy virtue pure.  
Thus richest joy is thine;—  
Increase of corn and wine,  
And every gift divine,  
    Abundant, sure.

Heaven shields and sets thee fast.  
From it thou goodness hast  
    Right are thy ways.  
Its choicest gifts 'twill pour  
That last for evermore,  
Nor time exhaust the store  
    Through endless days.

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Heaven shields and sets thee fast,  
Makes thine endeavour last,  
    And prosper well,  
Like hills and mountains high,  
Whose masses touch the sky;  
Like stream aye surging by;  
    Thine increase swell.

With rite and auspice fair,  
Thine offerings thou dost bear,  
    And son-like give,  
The seasons round from spring,  
To olden duke and king,  
Whose words to thee we bring :—  
    ‘For ever live.’

The Spirits of thy dead  
Pour blessings on thy head,  
    Unnumbered, sweet.  
Thy subjects, simple, good,  
Enjoy their drink and food,  
Our tribes of every blood  
    Follow thy feet.

Like moons that wax in light;  
Or suns that scale the height;  
    Or ageless hill;  
Nor change nor autumn know;  
As pine and cypress grow;  
The sons that from thee flow  
    Be lasting still.

Another poem (Part I., Book VII., Ode VIII.) giving a pleasant incident of domestic life, and rendered into Scotch by the same nephew, greatly pleased Dr Legge. He says: ‘Nothing could be better than the first two verses, which also are true to the original. The third is, perhaps, better of its kind, but that kind is of Scotland rather than of China.



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It is so good, however, that I have made no attempt to recast it.'

Says oor gudewife, 'The cock is crawin';  
Quoth oor gudeman, 'The day is dawin';  
'Get up, gudeman, an' tak a spy;  
See gin the mornin'-star be high,  
Syne tak a saunter roon' about;  
There's routh of duiks and geese to shoot.

'Lat flee and bring them hame to me,  
An' sic a dish as ye sall pree,  
In comin' times as ower the strings  
Your noddin' heid in rapture hings,  
Supreme ower care, nor fasht wi' fears,  
We'll baith grow auld in worth and years.

'An' when we meet the friends ye like,  
I'll gie to each some little fyke;—  
The lasses beads, trocks to their brithers,  
An' auld-warld fairlies to their mithers,  
Some nick-nack lovin' hands will fin',  
To show the love that dwalls within.'

In 1880 he delivered in the Presbyterian College, Guilford Street, London, four lectures on Confucianism and Taoism. These were published by Hodder and Stoughton, in a volume entitled *The Religions of China*. One review on this book ends with the sentence: 'The work is by far the most simple and easily comprehended exposition of this difficult subject that exists, and is remarkable for its freedom from a polemic bias, and for the easy confident touch of a man whose mind is saturated with his subject and at home in every branch of it.'

Before he came to Oxford a correspondence had begun between himself and Professor Max Müller relative to the series of the *Sacred Books of the East*.

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Professor Max Müller wrote to him in 1875,<sup>1</sup> 'I have long wished for an opportunity of being introduced to you and being able to tell you how much I admire your magnificent edition of the Chinese Classics. I knew when I heard my old friend Stanislas Julien speak of your work in the highest terms that it must indeed be of the highest order to extort such praise from a man not very lavish of praise. All I can say for myself is that I wish we had such translations as yours, of the other sacred writings of the world. I am trying very hard to get a number of scholars together for a translation of these works, but the task is no easy one.' In 1876 Professor Max Müller wrote again:—'As a rule we intend to give translations of complete works only—not extracts. We must have what is tedious and bad as well as what is interesting and good, otherwise we shall be accused of misrepresenting the real character of the sacred books; I mean, of representing them in too favourable a light. I should like to have one volume from you for the first instalment of three volumes, to be published towards the end of 1877, and I should like to know how much more we may expect from you for the following years.'

Dr Legge accordingly contributed six volumes to the great series edited by Professor Max Müller; the first, entitled *The Shoo King, the Religious Portions of the She King*, and the *Hsiao King*; or, *Classic of Filial Piety*, appearing in 1879. In 1882 the *Yi King*; or, *Book of Changes*, was published in one volume, and in 1885 the *Li Ki*; or, *Book of Rites*, in two volumes.

In his preface to the *Li Ki*, he writes:—'I may be

<sup>1</sup> See also Letters in Appendix.

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permitted to express my satisfaction that with the two volumes of the *Li Ki* I have done, so far as translation is concerned, all and more than all which I undertook to do on the Chinese Classics more than 25 years ago. When the first volume was published in 1861, my friend the late Stanislas Julien wrote to me, asking if I had duly considered the voluminousness of the *Li Ki*, and expressing his doubts whether I should be able to complete my undertaking. Having begun the task, however, I have pursued it to the end.'

After the death of Professor Legge in 1897, a paragraph appeared in the *Outlook* which ran as follows:—'The writer well remembers an impressive moment in the year 1884 in the study of Professor Legge. He had just been shown into the Professor's presence, when the venerable man looked up and said:—"You have come to me at the very moment at which my life has culminated. I have just finished correcting the proofs of my translation of the Sacred Books of China, on which I have been engaged for 25 years."'

The article in the *China Review* on these two volumes of the *Li Ki* began thus:—'The completion of the translation of the Chinese Classics—The Four Books and the Five Ching—commenced nearly thirty years ago by Dr Legge, marks an epoch in the history of Sinology,' and the work is pronounced to be 'from first to last right nobly done.' It marks his thorough-going fidelity as a translator,' and continues 'This does not mean that as a rule he has translated verbatim. Sometimes he may have done so in defiance of English idiom. But more frequently, especially in the later volumes, he has expanded a single Chinese word into a whole line of English,



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thus giving the resultant of endless Chinese speculations on Classic enigmas. If, hereafter, sceptical critics should seek to go behind Dr Legge, they will find that they must go for the most part behind the best Chinese commentators as well. We have therefore represented to us in these translations what their Classics have been to the Chinese themselves.'

He had finished therefore, just before the age of seventy, the task he had laid on himself of making known the system of Confucianism to Western nations. But far from feeling his energy abated he now set himself to do something towards exhibiting the system of Taoism. In 1891 he contributed two more volumes to the series, containing the *Tao Teh King* by the Taoist philosopher Lao-tsze, of the sixth century B.C., *The Writings of Chwang-tsze* and the *Treatise of Actions and their Retributions*. A testimony to his faithful fulfilment of compact has been rendered by Mrs Max Müller, who also wrote to his children after his death: 'I well remember when the *Sacred Books of the East* were coming out, and many translators were troublesome and dilatory, that my husband often said, "Dr Legge is always ready—he keeps exactly to the time he said." And I know how accurate and excellent the work was considered.'

In 1886 he published a translation of the *Travels of Fa-hien* or *Fa-hien's Record of Buddhistic Kingdoms*, which was noticed as follows in the *Indian Antiquary*. 'The visits to India, paid in the early centuries of the Christian era by eager Chinese pilgrims are most interesting historical events. They stand out to great advantage from the mass of myths and legends which do duty as Hindu history. The spirit which drove these restless monks, the Luthers of an earlier

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Reformation, to seek truth at the cradle of their faith, preserved the records they left behind them from taint of fable and exaggeration ; and the result is in many respects a trustworthy tale. Nor are those elements wanting which might move us to deeper feeling than a mere passing interest. When we consider what a journey from China to India by way of Central Asia means even in these days, we may well be moved to admiration by the devotion, the zeal and the fortitude which must have inspired a humble traveller to venture on such a journey fourteen centuries ago. It is true that Fa-Hien took his time over it. After his start from China in 399 or 400 A.D., fifteen years passed away before he rested again in Nanking, having pierced Central Asia, crossed India from Peshawar to the mouth of the Ganges, visited Ceylon and returned home by way of Java. His diary deals entirely with the religious state of the countries he visited. He saw or noted nothing but the special objects of his journey, which were the state of the Buddhist faith, the most approved views of Buddha's doctrine, and the degree of piety with which its services were performed. The illustrations are of great merit. They are taken from what Dr Legge enthusiastically calls a superb Chinese edition of the Life of Buddha. The frontispiece might also be the work of some Mongol Fra Angelico. The book is enriched with such ample notes that it must almost entirely supersede previous translations and expositions of the same work.

Besides these, books, pamphlets, papers, reviews and lectures poured from his pen ; the following list comprising some of them :—

1. *The Nestorian Monument of Hsi-an Fu relating*

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*to the diffusion of Christianity in China in the seventh and eighth centuries.*

2. *Nature and History of the Chinese written characters.*

3. *Confucius, the Sage of China.*

4. *Mencius, the Philosopher of China.*

5. *Romances and Novels in the Literature of China with the history of the great Archer Yang Yu-chi.* (Published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, Oct. 1893).

6. *A Letter to Professor Max Müller on the Chinese Terms Ti and Shang-Ti*, 1880.

7. *A Fair and Dispassionate Discussion of the Three Doctrines accepted in China, from a Buddhist Writer, Liu Mi.*

8. *Chinese Chronology.*

9. *The Li Sao Poem and its Author.* (Published in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society, 1895.)

10. *Imperial Confucianism.* (Four Lectures.)

11. *Feudal China.* (Three Lectures.)

12. *The T'ao Teh King.* (Two Lectures.)

13. *Taoism : Chwang-ze and his Illustrative Narrative.*

14. *The Story of Pai-Li-Hsi.*

15. *Hwa Yuan of Sung, and how he raised the siege of Sui-yang.*

16. *Chinese Poetry.*

17. *The Brothers of Wei.*

18. *The Pan Family of our First Century.*

19. *What and where was Fu-Sang? Was it in America?*

20. *The Purgatories of Buddhism and Taoism.*

21. *Ancient Chinese Civilisation as indicated by the Characters.*



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22. *Christianity and Confucianism compared in their teaching of the whole Duty of Man.* (R. T. S.)

23. *Yao.*

Reference has been made to his nephew John Legge, who died in 1878 in Australia, where his health had obliged him to settle several years before. He was a scholar, a man of rare mental endowment, and a warm correspondence was ever maintained between him and his uncle. In his letters are many allusions to Dr Legge's literary work. 'What a *terra incognita* of human thought you have laid open in that old eastern lore. You have made an amazing contribution to human chronology and history. It is as if one had discovered and translated Livy for the first time. But woe is me. The Chinese mind is to me a mystery, as much as the Rabbinic. In the first place the record is so meagre and monosyllabic and the commentary so fanciful, it beats the Cabalists.

'I had a regular harvest day in your last four volumes. Your toil and patience and thoroughness put you rather with Erasmus than with common Classical scholars, only the knowledge you unfold has not the vital connection with European life his had.

'What a nomad you have been for a literary man. How you have accomplished so much I often wonder, considering the extent of your travels. You must have habits of method and concentration of mind such as I am yet a stranger to.

'In the Analects you said Confucius believed in a future state of being, but left Penalty and Reward untouched. In that case the so common origin of

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the notion of immortality—the adjustment of unjust lots here—could not have biassed him to the belief. On what did he base his conjecture? I do not know that you are aware how widely and honourably your name is spoken of. Many a time have I shone *aliend luce* when I was known to be your nephew. Many a time the long perseverance of your life has manned me for exertion from which I should otherwise have recoiled.

‘When you last wrote you were just issuing Vol. V. from the Press. What a Hercules you are, and when will the 12th labour end? It will be a work for posterity, and in the inevitable opening up of China must set you alongside the Sanscrit scholars in Oriental literature. These last books of Chow impressed me more than any with the fundamental identity of human thought in all time, both in the inception of philosophical speculation and in its highest reaches. Nature seems always to touch fatalism, and consciousness to insist on freedom.

‘May you be supported in your *magnum opus*, for it is a mighty undertaking. It is the wonder of all who look at my bookshelves.’

It is hardly possible to give a true idea of the numberless letters which reached Professor Legge containing questions on points of Chinese literature, Chinese history, Chinese biography, Chinese astronomy ; innumerable requests to translate Chinese documents and inscriptions on seals, tablets, bowls, fans, etc., and manuscripts to read and criticise. His kindness of heart and courtesy were such that the fulness of his replies often called forth astonished protests of gratitude. A selection of them would amaze a reader, so full are they of detailed and varied

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knowledge of things Chinese. One or two may be here adduced.

In answer to a request to translate the characters inscribed on an ancient Chinese Knife-coin, he wrote: 'The coin is one of the knife-coins—or at least made after their pattern—issued by the usurper called Wang; Wang and Hsin Mang of the first Han dynasty. He held the throne from 9 to 22 A.D. His mint was very busy in 14 A.D., and your specimen was made perhaps in that year. All his coins of the knife form were called Ch'i Tao, "Bond Knives." The inscription of yours is "One Knife," and on the blade "Worth or good for 5000"—I suppose 5000 of the small cash which were then the common currency.'

The facsimile letter will give some idea of this kindness of heart. A cousin had written to Dr Legge asking for a friend some information in regard to a special kind of tea, and the reply was given at once. This cousin writes: 'The rapidity with which Dr Legge wrote the intricate and elaborate Chinese characters was to me amazing' as I watched him on one occasion.

Another letter exhibits well the affectionate disposition of the Professor, while suffering himself taking such keen interest in others, and all the time resting with such assurance in the Divine love. The introduction of the Chinese characters shows the habit of mind thinking in a foreign language.

OXFORD, *May 10, 1886.*

'My dear Cousin,

'Thank you for your letter of the 8th current. I am sorry to hear that Aunt Hannah is so feeble.



3, Kells Road, Oxford;  
May 25th, 1892.

My dear Cousin,

There is no particular name for the tea to which you refer.

"Medicinal Tea" would be in Chinese 藥茶, i.e. *yo ch'ā*; or 醫病茶, *i ping ch'ā* = cure-illness tea; or 補氣茶, *pū ch'ī ch'ā*, "strengthening breath (vital energy) tea."

The last comes, perhaps, nearest to "Invalids' Tea."

Mrs Legge used to suffer much from headaches, and was advised to try a certain preparation of tea for them, in consequence of which she sent to the bazaar for *t'ien ch'ā* (醫頭疾茶).

My love to yourself and M<sup>rs</sup> L. and the babies,  
Yours, Legge.



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The strong are often struck down in the midst of the race, and the weak hold out and on, and disappear at last by a very gradual decay. So it would seem to be with her.

"So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore."

'I continue myself very helpless here. On Wednesday it will be four weeks since I was obliged to take to bed, and still I cannot move a step without help, and considerable pain. I am suffering from a most painful and persistent attack of gout, and am almost ready to despair that I shall ever have the use of my "lower limbs," as the Chinese call them, as I have been used to have. Otherwise my health is fairly good. I do not complain at all. The material frame must wear out.

"Strange that a harp of thousand strings  
Should keep in tune so long!"

'I hope your anniversaries in London will all be satisfactory.

'Affectionately yours,  
'JAMES LEGGE.'

The following question was sent to him: 'I have had the following communication made to me, viz., that there are more printed books in China than in all England, and that there is a Chinese national encyclopædia, of which a digest in 1000 volumes has been purchased by our Government for £1800. Will



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you do me the favour if you should have, which I daresay is seldom the case, a spare five minutes, to inform me whether the statement would receive your sanction?'

Professor Legge's reply was as follows:—

'The printed books in China, if we reckon them by copies, are much more numerous than the printed books in England. If we reckon them by their subjects and authors, they are not nearly so many. As a member of the Chinese Embassy said to me, about four years ago: "For variety of subjects and scientific treatment, Chinese literature is not fit to be spoken of in the same day as yours," adding, however, "But our education is better fitted to make men good, and the nation happy than yours."

'The encyclopædia to which you refer is a compendium of literature, ancient and modern, with illustrative plates, drawn up under Imperial Command. It was ordered in the Khang-hi period (1462-1722), and after engaging the labours of a large committee of native scholars, was published in 1726. Only about 100 sets, it is said, were printed. A complete copy was offered to Europeans some sixteen years ago for about £4000. In 1873 a bookseller in Peking offered an apparently good copy to myself for less than £1000, which was far more than I could afford. In 1877 a copy was purchased for the British Museum at a large price—how much I have never exactly ascertained. Perhaps the £1800 which you mention is the correct figure. The whole collection contains 11,000 chapters, in which most of the subjects that have occupied Chinese thought all along the course of time are fully exhibited; and yet Chinese history,

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which is a most voluminous department of the literature, does not enter into its plan.

'The following fact will help you to realise the number of the copies of works on the different subjects in the "Schools," or Competitive Examinations, that are required to meet the necessities of students in China. The Rev. Dr Muirhead of Shanghai told me that in 1882 he was in Nanking at the triennial examination for the second literary degree, corresponding, we may say, to our M.A. The competitors numbered 35,000, all of whom, of course, had taken their B.A.; and out of this great multitude only 120 were gazetted as successful. And this was in one province alone; one of the largest indeed. But in the Empire at large the students must form a class of many millions who have taken their first degree, and keep on struggling for their second; after which they have to go forward to the third and fourth before they reach the summit of their ambition. The number of copies of the standard works requisite to supply their wants is immense. Outside them there are the many more millions of men in business and other positions who must have some tincture of education without going further into the subject of Chinese literature.

'Let me conclude this hasty reply to your letter by saying that the books in China, as I have already said, are on much fewer subjects than the books in England or in Europe generally; but that the copies in circulation are more numerous. Missionaries are doing not a little to provide a better and truer religious literature for the people. The Government itself is encouraging the production of treatises and manuals of science and its applications. There is no mission



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field that demands so many of the best men in the Christian Church—the strongest in mind and body, of the most varied gifts and most versatile ability, as China.'

Other Chinese scholars wrote to him frequently. He had several interesting and erudite letters from G. Schlegel in Leiden, one quite a large pamphlet in length, full of argument and discussion of various passages and renderings in the Chinese Classics.

With Professor Georg von der Gabelentz of Leipzig he had an extremely interesting literary correspondence, full of questions, opinions and quotations from the Chinese Classics, and other books in both English and Chinese, and long discussions on Chinese literary points.

C. de Harlez in Belgium wrote him various letters in one of which he compares his own translation of the *Yi King* with that of Professor Legge. 'You will find that in my translation of the *Yi King* I have done justice to your merits and acknowledged that your translation is a faithful mirror of the *Yi* in its present state, and that my text represents a quite different state of the book. So that the two translations are perfectly conciliable.'

From Max Uhle in Saxony he received the following:—

'Most Honourable Sir,

'Celebrated scholars are celebrated by great scholars, and do not want the signs of devotion from unknown men. But sometimes they are kind enough not to refuse the approach of beginners. I am a young scholar, Sinologist, and beg you as a peculiar favour, to allow me to dedicate my first work to the master of all Chinese knowledge. My researches



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could only be founded on your works on the *Shoo King* and *She King*. As you, honourable Sir, are the highest authority and best judge of all that concerns the Chinese antiquity, I venture to lay before you the results I think I have found. I should feel greatly honoured if you, Sir, the incomparable interpreter of the *Shoo King* and the *She King* would accept my first work.'

From C. Merz he received a similar request. 'I am about to publish a little treatise entitled *de pronominum primæ personæ in Su-King et Si-King usu*,' and should be very happy if you, Reverend Sir, would allow me to dedicate you this, my first publication, in order that I might express, by this feeble token, the feelings of deep respect and gratitude I must entertain for the celebrated editor of the Chinese Classics, without whose aid I could by no possibility have thought of composing my humble treatise.'

Professor Legge took ardent interest in the students who came to him to learn Chinese. These were not many, comparatively speaking, as Chinese was an 'outside subject.' It was a strong wish of his that young men about to be sent out by the Colonial Office for the service of the Government in China, Burmah, and the Straits Settlements, should spend a year or two in Oxford studying the Chinese language, spoken as well as written. He wrote letters to various Secretaries of State on the matter in 1877 and 1887, but it was not till some years later that his wish was granted and a scheme arranged and put into effect. Facilities for the study of Chinese were offered to those candidates for the Indian Civil Service who had been appointed to Burmah, and who should spend a

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year of probation at one of the Universities before going out to India. He had many appreciative letters from his pupils speaking of his 'unvarying kindness' and the 'honour and privilege of being taught by him.' One wrote :—'I am devoutly thankful for the three years spent with you, and trust I may be able by continued study in some degree to repay the debt I owe you, and eventually become a scholar of whom you need not be ashamed.'

A friend writes :—'A year or two before Dr Legge died, Mr R. T. Turley, the Bible Society's Agent in Manchuria, called on me knowing that I was acquainted with the Professor. He mentioned that he was about to take a six months' course at Oxford with Dr Legge as he desired to become more and more acquainted with the Chinese Classics, and get from their translator and annotator that light which only he could give.

'The six months ended, Mr Turley came in to take leave of me. In the course of our talk he said, 'I go back to my work another man in consequence of the time spent at Oxford. I thought I knew something of Chinese literature and Chinese character, but now I feel as if I had a new world opened up to me, and I am the gainer immeasurably. I hope I shall do better work for China than has hitherto been possible to me.'

One promising pupil died soon after going out to the East, and his father wrote to Professor Legge. 'He greatly loved you : allow me to thank you from my heart for all your kindness to him.'

In two convictions Dr Legge never wavered—in his hatred of the Opium Traffic, and in his belief in Missions.

On the Opium Question he felt strongly. He



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deplored as a national crime the production of the drug for the Chinese market by the Indian Government, and its import into China: the evil being greatly envenomed by the constantly increasing cultivation of the poppy in China itself. He never heard nor read but with sorrowful indignation any *ex parte* statement of the case of the Government of India to vindicate its opium revenue. His own words are: 'I lived and went about among the Chinese for fully thirty years. I heard the testimony about it of thousands in all positions of society. I knew multitudes ruined by indulgence in the vice, in character, circumstances, and health. I saw the misery caused in families as younger members of them were led away into the habit of smoking. I knew cases of suicide arising from it. I have been a member of the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade from its beginning. It is not pleasant to be called a "sentimentalist," a "fanatic," or a "goose," but to the man who longs for right, such calling of names is, to use an expression of Confucius, as "a floating cloud."' "

The venerable Pastor G. Appia of Paris thus writes to Mr Benjamin Broomhall, who was editing *National Righteousness*, and who was Secretary of the Christian Union against the Opium Traffic:—

'Never shall I forget the meeting, assembled in London in 1878, where he pleaded, with a passion which nothing could restrain, the abolition of the sale of opium.

"'Latently," said Dr Legge, "a former Chinese Ambassador, Kwo-Sung-tao, who knew me as a friend of his country, received me in his drawing-room.

"'Ah! here, dear doctor," said he, "you, although



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English by birth, are almost as Chinese as I am, therefore tell me sincerely, in comparing one country with the other, which appears to you superior?"

'I paused some time in order not to offend my interlocutor, and then said: "But, Excellency, do not be angry with me, it is in spite of all that I place England first."

"Yes, yes, I understand, if you compare the industrial forces, the railways, the navy; but I speak from a moral point of view. It is at this point of view that I should like you to place yourself in order to compare the two peoples."

"Well, Excellency, from this point of view it is impossible for me not to give the superiority to England."

'Never had I seen a man more astonished. He began to walk the length and breadth of his beautiful drawing-room, vigorously stretching his arms, enveloped in large sleeves, and flinging back, involuntarily perhaps, one of his beautiful gilt chairs, which was nearly broken, to the end of the drawing-room. Then, after a moment, he placed himself before me and said:—

"But, then, Mr Doctor, why, why does your country compel us to receive opium from it?"

'At these words I remained dumb; I was shamefully beaten. Now, I hear you saying, in face of this problem, what is your advice? what must we do? \*

'My brothers, to this question I only know the reply of the prophet: "Cease to do evil, and learn to do well."

'The features of the old man,' concludes Pastor Appia, 'seemed to reflect his indignation; his whole

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face was covered with a passionate blush, his eye sparkled; one felt the man of goodness who sighed for the iniquity of his people.'

Years before, when labouring in China, Dr Legge had said that it is the 'union of two attributes, enthusiasm and soundmindedness, zeal and sanity, which mark the great inventor and the great missionary.' At a meeting at Oxford he one evening enlarged on the same theme, and asked, 'Why should we intermeddle with existing heathen religions?' In his answer he said, 'The missionary has to open the eyes of the heathen.' He insisted on this because some learned and powerful thinkers maintain that heathen religions ought not to be interfered with. 'Those who reason and speak in this way,' continued Dr Legge, 'can hardly have a direct acquaintance with existing heathen religions. They know them from a study of their most ancient documents, and do not know how the leading principles which these contain have been obscured and overlaid by an ever-increasing mass of superstitions and abominable idolatries. Missionaries have to do with the systems which have grown up, and which contain many things so absurd and monstrous, so silly and so hideous, that I often found it difficult to quell the thought that some demoniac agency has been at work egging men on until their religion has become an insult to the high and Holy God.'

But he insisted with equal force that 'missionaries should use every means in their power to become acquainted with those religions. They should make themselves acquainted with the body of their literature, so as to be able to speak with the most learned

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of their pundits and hsien shengs in the gate. The idea that a man need spend no time in studying the native religions, but has only, as the phrase is, to "preach the gospel," is one which can only make missionaries and mission work contemptible and inefficient.' He illustrated the importance of understanding the native language by instancing the radical difference between the English word 'jealous' and its Chinese interpretation. 'The written character corresponding to our word jealous has the symbol for woman or female as its radical constituent. It is an idea than can be predicated only of a woman, and she has no right to be jealous. Whatever be the conduct of her husband, it is both weak and wicked in her to cherish the passion of jealousy. The word is never applied to a man. What is to be done then in the case of such expressions as "The Lord thy God is a jealous God." The idea must be translated and not the word.' It is, then, necessary for a missionary to be filled with wisdom as well as with love.

The years passed on, and Professor Legge was known and loved in Oxford as an old man, unaffectedly simple, kind and true, living the life of a quiet scholar at his home, No. 3 Keble Road. By those who were brought into close relationship with him he was greatly beloved, and his tenderness of heart and openness of hand brought comfort and help to many and many a troubled and needy soul.

Dr Legge was described by a friend as 'the most charming of old men. After his long life of varied experiences he was as simple as a child. He was delightful to look at. The frostiest of silver hair, the pinkiest of cheeks, the bluest of blue eyes, these went



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with the most benign expression. So honest, so healthy, so much of the open-air life was in his aspect that he might have been anything rather than an Oxford don. One could have imagined his long life spent on Scottish hills in cold, pure air, tramping the heather all day long. How unlike the later years at Oxford, in his study, walled in by mysterious books, and absorbed in his strange learning to which scarcely any other man held his key.'

Failing health during the last year of his life interrupted his habit of rising about 3 A.M., but still he kept it up until the end of October 1897. About three weeks later he was seized with sudden illness and collapse, and after a few days of unconsciousness he passed away on November 29. He was in his eighty-second year.

Many were the letters received by his children.

A scholar wrote :—' His personal presence only strengthened what I had learned from his writings. He carried with ease his vast knowledge of China, its people and its literature ; and it was all penetrated by the elevation of his character and the simplicity of his love of truth. Truly in him there was no guile. How splendid a lesson he has set us all by his unwearied industry and his single-minded devotion. I count myself fortunate to have lived where I could sometimes meet him.'

A letter from Sir William Hunter said :—' The Royal Asiatic Society has asked me, as one of their Vice-Presidents, to attend on their behalf the funeral of your dear father to-day. I cannot refrain from expressing not only the deep regret of the Society for your father's death, but also the high honour in which I personally held him. Not only was he a

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Vice-President of the Royal Asiatic Society along with myself, but I was intimately connected with his work as joint-members of the Oriental Board of the Faculty of Arts in the University. At our very last meeting I had the privilege of giving him my arm up and down stairs to our Committee-Room. His calm wisdom and profound learning made him respected and beloved by every body of men which had the privilege of his presence.'

From Sir H. Wentworth Acland:—

'My dear Miss Legge,

'I am deeply grieved for you and yours at what I heard of your bereavement and sorrow.

'Most singularly yesterday I was on my way in my carriage to your house hearing how ill he was, but I was stopped on the way and could not come back again.

'I have often grieved that my own failing powers hindered me from coming to see him. But it was a delight and ground of thankfulness whenever we did meet, as I learnt more each time to respect and love, and wish to see and learn from him.'

Before his burial on December 3 a service was held in Mansfield College Chapel, where the Principal, Dr Fairbairn, himself a profound scholar and an honoured friend of Professor Legge, delivered an address in which he said: 'Before committing to the kindly keeping of the grave the mortal remains of a man we loved, we have met to express our gratitude to Almighty God, who did not think us unworthy to have him live and die in the midst of us. Oxford did not know him till the shadows of his long and



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gracious evening were beginning to fall, but it saw him soon enough to know that he was a man of fine presence, pure purpose, and courageous speech. . . . In his remote northern home, where nature is cold but blood is warm, and men look unimpassioned when passion most possesses them, the names that in those days most moved to heroism, because the most heroic names, were those of Christian missionaries. The vision of the peoples which knew not God had come to the Church, and had awakened an enthusiasm which nothing but their conversion could satisfy. Young Legge saw the vision, rose up and obeyed it. He carried into the mission-field not only his enthusiasm, but his own large nature, and it was a nature strong enough to make, wherever it moved, a clear space for itself and to do its work in its own way. Happily he was sent Eastwards to the oldest of living civilisations, and he studied it with an eye made luminous by love. For if ever man loved a people, James Legge loved the Chinese, and he could not bear to see them do wrong or suffer it. And he was not a man to see that happen which he hated without straining every nerve to prevent it. . . . He had the insight which comes of the heart even more than of the head into their literature and religion, and he saw that the primary condition of making the West influential in the East was to make the East intelligible to the West. The missionaries who would convert a people must first condescend to know the people they would convert and the religion they would displace. The merchants who would honourably do the work of exchange amid a so-called lower race must know the inner and nobler spirit of the race, which can as little as themselves live by bread



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alone. All this James Legge understood, and out of understanding came his magnificent edition of the Chinese Classics. Of its learning it does not become me to speak, the invincible patience, the heroic industry that went to its production we can all admire. But only those who knew the man can appreciate the idea, the splendid dream of humanity and religion that gave it birth.'

## APPENDIX I

### THE LORD'S DAY

AN extract from one of three sermons, preached in 1849 on 'The Ordinance of the Sabbath' will give some idea of Dr Legge's style as a preacher. These were called for by the notorious neglect of the Lord's Day in one of the colonies, where so many of the English who were resident there had entirely cast off religious restraint. The intense earnestness of the preacher is equalled by his far-seeing estimate of the effects of the neglect of God's great gift in the Day of Rest and Worship.

It should be observed as a day of rest; there should be a ceasing on it from the ordinary and secular labour of the other days. This was signified, in the fact that God ended upon the seventh day all His work which He had made, and entered into rest; not that He had been toiling, and needed the refreshment of repose, but to afford a sublime pattern to man, whom He had made in His own image. And if to man unfallen it was adapted as a day of rest, there is surely a special adaptation in it to the descendants of Adam, in their fallen and suffering condition, and eating bread by the sweat of their face.

Universally obligatory, were it but universally observed, it would secure for man one not unfrequently recurring evening, when his 'weekly toil' would be at an end; it would cause to dawn on him every week one day which he could spend in ease and rest. This design of the Sabbatical ordinance is expressly declared in the Fourth Commandment—'Six days shalt thou labour and do all

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thy work, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God ; in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, nor thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger which is within thy gates.'

How illustrative is this language of the truth that the tender mercies of God are over all His works !

There is one law for the master of the household, and for his servants, and for his cattle. The servant, whether bond or hired, and the labouring animal, have a Friend and Protector in heaven. Their master has a Master there, and not more dear to Him is the comfort of the owner than the comfort of the slave. The prohibition from labour is very positive and extensive—'Thou shalt not do any work.' It is not merely brute labour and menial toil which are interdicted. The wealthy man who had man-servants and maid-servants and cattle would be far removed above burdensome tasks, and so also would be his children, his sons and his daughters ; yet they would have their ordinary engagements, their pleasurable avocations, their refined pursuits, and from these it would be their duty to abstain on the Sabbath.

We are not, however, to understand that all works whatsoever were absolutely prohibited. 'That which everyone must eat, that might be done' by the children of Israel upon their sacred day, and other things of similar necessity. Nor was it intended that the letter of the commandment should be construed so as to prevent doings of mercy. It was a special object of our Saviour when He was upon earth to vindicate it from this abuse. He did not repeat the ordinance, nor did He relax it ; but, laying down the great truth that it was a day made for man by Jehovah, Who will have mercy and not sacrifice, He shewed that a cold spirit of formalism was not to be allowed to repress upon it the exercise of kindly sympathies and charity towards the poor and afflicted. The Sabbath should be observed as a holy or hallowed day. This is implied in the original institution, and positively required in the Fourth Commandment. We read in



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Genesis, 'God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it,' and the commandment begins, 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.' Thus the season has its positive as well as its negative duties : while it enjoins to cease from toil, it summons to awaken to religious performances. It is, I am aware, often asserted that the resting on the Sabbath by the Jews was the sanctifying it, and all the sanctifying it that was required of them. But every simple mind must feel that such an opinion is absurd. Keeping the day holy to God surely conveys ideas of mental and spiritual exercises befitting His character ; and, moreover, this view is in express contradiction of the Scripture, which says, 'The seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, a holy convocation.'

The mere cessation, therefore, from worldly labour, so far from being all which the ordinance requires of us, only affords opportunity for the right discharge of those services on which its full and proper observance depends. What a pure and spiritual worship did Adam in his time of innocence render on the Sabbath to Jehovah ! More fragrant were the emotions that ascended from his soul than the perfume of the flowers that bloomed around him, and spread their petals to the morning sun all glistening with the beads of dew that the nightly ascending mists had left upon them. Grateful was then his recognition of his Creator, and in glowing language would his lofty intelligence and heart undefiled find vent for his conceptions. And though his descendants were fallen from his high estate, they were welcome on the sacred day, as they drew near with humble hearts to the forbearing God. Nor can we believe that those of them who were denominated 'the sons of God' omitted to avail themselves of the privilege.

It seems to have been one Sabbath morn, 'at the end of days,' that Cain and Abel brought an offering unto the Lord, and it was on a seventh day that Noah sent out the raven and the dove from the Ark, seeking to know the will of the Lord. It was after the services of a seventh day that he uncovered the Ark, and looked once

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more to the blue sky above ; and after another seventh day that he went forth from the Ark to take possession once again of the earth, from which the waters of the deluge had retired. Sweet were the Sabbaths to the Patriarchs, as they journeyed through the length and breadth of the promised land, resting in their pitched tents whenever the appointed day came round, and waiting upon God by the rude altars which they had built.

And God did not give His Sabbaths to the Israelites to be a weariness to them. They might be so to multitudes among them, as they are to multitudes among ourselves—multitudes whose affections were altogether earthy ; but many prized the ‘holy convocation!’ They went to it with the multitude, with the voice of joy and praise—with a multitude that kept the holy day. On the seventh day of the Passover would they teach their sons and their daughters the great event by which their God delivered their forefathers from Egypt, nor would they omit the lesson that the observance of the day itself was enforced by that event. And on other seventh days throughout the year as well, the holy convocation of the public assembly would be preceded and followed by the holy lessons of the family around the hearth, and, during the genial months, in the porch or the garden under the vine and the fig-tree.

The Original Sabbath and the Mosaic Sabbath was thus a day of holy rest, a season in which the pious worshipper laid aside his ordinary works and cares, and addressed his inner being, ‘Return unto thy rest, O my soul.’ That rest was the hallowed worship of Jehovah the Creator, and Jehovah the God of Israel—spiritual communion with Him, so that as the day began to close, devotion rose to its highest strain, and exclaimed, ‘Whom have I in heaven, O God, but Thee, and there is none upon earth whom I desire beside Thee!’ The original law and the Jewish law were one, and the one law is ours also. The Sabbath should be to us a day of holy rest and of holy convocation.

If we do not so observe it, we are verily guilty ; and be



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assured, thou Sabbath breaker, that God will call thee to account. Repent, therefore, and change thy conduct; for thus saith the Lord, 'If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honourable; and shalt honour Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride in the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father: for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.'

As the bow of promise thrown across the threatening heavens, so is the Sabbath among the toiling, wearying days of the year. It runs through them like a silver stream through a sandy waste or a tangled forest, dancing and laughing in the face of heaven at every angle which it makes, and every open glade where it is seen. It is woven like a thread of gold into the dark and sombre texture. Each holy day lies in the bosom of time as lay the pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem, but it is not only at certain seasons, far removed from one another, that a power from heaven imparts a healing virtue to its waters: once a week they are stirred; and not *one* merely may then be cured, but *all* who step into them shall be made whole of all their ailments.

Man is comforted by it concerning the work and toil of his hands, because of the ground which the Lord hath cursed; and the observance of it disposes to mental culture, and associates it with domestic enjoyments. Happy the household, and happy the nation of householders, in which the Sabbath is esteemed!

We rejoice in the day of rest. We clasp it firmly to us as the rich gift of God; and shall we not glory in it as the day of devout and holy worship? Would we keep it by ceasing from our usual work that we may spend its hours in our own lust? Could we separate it from the other days only for our own pleasure? Shame! foul shame upon the thought! It is the Lord's day, and He loosens



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men from their toils upon it, in order that they may repair with undistracted minds and uninterrupted leisure to Himself, to give to His name the glory which is His due, and to receive from Him the blessing which He only can impart.

### APPENDIX II

#### THE FREE OFFER OF THE GOSPEL

AN extract from a sermon preached in 1871, 'The Privilege of the Gospel and its Free Offer,' shows the spirit of the preacher who influenced so many of those, who, far away from home, needed a friend and helper to withstand the temptations by which they were confronted.

First there is room in the Gospel for people of all nations. When the multitude of the heavenly host sang their anthem over the plains of Bethlehem, it was after one of their number had proclaimed to the shepherds, 'Behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people; for to you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.' Yes, He came at once to enlighten other nations, and to be the glory of the people Israel. He came to make Jews and Gentiles one, breaking down the middle wall of partition between them, preaching peace alike to them that had been afar off and to them that were nigh, giving them equally access by one Spirit to their common Father.

This is the glory of Christianity, distinguishing it from other religions and stamping it with the broad seal of Heaven. God had made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth, and in the fulness of time He sent forth His Son to take away the sins of the world, that from all the ends of the earth they might look unto Him and be saved. If Christ had come to exalt the Jews by oppressing others they would have welcomed Him. But because He came for them first indeed, but not for them only, they rejected Him. If they had received Him,

## The Free Offer of the Gospel

and yielded themselves in the mass to be His missionaries to the world, they would have had a new and glorious destiny. Preachers would have arisen among them eclipsing all their prophets, whose fame would not have yielded to that of David or Solomon. But the spirit of pride and exclusiveness was strong in them. They forbade the apostles to speak to the Gentiles that they might be saved. They seized the chariot of the Gospel, and attempted to hold it back from its course of light and blessing through the earth. Vain was the attempt, but they themselves were crushed beneath its wheels. In Christ Jesus there is neither Jew nor Greek, Barbarian nor Scythian.

The Cross affords a shelter to the dwellers in snowy and stormy climes ; it yields a shade to the panting inhabitants of the torrid zone. It is the same message of love and mercy to the subjects of a despotism and the citizens of a republic. It is like the atmosphere which, of the same proportionally blended elements, sustains life at the equator and life at the poles, and a change in whose proportions would be speedy and universal death. In this respect the Gospel is unique. Go to India, or to China, or any other heathen country. You find religions there, but they belong to peculiar people. They are for them, and not for others with them. They are animated by no spirit of benevolence and aggression. Among ourselves there is not that appreciation of this attribute of the Gospel that there ought to be. We dwarf it to the dimensions of our puny selfishness. We look on other peoples and other races with evil eye askance, instead of longing, praying and labouring for conversion and salvation. It is for a lamentation. But let God be true and every man a liar ; and at the banquet of Christ there is room for men of all nations.

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### APPENDIX III

#### ROMANISM AND PROTESTANTISM AND CHINESE EVANGELISATION

WRITING in 1859, Dr Legge thus describes the first efforts of the Roman Catholics to evangelise China :—

‘The Nestorians,’ he said, ‘were succeeded by the Roman Catholics in the endeavour to bring China to the faith of Christ. There had been considerable intercourse between the Popes and various princes of the family of Jenghiz Khan, who would gladly have made common cause with the Sovereigns of Europe to crush the growing power of Mohammedanism ; and in the reign of Kellai, a Minorite friar, Johannes de Monte Carvino, after travelling through Persia and India, reached the capital of China. Received with favour by the Emperor, despite opposition, of which he complains, from the Nestorians, he succeeded in building a church, and was able to boast in 1305, that he had baptised six thousand persons. “I am now become old,” he says, “and grey-headed, though more by toils and tribulations than by my years, which are fifty-eight. I have learned sufficiently the Tartar language, and have translated into it the New Testament and the Psalter, which I have had written in the most beautiful characters. I write, and I read, and I preach, in public and openly, the testimony of the law of Christ.

“In 1307, Pope Clement V. sent me seven Franciscans, with power to constitute John, Archbishop of Peking, and to act themselves as his suffragans. Only three of them, however, reached their destination. Other reinforcements were sent ; but the rise of the Ming dynasty proved as disastrous to the Roman Catholics as it did to the Nestorians. Their infant missions were ere long extinguished.”’

Dr Legge then traces the subsequent efforts of Rome



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in China in 1552, after the death of Xavier, and fifty years later under the Jesuit Matteo Ricci. 'Master of all the science of his age, not over-scrupulous, versatile and accommodating, he succeeded, after twenty years of persevering effort, in gaining a position in Peking. His clocks and pictures pleased the feeble emperor of his time, who made the stranger a regular allowance from the public treasury.

'Then followed a German, Adam Schaal, who soon established himself at Court and became a favourite with Shun-Cha, the first Tartar sovereign, and was enrolled and made President of the Astronomical Tribunal. Then came Father Verbiest, who was soon as prized by the son and successor of Shun-Cha, as Schaal had been with the father.

'Many labourers came from Europe into the field. Louis XIV. took a special interest in the Mission. Austere, devout, generous, Verbiest strove to make all his acquirements, knowledge, and influence of position subservient to his religious objects; and we must regret that on two occasions he thought it necessary to cast nearly 500 pieces of cannon for his patron. In 1692 an edict was passed by the Emperor K'ang-he, granting toleration to Christianity as full as that enjoyed by Buddhism.

'These were the palmy days of Popery in China, but times of trouble were fast approaching. The elements of discord had long been at work among the missionaries themselves. The terms to be employed to designate the Supreme Being, and the rites to ancestors, were its principal subjects of disagreement. It has been said of Ricci by one of the opposite party, that the "kings found in him a man full of complaisance; the pagans, a minister who accommodated himself to their superstitions; the mandarins, a polite courtier, skilled in all the trickery of Courts; and the devil, a faithful servant, who far from destroying, established his reign among the heathen, and even extended it to the Christians."

'K'ang-he became alienated from the missionaries, and on his death in 1723, and within a year, they were all, save

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those in the immediate service of the Court as men of science, banished to Macao.'

The writer concludes: 'The enterprise of China's evangelization, I say, has now devolved upon Protestantism. To be sure, Popery is still in the field, and in much greater force than Protestantism is. But not more surely do we believe that in prophecy China is promised to Christ, than we believe that the doom of Popery is foretold. The Lord shall yet consume it with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy it with the brightness of His coming.

'The time when it might have subjected China to itself has passed away; and now the Churches of a purer faith are called upon to subdue it, not to themselves, but for their common Lord. I will not say that for them has been reserved the honour of accomplishing this greatest achievement of Christianity, and placing on the head of Christ this largest of all the crowns of earth, for that would be anticipating the work of the historian of the future, who, looking back on the accomplished fact, may have occasion to say that for them that honour was reserved. But surely the thing itself has been reserved till the opportunity of doing it—to say the least, of attempting it—is now afforded to the Protestant Churches. What a place, might we not infer from this, those Churches must occupy in the mind of the Redeemer!

'It is plain that if Protestantism is not to fail in this enterprise, we must address ourselves to it with extraordinary prayerfulness and vigour. This, and nothing but this, is the service and duty which are now required to hasten on the complete fulfilment of the prophecy, that "these from the land of Sinim" shall come to Christ. No new duty is revealed, no new service is demanded. The prayers of the Church and the testimony of the truth—these are the wheels on which Christianity has moved forward thus far; these are the wheels on which it will be carried to the universal occupancy of the world. We have, then, to give ourselves to prayer, that an empire of 400 millions of souls may be made partakers of the great salvation, and we have to set about supplying it with the bread of life. Is it



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not extraordinary prayerfulness that should characterise us—prayerfulness involving how much separation from the world, and setting of the heart on the end to be gained?’

### APPENDIX IV

#### COLLABORATION WITH PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER

DR LEGGE first made the acquaintance of Professor Max Müller in 1875. In anticipation of his leaving Oxford he writes to Dr Legge under date Dec. 17, 1875:—

‘My dear Dr Legge,

‘I looked forward to your arrival here with the greatest interest. Oxford wants scholars more than anything else, if it is not to diminish down to a mere High School! I had a very selfish interest too, for having lost Julien, I thought I should have in you a new guide *in rebus Sinicis*. All that is not to be ours. However, in spite of my not being able to enjoy your society here, I am truly glad that the Chair of Chinese is safe, and from all I hear, it will be established on a far better basis than I ventured to hope at first.

‘Perhaps a Celtic Chair will be established before I leave, which will be next summer.’

Very pleasant was the relationship of the two scholars, both as friends and as those engaged in a great literary undertaking. The following letter shows the two sides of this co-partnership:—

‘DRESDEN, BISMARCK PLATZ 10, Jan. 21, '77.

‘My dear Friend,

‘How long have I wished to thank you for your letter, so full of sympathy—but I had nothing to say but Yes,



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Yes, to all your comforting words, and yet all strength seems gone—the heart and the body will not obey—I feel more and more every day how much I have lost. I know how happy her lot has been on earth. Life must have been a perfect paradise to her, without a suspicion of evil and suffering. I know that she is safe, that is a comfort, almost a relief—but there is the blank, and a wound that can never heal—nay, that I hope will never heal. She suffered very little. She was in the full enjoyment of health till two or three weeks before she was taken from us. No human skill could have saved her—an inflammation of the membranes of the brain acted on the nerves of the heart, which wore itself out, and she slept away without a struggle.

‘My boy has recovered from his accident and is doing well at school. We shall stay on here till Easter. We can live here more to ourselves than anywhere else. After that I wish to go back to Oxford, unless I must do something for my health again.

‘My wife sends her kind regards to you and Mrs Legge. I hope you like Oxford.—Yours very truly,

‘F. MAX MÜLLER.

‘*P.S.*—Would you let me know when the first instalment of your MS. will be ready? I do not want to hurry you in any way. I only should like to know, because I have to send in a Report. I should also like to know about how many sheets the *She King* and the *Shoo King* would fill.’

After this Professor Max Müller returned to Oxford, and the friends saw much of each other.

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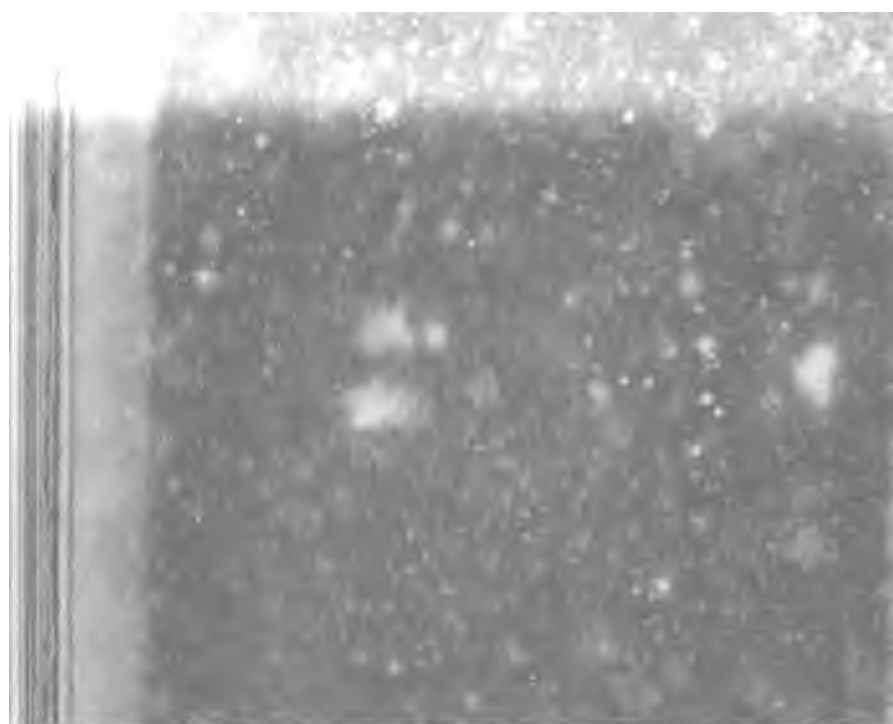
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